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WOODSTOCK LETTERS

A RECORD

Of Current Events and Historical Notes connected with the Colleges and Missions of the Soc. of Jesus in North and South America.

VOL. XIX.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE

1890.

FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.

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WOODSTOCK LETTERS

VOL. XIX, No. 1.

ARCHBISHOP SATOLLI AT WOODSTOCK.

In order that Woodstock might take some part in the celebration of the American Hierarchy, and do honor to the Holy Father's Representative, Rev. Fr. Rector signified to Archbishop Satolli his desire of tendering him a reception. The Archbishop readily accepted, but on hearing that a Theological Disputation had been set for Nov. 15th, he said that the pleasantest reception which could be given would be an invitation to the Disputation. His wish was gratified; and a number of the prelates and clergy, then assembled in Baltimore, were invited to accompany him.

The auspicious day dawned bright and clear, in happy contrast to the leaden clouds and dismal rain that had greeted the guests of the Congress and the University; and the college walls of light gray granite, decorated with bunting and flags of all nations, that fluttered gayly from the windows, looked their brightest and cheeriest welcome. At half-past nine, the regular express drew up at the station, carrying in the palace car "Delaware" our invited guests. Carriages were in waiting, but Cardinal Gibbons, whose example was followed by most of the others, preferred, in true democratic style, to walk up our hill. When all had gathered in the library, we found that a large number of our friends had responded to our invitation. Probably America has never before seen so many dignitaries of the Church assembled to grace a theological disputation.

The visitors were: Cardinal Gibbons; Archbishop Satolli; Archbishops Corrigan, of New York; Elder, of Cincinnati; J. V. Cleary, of Kingston, Ont., Canada; Bishops Gillow, of Oaxaca, Mex.; and Burke, of Cheyenne, Wyoming; Mgr. O'Connell, rector of the American College, Rome; Very Rev. E. H. Porcile, S. P. M., provincial of the Fathers of Mercy, Revs. Wiest, S. P. M., and Wurcher, S. P. M., Vineland, N. J.; Dr. Howlett, Archbishop Satolli's secretary, of the "Academia Ecclesiastica," Rome; Dr. McDonnell, Archbishop Corrigan's secretary; Dr. Chapelle, St. Matthew's Church, Washington, D. C.; John M. Kiely, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Pedro Rey, Oaxaca, Mex.; E. De Foville, S. S., Montreal; L. F. M. Dumont, S. S., St. Charles College, Md.; Very Rev. Dr. Adam, vicar-general of Los Angeles, Monterey, Cal.; Revs. O. B. Corrigan, St. Gregory's Church, Baltimore; Wm. J. Finneran, Catskill, N. Y.; Wm. Flannery, editor of the *Record*, London, Ont., Canada; P. Tarro, Ellicott City, Md.; A. J. Stern, C. SS. R., and Kuper, C. SS. R., Ilchester, Md; amongst Ours the following: Frs. Jno. P. Frieden, provincial of the Missouri province; Thomas J. Campbell, provincial of the Maryland-New York province; John O'Shanahan, superior of the N. O. mission; J. Sasia, superior of the California mission; Renatus Holaind, associate editor of the *Review*, N. Y. City; Wm. J. Tynan, Loyola College, Baltimore; Maurice Wolf, Grand Coteau, La.; H. A. Schapman, rector of St. Xavier College, Cincinnati; Edward Gleeson, rector of St. Louis University; F. X. Shulak, Chicago, Ill.; Francis Smith, rector of Loyola College, Baltimore; James Lonergan, rector of Spring Hill College, Alabama; Francis Ryan, Loyola College, Baltimore; and J. F. O'Connor, rector of the Jesuits' College, New Orleans.

Rev. Fr. Rector opened the exercises on the part of the community with a neat address of welcome in Latin. Then the regular disputation began. The first defender, Fr. de La Motte presented six theses, which contained the gist of the Society's doctrine on Grace. As Archbishop Satolli holds a doctrine somewhat different, the community were anxious to hear him object, and when finally he began, wrapt attention was given to the debate. The argumentation, however, followed in the time-hallowed lines and elicited nothing novel, being confined mainly to the necessity of an intrinsic strengthening of a faculty which is intrinsically deficient. To the parting shot of the objector, which was the quotation from St. Thomas, "Motus moventis est prior motu mobilis," the defendant cleverly opposed another saying of St. Thomas, "Motus moventis in mobili est ipse mo-

tus mobilis." With this reply the Archbishop seemed to be highly delighted, showing his pleasure by hearty applause, in which the whole scholastic assembly joined, to the great relief of the defendant, who bowed and withdrew, thus ending the dispute on Grace. In the course of the brilliant disputation on the Sacraments, which followed, Mr. Casey was questioned by the Archbishop as to an apparent contradiction, by which he maintained the moral efficiency of the Sacraments only as a probable doctrine, and yet defended it as though it were certain. All were evidently satisfied with Mr. Casey's reply, that this positive manner was assumed merely for the sake of argument, and that while rejecting as false the proofs for the physical efficiency, he freely acknowledged that they really possessed a certain persuasive force.

When the signal for the end of the disputation was given, the Delegate rose and made an eloquent though brief address in Latin. His clear and forcible enunciation, finished diction, and warmth of delivery, which were heightened by grace and rapidity of gesture, will make his words memorable for many a day. In substance, he said:

"I am charmed at the keenness of intellect, the industry, the learning, displayed by the disputants, this morning; and especially am I pleased to observe that St. Thomas is so closely followed in this celebrated institution. For St. Thomas, that grand luminary, who has lighted up the whole field of science, has been declared by the Sovereign Pontiff, the master, who is to be followed, loved and cherished, by all the schools of Christendom. And nowadays, especially, when errors are springing up everywhere, when enemies attack the Church on all sides, it is but fitting for the friends of the Church to study the Angelic Doctor, since in his works can be found weapons to conquer every foe.

"When I return to Rome, to tell the Holy Father of the many stupendous things I have seen in America, especially memorable shall be this hour, and I shall ask him to bless the inmates of Woodstock, who though far distant from the Holy See, are imbued with the same doctrine, the same spirit, which are fostered in the Eternal City. In conclusion, I hope that God will bless your studies and enable your learning to produce abundant fruit on earth, against that day, when all of us, illumined by the same eternal light shall join the Angelic Doctor in heaven."

At the close of this address, the audience adjourned to the refectory, which had been tastefully decorated. Laurel from our Woodstock hills, twining around the pillars, and hanging in graceful curves upon the walls, and flowers from

the conservatory, gave an appearance of summer freshness to the scene, while curtains of buff and lace mellowed the light with charming effect.

In allusion to the centennial celebration, appropriate mottoes were hung about the walls. Beneath the portrait of Pope Leo, was the affectionate inscription:

MANET · MANSVRVSQVE

IN · ANIMIS

FILIORVM

To the portrait of Cardinal Gibbons was attached:

CLARE · PRÆSVL

LÆTA · TIBI · MŒNIA · GESTIVNT

CORDA · VOCESQVE

GRATVLANTVR

The praise of Archbishop Carroll was fittingly expressed by:

PATRIÆ · CARITATE · INSTINCTVS

NIHIL · COGITAVIT · NISI · SVBLIME

OB · POSTEROS · TANTVM · ET · ECCLESIAM

In allusion to the Papal Delegate, were the words:

FIDELIVM · PATRIS

DISSITIS · FILIIS · AMORIS

PIGNORA · DEFERENS

AVETO

As our distinguished guests had made arrangements to leave on the two o'clock train, they were forced to go immediately after the banquet. While we would gladly have detained them longer, to show our esteem, and to display the beauties of Woodstock and its surroundings, we were gratified that they departed well pleased with our efforts at hospitality, and bestowing the highest encomiums on our theological studies.

GONZAGA COLLEGE.

A SKETCH OF SOME OF ITS PRESIDENTS, PROFESSORS, AND STUDENTS.

(*Continued.*)

The crowning glory of Father Marshall's administration was the training of the most brilliant mind that ever illumined the Washington bar. Had he educated but one student, and that student had been

JAMES HOBAN, ESQ.,[1]

the name of the second president of Gonzaga College would deserve inscription in characters of gold upon the pages of the history of Catholic education in the United States.

Born of Irish parents in the city of Washington in 1809, James Hoban inherited the intellect of his noted father, the architect of the President's mansion. He was one of the first students of Gonzaga College. When only thirteen years old, we find him in 1822 leading in all his classes, and meriting a special premium for superior application.

This was but an index to his after career. For in the very year he began the practice of law, he passed by all competitors and rose to an eminence that older men had labored in vain to attain. His eloquence seldom failed to convince a jury, as his wit never failed to delight them. His

[1] Brother of Rev. Henry Hoban, S. J. Fr. Hoban was born on Dec. 1, 1817; was a student of the "Seminary" in 1827; entered Georgetown College and was distinguished in his classes; studied medicine, and after receiving his degree enjoyed a large and lucrative practice in the City of Washington; became a Seminarian in Baltimore, and then joined the Society, on Aug. 29, 1846. His health failing soon after he took his vows, he was sent to Conewago, and there began the study of theology in 1849. Continuing his studies at Georgetown College, he completed the quadrennium in 1852, and was ordained on June 12th of that year by Archbishop Kenrick. He is named in the catalogues from 1853 to 1855 as *præf. valet.; præf. FF. Coadj. et præf. mor. inter parvulos*, at Georgetown College. In 1856 he was Minister of Gonzaga College. He held the same office at Loyola College during the two following years. In 1860 he was back again at Gonzaga College as Minister, which office he retained till his fatal illness in the Spring of 1865. He died at Georgetown College on April 7th, 1865, aged 48. He was of a remarkably modest and retiring disposition, and so nervous in the presence of others that he never entered the pulpit. His life in the Society was that of an edifying religious, and an efficient minister and procurator.

published speeches show that he was most skilled in the use of the flowers of rhetoric, and an expert in handling the weapons of logic. This is especially notable in his speech in 1837 on the trial of John Williams,[1] the oculist, when "the whole medical fraternity, the reverend clergy, the bar, the distinguished counsel for the prosecution, with the commentaries in one hand and the pestle in the other, were all in terrible array against his unfortunate client." This numerous foe, however, was vanquished by the telling arguments and pungent wit of James Hoban, the jury bringing in a unanimous verdict of not guilty.

Though an ardent lover of America and of American institutions, James Hoban had a warm predilection for the land of his sires. He honored and cherished the names of her distinguished sons who had labored for the freedom of their afflicted country. He loved to plead the cause of Ireland. Never was his eloquence more burning than when speaking against the grasping power of England. Never was the brilliancy of his vigorous mind more conspicuous than when advocating the freedom of Ireland. As president of the Repeal Association, he threw the noble attributes of his warm and generous soul into the work. In the hurry of a large law practice he never grudged an hour to urge the cause of repeal. His enthusiasm became contagious. Men of Irish birth, who had held aloof from the movement, joined the association. Men of American birth, who had regarded the work with suspicion, became enthusiastic supporters of its principles.

While thus educating the popular mind in favor of the struggles of an oppressed land, he also found time to wage war against the prevailing vice of intemperance. As he had only to undertake a work, to lead in its direction, he soon became the champion of temperance. "Never," says an old schoolmate of his, "had the cause of temperance a more faithful, a more efficient, or a more eloquent friend."

Having labored all his life with characteristic energy for the Democratic party, and having supported with all his influence its candidate for the Presidency in 1844, he was rewarded, on July 8, 1845, by President James K. Polk with the appointment of United States District Attorney for the District of Columbia.

He entered this office at a time when its duties were never more onerous. But his extraordinary ability, industry, and fearlessness enabled him to fill it with satisfaction to all par-

[1] In those days to be a specialist in the practice of medicine was to incur the ostracism of the profession. Dr. John Williams' sole offense was that he limited his practice to the diseases of the eyes.

ties. He seemed now just on the threshold of a great public building containing offices that he was so well fitted to fill and adorn, when, in the prime of life, at the early age of thirty-seven, he was suddenly stricken down. He died on January 19, 1846, after an illness of less than a week.

It was as if each citizen of Washington had lost a near and dear relative, so universal and intense was the grief for the loss of James Hoban. History neither before nor since has recorded a more touching exhibition of the sorrow of a people for the death of a fellow citizen. It is noted for January 20, 1846, that Joseph H. Bradley, Esq., on the opening of the Criminal Court, "paid a just tribute to the memory of James Hoban, in language the more touching and eloquent because so evidently flowing from a full heart. Tears fell from the eyes of the speaker and of his audience, and told better than words can express that the occasion was not one of hollow ceremony, but of deepest interest in this community."

And so in this spirit was the eulogy of James Hoban spoken by his brethren of the bar, by his old schoolmates at Gonzaga, and by his associates in the temperance, benevolent, and patriotic organizations.

Still another pathetic evidence of this great man's hold upon the affections of his citizens was shown by the crowds who braved the discomfort of a severe snow storm in order to pay their last respect to his memory. Among those who followed his remains to St. Patrick's Church were: The pall-bearers, Judge T. Hartley Crawford, Gen. Alexander Hunter, Hon. Thos. Carbery, John Marbury, Esq., Wm. Brent, Esq., and Gregory Ennis, Esq.; the members of the Washington bar, the officers of the court, the jurors of the term, several temperance societies, the Washington Benevolent Society, and the Repeal Association. The funeral services were conducted by the Very Rev. Wm. Matthews, and the discourse was delivered by Rev. J. P. Donelan.

It is interesting to note that the committee in charge of the funeral arrangements—Joseph H. Bradley, James M. Carlisle, Henry May, and Wm. Redite—were all school boys with James Hoban at the "old seminary."

If James Hoban's busy life had not been so prematurely shortened, he would undoubtedly have entered the field of letters. As has been noted, his speeches show a command of language, and a skill in the use of its beauties that would have served him well in the making of books. After his death there were found some short biographical sketches of prominent public men, which have never yet been published.

One book, however, bears his name. It is entitled "Gems of Irish Eloquence, Wit, and Anecdote."

Space will permit only a brief extract from its preface. Speaking on his favorite topic, Ireland, the author says:

"When other nations were swept by the tide of war, when discord and darkness like thickening clouds settled upon them, she was blessed with peace, prosperity, and light! From her secluded seats of learning and of grace, she sent her heralds and her ministers abroad to illuminate the world. Cruel reverses indeed, and protracted periods of disaster, it has been her fate to endure, but again in our latter day she has emerged, in some degree, from the abasement to which a cowardly tyranny had consigned her, and by the union and energy of her sons aspires with a boldness promising success to the dignity of her ancient national independence.

* * * * * *

"My purpose has been to gather disjointed elements, which united, constitute a pyramid more enduring and more glorious than the lofty memorials of the deserts of the East —to gather into a wreath scattered flowers of wit, eloquence, bravery, and truth, and, with a hand however unworthy, to bind them around the ancient brow of Erin."

An inscription on an old family portrait of his truthfully sums up his brief but brilliant career:

> "A consistent and unyielding Democrat,
> An ardent friend of Ireland and her cause,
> And a strenuous advocate of temperance."

May the recollection of the noble life of this first student of Gonzaga College serve as a guide to the present students, to those who have left, and to those who are to leave its walls, who are ambitious to bequeath to their children a legacy more enduring than gold—a reputation for exalted public and private virtues!

The list of honor students for the year 1825 also shows how well Father Adam Marshall had labored to raise the standard of studies. For in that year we find that the college closed with the complete number of classes usual in Jesuit colleges. The president and faculty only needed the legal right to confer on George W. Anderson, who had finished his philosophy *cum maxima laude*, the degree of bachelor of arts.

VERY REV. WILLIAM MATTHEWS.

The pastor of St. Patrick's Church, the projector of St. Peter's, the benefactor of St. Matthew's, and the patriarch of the Catholic clergy of the city of Washington, the Very Rev. Wm. Matthews, succeeded Father Marshall as president, and brought his great influence among Catholics and Protestants to promote the interests of Gonzaga College.[1]

Father Matthews, born in Charles County, Maryland, on December 16, 1770, was educated at the English college at Liege. His philosophical notes, preserved in the Georgetown College Library, show the diligence and ability of this American youth, compelled by the bigotry of the penal laws to acquire his education abroad. Returning home, he studied theology at Georgetown College, and at St. Mary's Seminary. He received tonsure and minor orders December 23, 1798; was made sub-deacon on the 22d of August, 1799; deacon on the 26th of March, and priest on the 29th of March, 1800. He was the fifth priest, and the *first American-born*, ordained in the United States.

Whilst preparing for the priesthood he was in 1796 professor of Rhetoric in Georgetown. It was his delight in after years to tell how, one day as he was walking near the white paling which then enclosed the college grounds, he saw a rider well stricken in years, but of noble and military bearing, stop his horse at the little gate and hitch him to the fence. On greeting the stranger, Fr. Matthews found that he had the pleasure of receiving Gen. George Washington at Georgetown College.

[1] We have in the Woodstock Historical Library a MS., entitled "*Catalogus Tertius Collegiorum, Domorum, Residentiarum Missionum Soc. Jesu in Statibus Unitis,*" which explains how Fr. Matthews came to be president. Under the heading "*Seminarium Washingtonianum*" the following is written: "*Domus e lateribus, in medio civitatis, habens hortulum sat commodum. Scholæ primam contignationem Domus totam occupant; in secunda nostri degunt; infra culina et refectorium et cella. Studia et disciplina scholarum egregie procedunt; scholæ sunt in magna æstimatione. Numerus discipulorum ad 130. Sustentabantur hucusque Professores e certo quanto stipendio, quod scholares in annum pendebant. Sed cum hoc sit nunc prohibitum; et in sequenti anno nec sustentare Professores, nec dimittere tam cito studiosos, tum sine assensione parentum et civium, tum absque detrimento nostræ propriæ famæ et crediti apud publicum, non possumus, retinendas adhuc scholas per annum insequentem esse duximus, donec ab Adm. Rev. P. Nostro aliter decidatur, sed cum hoc novo plano: Stipendium a scholaribus non recipimus. Titulum et scholas Rdo. Dno. Matthews parocho S. Patricii tradimus. Hic offert nostris Professoribus convenientem sustentationem. Ad illum plane pertinet accipere vel non accipere aliquid a studiosis, quos ipse suscipiet. Nos gratis ipsi obsequia nostra et Professores præstamus cum conditione ut nostrum sit regimen studiosorum et Domus ac Personarum Religiosarum cum plena potestate Superioris alienandi, mutandi, novi constituendi ordinis vel personarum. Pactio hæc ex utraque parte tamdiu durare potest quamdiu Adm. R. P. Nostro Generali placuerit.*

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of Georgetown College, held on the 10th day of September, 1806, Fr. Robert Molyneux was unanimously elected president and the Rev. Wm. Matthews vice-president. At another meeting held on the 31st of March, 1808, Fr. Matthews was appointed a member of a committee "to direct all changes and improvements that may be deemed necessary in the college." One of these improvements was the erection of the north building towers. A year later, on the 28th of February, 1809, Fr. Matthews was elected president of Georgetown College.

The new president had been in office but a month when he became a novice of the Society. His name occurs in the catalogue of 1811; but he did not take his vows, as is manifest from the following entry in the Master of Novices' records, at Frederick: "Matthews, Gulielmus, Americanus, Pater Scholasticus; ing. 1809, Mart. 17; defecit approbante Superiore." He resigned the office of president of Georgetown College, on November 1st, 1809. He remained, however, a representative of the "Corporation of Clergy."

Father Matthews became pastor of St. Patrick's Church on the retirement of its first pastor, Rev. Anthony Caffrey, who returned to Ireland. The date of his appointment is not known. Dr. Shea, in his "Life and Times of Archbishop Carroll," would seem to imply that he received this charge in 1805[1] or soon after. Hence it seems that Fr. Matthews was in 1809 at one and the same time a novice of the Society, president of Georgetown College and pastor of St. Patrick's Church.[2] The site of the first church was on the

[1] "Life and Times of Archbishop Carroll," p. 515.

[2] A well-founded tradition has it that St. Patrick's Church was, down to the close of Fr. Matthews' life, rated as belonging to Ours. In the MS. Catalogue of 1811 it is so stated. In "An arrangement made by Most Rev. Leonard Neale, Archbishop of Baltimore with the Superior of the Society of Jesus regulating the Missions of the said Society within his Diocese," St. Patrick's Church is "put again *permanently* under the spiritual care of the Religious of the Society of Jesus." As this interesting document shows how much Archbishops Carroll and Neale prized the work of Ours, we print it in full:

AN ARRANGEMENT MADE BY THE MOST REV. LEONARD NEALE ARCHP OF BALTIMORE WITH THE SUPERIOR OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS REGULATING THE MISSIONS OF THE SAID SOCIETY WITHIN HIS DIOCESE.

The Most Rev^d. John Carroll late Archp of Baltimore intended to determine together with the Superior of the Society of Jesus in North America what Stations or Missions were to be assigned to be permanently under the spiritual care of the Religious of the Soc^ty. of J. according to their Institute. But by his continual occupations, and at last by his lamented death he was

corner of Tenth and E Streets, northwest, where the Georgetown Medical College was afterwards located.[1] Fr. Matthews, not liking this position, built in 1810, on Tenth and F Streets, northwest, a more commodious church, which has since been replaced by the present stately Gothic edifice on Tenth Street.

prevented from doing it in an authentic manner, his Successor the Rev^d^. Leonard Neale actually Archp of Baltimore agreed with the Rev^d^. John Grassi Superior of the Religious of the Society of Jesus in this country to come to a proper conclusion of this affair, being as convinced as his worthy Predecessor was that such an arrangement is and will always be for the real good of his Diocese, as it tends to diminish in an advantageous manner the burden of Episcopal duties, and will enable the Religious of the Soc^ty^. of J. to exercise their functions both in perfect understanding with episcopal authority, and in exact compliance with the obedience they owe to their Superiors as it is prescribed by their laudable Institute.

In consequence of these considerations by mutual agreement between the Most Rev^d^. Leonard Neale Archbishop of Baltimore and the R. F. John Grassi Superior of the Soc^ty^. of J. in north Amer^ca^. the Missions and Congregations of Saint Inagoes, Newtown, S^t^. Thomas's with their dependencies, White Marsh, Harford, Bohemia and S^t^. Joseph in the eastern shore, also Fredericktown with their dependencies are now restored as formerly were, and put again permanently under the spiritual care of the Religious of the Soc^ty^. of J.; likewise the Missions and Congr^ons^. of Georgetown, and Alexandria Dist^t^. of Columbia, S. Patrick's Church in Washington City with Queen's Chapel and Rockcreek Congr^on^. are assigned and given to be permanently in the spiritual care of the Religious of the Soc^ty^. of J. according to their Institute.

In case that it should not be in the power of the Superior of the Soc^ty^. of J. in this country to send any of his Religious, and he could procure other Priests duly qualified it will be lawful for him to send them on the said Missions with the approbation of the Most Rev^d^. Archbishop. Should it happen that no Priest could be found to supply the said Missions, the Superior of the Relig^ous^. of the Soc^ty^. of Jesus will give notice to the Most Rev^d^. Archbp and adopt with his concurrence the most proper measures to provide for the exigency of the Missions.

In confirmation of this mutual agreement which is intended to have the force of an instrument regulating in future, this writing is signed by both parties. Georgetown Dist^t^. of C^a^. April the third, A. D. 1816.

✠ Leon^D^. Archbp of Balt^re^.
John Grassi Sup^r^. of the Relig^us^. of the Soc^ty^. of J. in North America.

J. W. Beschter *Secret.*

[1] Letter of Fr. James A. Ward.

Fr. Matthews was thus laboring in the "Federal City" at a time when, as a French traveler observed, "Georgetown had houses without streets, and Washington streets without houses;" when Tom Moore wrote to his friend:

> "In fancy now, beneath the twilight gloom,
> Come, let me lead thee o'er this 'second Rome.'
> Where tribunes rule, where dusky Davi bow,
> And what was Goose-Creek once is Tiber now:
> This embryo capital, where fancy sees
> Squares in morasses, obelisks in trees;
> Which second-sighted seers, ev'n now, adorn
> With shrines unbuilt and heroes yet unborn,
> Though naught but woods and Jefferson they see,
> Where streets should run and sages ought to be."

But what was more deplorable than sights offensive to the æsthetic sense of the poet, was the deficiency of education amongst all classes. Georgetown College had, it is true, been founded since 1789. But in that benighted age, before the steam car or street car had come to shorten distances, that college was too far away to suit the convenience of day scholars. Father Matthews, recognizing this, induced Ours, as has been stated, to open a classical school in their House of Studies[1] in the city of Washington, and hence in this building, Gonzaga College began life in 1821.

As Father Matthews always had an especial love for this creation of his, it was but natural that his interest in it should increase when he was appointed its presiding officer. The college records show a large increase of pupils during his term, and indicate the esteem the best families of Washington had for the education given by this institution. Amongst the students of those days were the son of Benjamin Rush, Secretary of the Treasury; the son of the Postmaster-General, Return J. Meigs; the sons of Commodores Rodgers and Chauncey; the son of Daniel Webster, and the son of Judge Cranch, the chief justice of the circuit court of the District of Columbia; indeed, the executive, legislative and judicial departments of the local and general government, as well as the legal and medical professions, were all represented. The fame of the college was, of course, due also to the active and efficient corps of Jesuits that assisted Father Matthews. Amongst them we find the

[1] "Mr. Matthews . . . with his own property, at the re-establishment of the Society built a Chapel, a Missionary house, and a house for Novices altogether, in Washington, three miles from Georgetown."—Dr. Oliver's "Collections," p. 126.

Fr. John McElroy, on the contrary, has in his "Recollections" a statement which is nearer the truth. He says on page 17: "Fr. John Grassi having arrived in the United States in 1810, and having been appointed in 1812 Superior of the Society and Rector of Georgetown College, concluded to erect a building for the Novices in Washington on a lot *owned* by the College, adjoining St. Patrick's Church. This building was, however, never occupied as a Novitiate, but was afterwards a school called Washington Seminary."

names of Rev. Jeremiah Keiley, prefect of schools; Messrs. William Grace, Richard Hardey, Joseph Schneller, Edward McCarthy, Br. Charles Strahan, S. J., and the Rev. Robert Woodley.[1]

Being thus interested in the education of the higher classes of Washington society, his being named one of the trustees of the public schools shows that he was also concerned about the education of the poorer classes. This was when there were but two public schools in the city, the "Eastern," corner of Third and D Streets, southeast, and the "Western," at Fourteenth and G Streets, northwest.

Away back in 1814, long before the present Congressional Library was born, Congress had incorporated the Washington City Library. Rev. William Matthews was one of its original founders, and was for some time its president. It had in 1822 "two thousand well-selected volumes, among which is a splendid edition of Greek and Roman Inconography, in four volumes, folio, presented to the institution by M. Hyde de Neuville, in the name of the King of France." With a wisdom and generosity superior to their times and in marked contrast to the present inconvenient hours of the Congressional Library, the directors ordered that the librarian attend "every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday from 3 to 6 o'clock, and from 3 to sunset when the sun sets later than 6."

A deplorable state of affairs in the Diocese of Philadelphia, occasioned by a schismatical party in St. Mary's Church, induced the Holy See to summon Bishop Conwell to Rome, and to appoint Father Matthews, on May 8, 1828, administrator of the diocese during the absence of the Bishop. In this capacity he represented Bishop Conwell at the First Provincial Council of Baltimore, October 4, 1829. Owing to his efforts the chief promoters of disunion were prevailed on to leave the city, and so, when he was relieved of this onerous office in 1830, the spirit of sedition had somewhat subsided.

The number of poor boys Father Matthews clothed, educated, and supported was known only to himself. The Hon. Bernard Caulfield, who was afterwards a Member of Congress from Kentucky, was one. He tells a story of his benefactor, illustrating his brusque manner, but kind heart. Fr. Matthews sent him on one occasion on business to the Georgetown Convent. On leaving, the Mother Superior said:

"Bernard, I wish you would say to Father Matthews that

[1] Fr. Woodley afterwards entered the Society, on June 4, 1831. Vid. WOODSTOCK LETTERS, Vol. xv., p. 31.

we owe $7,000 on this building, and that we beg him to pay it for us."

One day after dinner, when young Caulfield thought his patron was in good humor, he mentioned the Mother's request.

"Seven thousand dollars!" exclaimed Father Matthews, in his usual sharp, quick way of talking. "Is she crazy? Wants me to pay $7,000! Bernard, don't you venture to speak of this again."

In a few days afterwards, however, the Mother Superior received Father Matthews' check for $7,000.

A poor woman, calling on him for assistance, "felt," as she expressed it afterwards, "as if he was going to eat me."

"I have nothing for you. Go home. Where do you live?" said he in his sharpest tones.

What was her surprise to find on returning home that the charitable priest had sent her all and more than she had asked for.

He was always the generous friend of the poor and trouble-stricken in time of tribulation. He it was who founded the male and female orphan asylums. Though he had handsomely provided for them during his life, he forgot them not in his will.

He was besides a generous contributor towards the erection of St. Peter's Church, in 1820. He also gave $10,000 to the Rev. John P. Donelan, in 1838, to build a church. When Father Donelan named his church St. Matthew's his friends, in good-humored banter, accused him of calling it after the pastor of St. Patrick's.

Having provided so handsomely for the education of the Catholic boys of this city, Father Matthews determined to found a school for girls. He purchased a house and lot from Gales, of *Intelligencer* fame, and offered it to the Visitation Nuns of Georgetown. But as they had shortly before sent some of their best teachers to their newly-established Mount de Sales Academy, they were obliged to refuse his offer. Whereupon Father Matthews sold the property and gave the proceeds to his relatives.

Some years afterwards the Sisters of Charity opened a school for girls on E Street, between Sixth and Seventh, northwest, which was soon filled with the daughters of the *élite* of Washington. When Mother Seton's Sisters applied for affiliation with the French Sisters of Charity, they were informed that they would have to give up their academies, as such work was not sanctioned by St. Vincent's rule. So Sister Etienne, the Superior of the Sisters of Charity, offered this academy in 1850 to the Visitation Nuns at a yearly rental. They at first refused, but were finally prevailed upon

by Archbishop Eccleston to accept it. Sister Mary Chantal, the once popular Miss Cummings of Washington society, was sent from Georgetown as superior of the new community. After a year's trial the Superior thought it better, as there was no garden attached to the academy, to seek a more eligible site. Where was the money to come from? The nuns had none. Sister Chantal, who had been a favorite Sunday-school pupil of Father Matthews, and had afterwards enjoyed many tokens of his friendship, applied to him in her distress.

"No," said he. "I'll give you nothing. Your nuns wouldn't take my house when I offered it. I have sold it, and have given the money away."

The good Sister, not disheartened, thought she might as well pay interest on a mortgage as rental on a house. Accordingly, borrowing money from some of her friends, she purchased ground on Tenth and G Streets, opposite St. Vincent's Asylum. Everything went well, till one day a note of $3,000 became due. Confident that Father Matthews' charity was not straitened by his alleged resentment, she invited his niece, Mother Juliana, to come to Washington to assail the old priest's kindly nature. But he seemed deaf to her appeals. Then the nuns began a Novena to the Blessed Virgin. Before the nine days had elapsed, Father Matthews, leaning on the arm of Captain Thomas Carbery, came over to the convent.

"I have come," said the kind old priest, "to give you a present you don't deserve. I was resolved, since you refused to take my first offering, to give you nothing. This morning I was able to say Mass for the first time in months. It was a Votive Mass to the Blessed Virgin. You were not in my thoughts when I began it. During the Mass, however, it seemed as if the Blessed Virgin were pleading for you, so persistent was the recollection of your appeal for help. Take this and thank the Blessed Virgin for it."

The Sisters found that they had received more than they had asked. Father Matthews' present was a check for $10,000.

Though he was a man of marked individuality, whose opinions were his own, and whose convictions he feared not to utter, he seemed to change in a way his character as soon as he mounted the pulpit. There he seemed almost timid. He always read his sermons, and never gesticulated except with the index finger. It is said that he had a barrel full of manuscript sermons, which he read successively to his congregation, and that after reading each sermon he placed

it in another barrel. When this barrel was filled, he would turn the down side up, and, commencing with the top sermon, read them all in order over again. Several of his old parishioners say that they could tell in advance what sermon he was going to read.[1] When the Brazilian Minister, who had all the materials imported from Brazil, presented him with a new pulpit with massive silver letters blazoned on its front, the old members of the congregation smiled at the thought of the number of times he had rehearsed in private the mounting of its steps, and the accustoming himself to its use.

Of the interest Father Matthews took in the fame of his old charge, Georgetown College, the following incident is recorded:

The French Minister, dining one day at Father Matthews' house, spoke of a certain mathematical problem, over whose solution the *savants* of Europe were puzzling their brains. Some one suggested that the *savants* of America be allowed to try it. This was met by a reflection upon American learning.

"If you have a copy of the problem," said Father Matthews, "I will demonstrate to you within two hours' time that we have here in America, in the District of Columbia, at Georgetown College, a professor whose ability as a mathematician is as great as that of any European *savant*."

The minister, surprised at Father Matthews' assertion, produced the problem.

Father Matthews, calling his servant, gave him the problem and a note for Father Wallace, who was the professor of mathematics at the college, and the author of a learned work on the "Use of Globes." The man returned before the end of the meal with the problem solved, adding that it had taken Father Wallace but fifteen minutes to solve it.

Father Matthews was jubilant; his guests were astounded, and took their departure with changed views on the standing of American educational establishments.

Some six months afterwards the French Academy presented Father Wallace[2] with a magnificent set of mathemat-

[1] Eugene F. Arnold's "Facts in the History of St. Peter's Parish."

[2] Fr. James Wallace entered the Society on Oct. 10, 1807; taught in the N. Y. Literary Institution and at Georgetown College, where he was ordained priest by Bishop Neale, on Nov. 17, 1814. Fr. Kohlmann writes of him: "Brother Wallace, a scholastic of the Society, is our master of mathematics, one of the ablest in the United States." Fr. McElroy gives in his "Recollections" the following interesting incident of Fr. Wallace's life before entering the Society: "Two young men, teachers in private schools in New York, James Wallace and Thomas Kelly, being very pious, and anxious to see the Catholic youth of the city provided with proper teachers, thought of going to Georgetown, in order to enter the Society, and then, if permitted, return to New York for the purpose of educating the young. Mrs. Seton, a widow and

ical works, some of which are now in the Georgetown College observatory.

Father Matthews was a Whig in politics and exercised his right to vote at every city election. He was, however, a great admirer of General Jackson, with whom he often dined.

When the time came for the baptism of the son of M. Pageot, the French Minister, Father Matthews was invited to perform the ceremony in the White House. The President, Andrew Jackson, was ostensibly the godfather. The other sponsor, and the real one, was, of course, a Catholic. The boy was given the name Andrew Jackson.

When Father Matthews asked, "Andrew Jackson, dost thou renounce satan?" the old general, seemingly indignant and surprised at the question, drawing himself up to his full height, answered with much warmth, "Most undoubtedly I do."

On another occasion when Senator Merrick and Henry Clay were visiting Father Matthews they noticed an engraving of General Jackson, which, unlike his usual pictures, represented him with hands joined and with a calm and demure look.

convert, very pious and constant in her attendance at St. Peter's, became acquainted, by some means, with the above young men. She made known her earnest desire to see some provision made for the destitute orphans, and for the many girls brought up in ignorance of their Christian duties. Both parties agreed to meet from time to time in the tower of St. Peter's Church, to confer together as to the best means of accomplishing their respective objects. —It was finally concluded, that the two young men should, as soon as their engagements would allow them, go to Georgetown and present themselves to the superior of the Society for admission; that Mrs. Seton should go to Baltimore, and present herself to Archbisp. Carroll, with an offering of herself to labor for the education of the poor and the protection of orphans. These facts I had from one of the young men. His Grace, of course, approved very cordially of her project, and recommended Rev. Mr. Dubourg, then Prest. of St. Mary's to take the matter in hand. Mrs. Seton's life will tell the rest. Of the two young men mentioned above, both were received into the Society. —Thomas Kelly was a model for all his companions in the practice of every virtue. Taken with an affection of the lungs, his disease made rapid progress, and no medical skill could arrest it. Some days before his death, he told Mr. Wallace he would die on the feast of the Assumption. Mr. W., thinking him somewhat delirious, turned his head and smiled. Mr. Kelly repeated he would find his words verified, and asked to be shaved. He continued perfectly sensible till the last moment. I was at his bedside, with the exception of a few moments, until his decease. He begged to be left alone to pray, in which he occupied himself with most fervent ejaculations, particularly to Jesus and Mary. His death, indeed, was that of the just. May my last end be like unto his! He died on the very day foretold by him.—His companion, Mr. Wallace, who was considered one of the first mathematicians in the country, prepared at the College a work on the Globes, and was ordained priest, taught in the College, and was sent with Father Ben Fenwick to Charleston S. C. There he left the Society, and died in Columbia. — Fr. Fenwick, whilst there, was appointed Bishop of Boston, in 1825, and died Aug. 11, 1846.—The Community at Emmitsburg, founded by Mrs. Seton, now numbering about 400 members, a branch of it, in New York, over 300 sisters, directing orphan asylums, parish schools, hospitals, etc.; the College in Fordham for boarders, and St. Francis Xavier's in the city, more than realize what the two young men desired so much. How wonderful are the ways of God in effecting great things from small beginnings! May he be blessed by all!"

"Why," remarked one, "he looks as if he were on the stool of penance."

"Would you, Father Matthews, give him absolution?" asked Clay.

"Yes," answered the Father, "I would give absolution to any one who repents."

"That *he* will never do," replied Clay.

The first and oldest total abstinence society in the United States was founded in Father Matthews' lifetime, and was directed by him until his death. On July 4, 1840, Mr. George Savage, with fifty others, received the pledge from Father Matthews. Of those fifty the only persons living at the present writing are Mr. Patrick A. Byrne, of St. Patrick's parish, and Mr. John F. King, of St. Aloysius' parish.

At length, when he had seen Washington grow from a town into a city, and the Catholics increase from hundreds to thousands, Father Matthews was called to his last account on Sunday evening, April 30, 1854. He had attained his eighty-fourth year.

As Father Matthews was known personally to almost every person in Washington during his fifty years' residence, and as his untiring efforts to relieve the distressed and aid the friendless had enshrined his memory in their hearts, the grief at his death was truly heartfelt. And this grief was manifested by Catholics and Protestants alike. At a time when sectarian jealousies were most bitter, and Catholic and Protestant teachers were hurling shafts of cutting criticism against one another, no one was ever known to say aught against him. Like Nathanael, he was an Israelite in whom there was no guile.

Wednesday, May 3, 1854, was the day fixed for the funeral. As early as 6 o'clock that morning a great crowd of people were waiting at the church doors, and they patiently waited there till the doors were opened at 8.30. The Solemn High Mass of Requiem was commenced at 9 A. M. by Rev. Father Knight, assisted by Rev. James B. Donelan, deacon, and Rev. F. E. Boyle, sub-deacon.

Archbishop Kenrick preached from the text, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." The Archbishop dwelt eloquently upon the sincerity, simplicity, and heavenly-mindedness of Father Matthews, his piety, his Christian charity towards all. As an extraordinary man, he had achieved an extraordinary victory over all the conflicts of a long life. Beloved universally by his Church, esteemed by all others as an edifying member of the community, it was indeed no small triumph to have the parochial charge of such a flock for half a century, preserve

a reputation unblemished, and enjoy the affectionate regards of the people in so eminent a degree.

The procession was then formed. Rev. Father Boyle, cross-bearer, with acolytes; reverend clergy; eight members of the Young Catholics' Friend Society, in front of the hearse; the pall bearers: Thomas Feran, Nicholas Callan, John C. Fitzpatrick, James S. Harvey, John F. Boone, Gregory Ennis, John F. Callan, Lewis Johnson, Peter Brady, Edward Sims, John Carroll Brent, and Richard Lay, the majority of whom had been students at Gonzaga College.

The chief mourners were the late Judge William Matthews Merrick and his brother, Hon. Richard T. Merrick.

Then came the officers and lady managers of St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum; the Sisters of Charity, with the male and female orphan children; the students of Georgetown College, and the Philodemic Society, headed by the college band, and bearing banners, presented to them by the ladies of St. Mary's County, Maryland, and the ladies of the Cathedral parish, Baltimore; then followed the students of Gonzaga College, a little army bearing flags and banners festooned in mourning. The procession was flanked by the members of the Young Catholics' Friend Society who were not detailed for other duties.

Messrs. William H. Ward, John F. Ennis, William A. Kennedy, George F. Dyer, John J. Joyce, J. C. C. Hamilton, Peter Gallant, William J. McCollam, and George Harvey were the marshals of the day.

The line was formed on Ninth Street, the clergy chanting the *Miserere* as the pageant proceeded down Ninth Street to Pennsylvania Avenue, then to Twelfth, thence up Twelfth to G, to the vault in the rear of St. Patrick's Church.

Father Matthews' family had also given other illustrious members to the Church, among whom were Frs. Henry Neale and Ignatius Matthews, and Mother Bernardine Matthews, the first superior of the Maryland Carmelites; his five uncles—Fr. Benedict Neale, who died at Newtown in 1787; Fr. Wm. Neale, who died at Manchester, Eng. in 1799; Dr. Leonard Neale, the second Archbishop of Baltimore, who died in 1817; Fr. Francis Neale, who was Father Matthews' successor in the presidency of Georgetown College, and who died Dec. 28, 1837, at the age of eighty-two; and Fr. Charles Neale, who died superior of the Maryland Mission in 1823. At the time of Father Matthews' death his niece, Mother Juliana Matthews, was Superior of the Visitation Convent, Georgetown, and his relative, Fr. Charles H. Stonestreet, was provincial of the Maryland Province. At the present writing Mother Regina,

of Mount de Sales, Mother Mary Leonard, of the Park street Visitation Convent, Baltimore, Fr. J. Pye Neale, and Mr. J. Brent Matthews, are his relatives.

(*To be continued.*)

LETTERS FROM A CHAPLAIN IN THE WAR OF 1861.

(*Tenth Letter.*)

CAMP ARNOLD,
SANTA ROSA ISLAND, FLA.
January 18, 1862.

VERY REV. AND DEAR FATHER TELLIER,
P. C.

Most heart-felt thanks for the chalice and other articles requisite for the celebration of Mass, which you have had the kindness to send me, and for want of which I have been unable for two months to offer the Holy Sacrifice. The carefully packed box safely reached me on Tuesday, Dec. 3rd, feast of St. Francis Xavier; and on the following Sunday, feast of the Immaculate Conception, the almost forgotten sound of *church-call* was heard through the camps, announcing the hour of Mass. When informed of the arrival of the "chapelle," and that I should celebrate Mass on the following Sunday, the poor soldiers were overjoyed, and undertook to convey this gratifying intelligence to the Catholics of the fleet and transports.

Sunday, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, arrived, and found an old-time display in honor of the occasion. Protestants of the army and navy were present in great numbers, led to our religious assembly by the natural want of the soul to speak to God, to worship Him, to have some share in honoring Him, to "keep the Sabbath;" or induced by a curiosity more or less praiseworthy; or, as some of them said, to show their sympathy with the Catholics in their long privation of the holy mysteries, and to congratulate them on the receipt of means of resuming their mode of worship. During my little sermon, I failed not to remind my widely extended audience, that the Blessed Mother brought us the long-wished-for gift; that in spite of the war now so determinedly waged for and against the *Union*, the Catholics North and South united to-day to celebrate

the festival of the Blessed Virgin Mary, who is the Patroness of the *United States*.

This remark gave rise after Mass to a brisk controversy between Catholic and Protestant officers. The Protestants maintained that since Catholics were strictly united in faith, they should all be on the same side in the war. For both sides cannot be right, and the Church cannot on any account allow her children to defend what is wrong.

The zeal manifested by the Catholic soldiers and sailors in preparing under difficulties a becoming display at the place where the Holy Sacrifice was to be offered, inspired a regiment composed chiefly of Protestants, to offer me as a church, a firmly erected wooden shed occupied by them as quarters. It had been built for barracks for artillery men, and for stables for their horses; but on the removal of the batteries to other quarters, the roomy shed fell into the hands of Captains Heuberer and Hazaltine (Protestants) for the use of their commands. Now, these gentlemen, with the free consent of their men, kindly offered to "turn the barracks over" to me for church purposes. This was not all. On my accepting with thanks in the name of the Catholics of the "army and fleet of the gulf," this very substantial building, Captains Heuberer and Hazaltine undertook with their men to fit it up immediately for the celebration of the Divine Mysteries.

Major Lewis Arnold of the Fort—at present in a manner *acting commander-in-chief*, for Col. Brown is becoming feeble—hearing of the transfer, rode out to my quarters to know what it all meant. Informed of the facts in the case, the Major, turning towards our Protestant benefactors who happened to be with me, said: "Well done, gentlemen! The Father has been here for several months, devoting himself day and night to the spiritual wants of officers and men, soldiers and sailors, Catholics and Protestants. At Headquarters we have never heard any complaints against him; on the contrary, when his name is mentioned, as it often is, it is with great respect and praise. To show you how I appreciate your action in this matter, I shall send out from the Fort to-morrow, a detail of carpenters with nails and lumber to put up an altar and construct seats in the building which you have turned over to the Father."

Next morning was published a requisition for soldiers who were carpenters by trade, to present themselves at the Adjutant's office. A detail selected from the large number responding to the requisition was sent to me for directions how I wished the work done. In due time alterations and additions were completed to the perfect satisfaction of all.

The new structure (it may be so-called) seats at least one thousand. This does not offer accommodation for all, but it gives ample room to officers and visitors. It looked like civilization! The altar was quite a success in the style of architecture. Was not this surely kind and generous on the part of Protestants? Catholics were the recipients.

After many unsuccessful efforts, I have at last, by a little ruse on the part of some officers, been enabled to go to Key West. Many difficulties had to be surmounted before the permission to leave Santa Rosa was secured. In fact my application for a week's leave of absence, that I might go to some point where I could receive the sacrament of penance, met with a decided refusal. The reason assigned was: I could not be spared; there was no one to replace me.

I one day went to the commander's quarters to argue the case with him, and endeavor to make him understand the reason and necessity of his granting my request. "I wish also to save my soul," said he; "yet I do not require to take the means of confessing my sins." In vain did I adduce his own favorite principle: "Live up to your convictions." "Go to confession to God as I do," was his reply. I told him the church is a strict disciplinarian, and requires me to obey her orders. It was all to no purpose. A priest must be here to take my place before I can leave.

Finally, after a talk with Major Arnold and Captain Seeley, Protestant officers of the regular army, it was agreed to entrust the matter to them, as they promised to engineer my application to a successful issue.

Profiting by an offered occasion, these two officers complained to the Colonel commanding that it was rumored that a spirit of disorder was manifesting itself amongst the troops stationed in and near Key West! "Well, what is to be done? Is not the officer in command there able to maintain order?" asked the old colonel. "Major Hill is certainly able to keep his soldiers under control," replied the officers; "but there is no chaplain. Now the commander's authority must be supplemented by the chaplain's advice and exhortations. Would it not be well to send Father Nash down there to lecture them? They are nearly all Catholics." "There is a priest there," remarked the Colonel. "Yes, truly there is, but he has his own parish. A regular chaplain, an officer of the army, holding his commission from the Government to lecture them, will have much more influence over them than a parish priest could have, who is supposed to take a very moderate interest in them." "Well make out the leave of absence for the Father, and I shall sign it." The Major and captain came with the document to me, and

informed me how they had procured it from the Commander of the Department; they urged me not to forget to explain the matter to Major Hill when I should reach Key West. But the question now arose, how to reach that far-off island? The Colonel's consent to my leaving Santa Rosa, could not carry me over the water to an island about five hundred miles away, according to the line a ship must follow. This difficulty also Major Arnold removed, and arranged matters, so that I found everything not only easy but pleasant. Going out to the flag-ship, he laid my case before the commander of the fleet, who kindly offered to put at my disposal a gunboat, which ostensibly would be sent on a little cruise.

As it was already far advanced in the week, I resolved to postpone my voyage till after Sunday. Calling on the Major and the flag-officer, I thanked them for their generous kindness, and informed them of my intention of deferring my departure till after Sunday, and my reasons therefor. I was told by the acting admiral, that since the gunboat had steam up day and night, I had simply to signal to her any moment it suited me, and she would send a boat ashore to take me out.

Sunday, the 22nd of December, 1861, came bright and warm. It was the opening of our new church. A large gathering from army and fleet was already on the ground long before the hour of church. Mass could not begin before the guard just relieved from their twenty-four hours' duty should return to camp, go through their inspection, wash themselves, brush their clothing, and dry and polish their arms, and, if possible, take a little breakfast. In the meantime I heard the confessions of those who wished to receive communion, amongst whom was a sprinkling of men-of-war sailors arrayed in their gayest uniform.

The news that I was going on a cruise, without the knowledge of whither or why I was going, induced many more to come to Mass than otherwise probably would have come. Understanding that I was sent to visit the troops stationed in the forts in and near Key West, and that I should be back in a week's time, all were satisfied, and gave me many commissions for the boys I should meet.

Our new church looks so grand that our Protestant friends feel proud of their generosity. They are receiving compliments from all quarters. Fleet and Fort and camps have combined to give the sacred edifice the appearance of a cathedral. Banners and flags and guidons judiciously and artistically arranged, concealed everything that might be at all unsightly in the structure. A full and efficient choir was on hand. Some time after twelve o'clock, word was

brought to me that the returned guard and picket were ready. At a signal from the drum-major the *church-call* was vigorously beaten, the brave sailors and soldiers hastened to adore the hidden God of battles. What did it matter to those faithful sons of their Church and country whether they should take seats under the unaccustomed roof, or bare-headed kneel on the clean white sand under a broiling sun? They came to perform a duty to their Lord and Saviour; to offer thanks and renew entreaties; to pray for their families far away. The officers occupied seats; but the men though invited to take the many places still vacant, declined. They said that they have to put up with many hardships for their country; why not suffer a little inconvenience for the honor of God?

All passed off very satisfactorily except the sermon, which I think was very poor. My voice was weak. If the Holy Father were aware how difficult it is for a chaplain after having passed the night without bed or chair, in the open air, sometimes without supper and in the rain, and after having been laboriously engaged the whole forenoon, I think His Holiness would be inclined to permit him to break his fast before Mass, which generally begins towards one o'clock. In the estimation of many, the sermon alone is the divine service. What interest do non-Catholics take in the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice? They want to hear the sermon. To the edification of all, especially Protestant officers of the fleet, many poor soldiers and sailors received holy communion.

After Mass, officers gathering around me to wish me a safe and pleasant trip, remarked: "Did it occur to you Father, that like the Magi, we were worshiping in a stable? This shed so wonderfully transformed to-day, used to be a stable for artillery horses."

Officers of the gunboat appointed to take me to Key West, were at Mass, and told me to pack up the vestments etc., and go with them aboard the steamer, where a good breakfast was awaiting me. The men and officers, tired of riding at anchor so long a time, were delighted at the prospect of having a roam over the ocean, and were most anxious to start on their cruise. A well-manned cutter was at the beach ready to convey us over to the gayly-decked war vessel. Arranging things as well as I could for safe-keeping during my absence, and bidding good-bye to the troops who accompanied me to the water's edge, we put off for the steamer two miles away. The sea was as smooth as a mirror—not even the trace of a zephyr was discernible. "A good omen for our cruise," remarked the officer in charge

of the boat. Our willing crew had us in an incredibly short time alongside the ship, up whose ladder we nimbly climbed, and met with a reception which officers of the United States navy know so well how to give their guests. That I might witness the manœuvring of weighing anchor and putting to sea, and take a view of the whole length of Santa Rosa, along whose shore he would run as close as the depth of water would allow, the commander said he would give no orders till I should have breakfasted. It was surely time to take a little nourishment. In a few moments I was ready, and the order to hoist anchor was given. With more than usual formality and soul-stirring choruses, the willing tars brought the ponderous fastening to the surface, and made it secure.

Off we started at full speed. As there was nothing urgent, and we had abundance of time, the captain did not keep a direct course, but stood hither and thither in search of a prize—a tempting blockade runner.

Wednesday the 25th, Christmas day, we arrived at Key West, our destination. It is a queer, narrowly-circumscribed island of coral rock. The parish priest, they tell us, is Father Hunincq, a Belgian.

A messenger from Washington, or from some authority higher than that of our fleet commander, boarded us before we had reached the dock, and handed to the captain dispatches which he immediately opened and read. Calling me aside, the gentlemanly officer said: "Father, I cannot take you back to Santa Rosa. These orders are urgent—I have to go in another direction. I will introduce you to the captain of the armed transport, *Nightingale*, just in port, but which is on its way to Fort Pickens." Captain Van Horn of the *Nightingale* assured me he was delighted to have the occasion of offering me a passage on board his vessel, which would start with the first favorable breeze. The channel, he said, from port out to sea is long and devious, and therefore a ship could not be sailed out unless a very favorable wind prevailed. The precise time, consequently, of returning to Fort Pickens was very uncertain.

Bidding good morning to the captain of the transport, and good-bye to my dear friends of the gunboat, I immediately went ashore to call on Rev. Father Hunincq. On landing I met some soldiers who, to my dismay, informed me that Father Hunincq had left Key West. They could give no further details. Accompanied by the soldiers, whom I had known at Fort Pickens, I went to Father Hunincq's house to inquire when or whether he should return. Miss Emma English, his school-teacher, a young colored woman,

told me that after having said Mass he departed for some point which she did not know; that he was to come back, but she did not know when to expect him. He may have gone to Cuba—30 miles away—for he was speaking of going to visit a priest; or he may have gone to Fort Jefferson on the *Dry Tortugas*, to hear the confessions of the soldiers stationed there. As I was yet fasting, I wished to honor the great Feast of Christmas by saying at least one Mass, and asked Miss Emma English, the teacher, who is also sacristan, whether there would be any objection to my offering the Holy Sacrifice. As my long beard and military uniform may have suggested to her the thought that I was not a Catholic priest, she modestly but firmly answered, that if Major Hill of Fort Taylor, who is a Catholic, would introduce me, I should have no difficulty about saying Mass. The Major, having heard of my arrival, just then appeared, and gave the required introduction. With this distinguished officer as *altar-boy*, I said Mass in the neat little church of the romantic island of Key West.

After a little thanksgiving, I accepted the Major's kind invitation to his quarters, where in company with his highly accomplished lady and charming family we had Christmas dinner. What strange events! I have just offered the Holy Sacrifice in a *church!* I am seated at table with ladies and gentlemen! China, delf, silver and glass shining before me!

Since it was uncertain whether I should be able to meet Father Hunincq, and since the "Transport" might put to sea at any moment, I requested my host to get immediately in readiness the Catholic soldiers, whose confessions I would begin to hear right away.

Every facility for complying with their Christian obligations was afforded the men, who were not slow to profit by it. Night came on, but as my time was limited to a change of the wind, I continued my work. After a long and fatiguing *session*, I was informed by the sergeant on duty, that all the Catholics had been to see me.

Having accomplished this much of my work, I told the men that if the transport should be unable to sail during night, I should meet them early in the morning at the church, where I would say Mass and give them communion. Though expecting at any moment a notification that the *Nightingale* was putting to sea, I wrapped myself in my military blanket as I would in camp, and stretched myself on the floor to enjoy a brief, but somewhat needed rest, for the few remaining hours of the night. I could not sleep. Thoughts, unconsoling thoughts pressed on my brain, and sickened my heart. Is it possible that after having come so

far, and at such sacrifices, to see a priest, I must return without seeing one? All the obligations under which I had put myself to many officers and friends have been in vain!

Morning came sultry and hot. At that early hour the thermometer indicated 87 degrees. The *Nightingale* was still there! Hurrying up to the church I found the soldiers who could be spared from duty already waiting for me. Though much edified by the piety displayed by these brave men, I said Mass without consolation. A crushing sadness caused by my great disappointment had taken a firm grasp of my whole being. God's will be done! Oh how good God is! When He seems farthest He is nearest us. He knows how to console the afflicted.

Just as I had finished the Holy Sacrifice, a corporal stepped up to me and whispered: "Father, the priest is at the church door." Abridging my little thanksgiving I went to present my respects to the pastor of the Island. We gazed in silence a moment at each other. Father Hunincq is a man of medium height and build. At first sight any one would say he is an humble, unassuming, poorly-clad priest. I informed him who I was—a Jesuit Father, chaplain of the troops stationed on Santa Rosa Island. In very broken English he said: "I have heard of you. The soldiers speak of you. They say you are a good priest." I told him that ostensibly I had come to give a little mission to the soldiers; but in reality, or perhaps, besides, to do something for my own poor soul. Five hundred miles is a long distance to travel in order to receive the sacrament of penance; but Key West was the nearest point possible for me to reach. "Though you look very little like a priest," he said to me in French, "you are more than welcome. You are a God-send. For seven dreary months I have in vain been wishing for an opportunity of going to confession. I go to your Fathers in Cuba. That island is the nearest point to me. When things were quiet and commerce flourishing, it was a mere trifle to go there. Now it is expensive for me, nay almost impossible, to see the Fathers. As there is at present no traffic between Key West and Cuba, I should have to hire a craft of some kind to get there. In these times of great uncertainties, it is difficult to say when or even whether I should be able to return. Even under the most favorable circumstances, with a boat that I could afford to charter—some old schooner—I could not be back inside of a month. Now to leave my people without a priest for a month, would, in these dangerous times, I think, be extremely imprudent. I would have gone to see you on Santa Rosa, but I knew

you had no jurisdiction; that island belongs to Mobile diocese. God has sent you to me."

Good Father Hunincq and myself spent a portion of the day somewhat after the manner in which the two hermits, Sts. Paul and Anthony, passed their little recreation by the side of the bubbling spring. We met for the first, and very probably for the last time. I found him a devoted, holy priest, though not a religious, practising poverty more perfectly than many who are bound by vow to that holy virtue. He saw in me a mixture of soldier and priest—perhaps in his eyes the soldier element was predominant. "How do you live surrounded by such circumstances? what books do you read?" he earnestly asked me. Alas! I had to say, I had no other than my breviary. Rushing to his select library, he jerked from the shelf a copy of Gury's Theology: "Here, take this, and this New Testament, and this little Imitation of Christ, and this little dictionary, and this Diurnal," said the zealous priest overflowing with charity. Inflamed with an ardent desire for his people's salvation, he said in French to me: "Now Father, I cannot speak English correctly or fluently, and many of my Catholics, the Alderslades, the Baldwins, the Whitehursts, the Englishes, etc., speak only that language; all the rest understand it. Would you give a little mission to my parish? You will find here sailors, soldiers, citizens, of every degree of color, and I might say from every nation." Aware that the length of my sojourn here depended on the very uncertain condition of a change of the wind, I could not undertake such a work. However we went down to see captain Van Horn to inquire about the probable time of starting. Having learned our reason for asking the question, the out-spoken mariner said: "Begin your mission anyhow. If you succeed in bringing the crusty mixture of the people of Key West only two points; aye, if you only shake out their sails, you'll be doing a good deal." "What is he saying?" asked the priest. "I was saying a little dirty weather would make them open their eyes to the leaky parts of their hulls," continued the sailor. "As a warning that I am about to put to sea, I shall hoist a *pilot flag*. Have an eye on the mast-head."

With this little arrangement between the commander of the *Nightingale* and myself, I accepted the good priest's invitation to begin the mission.

To the thronged congregation I said in my first little sermon, that, in compliance with their zealous pastor's request, I had undertaken to preach a retreat; but I explained to them, as stated above, that, since my departure depended on the change of the wind, the time of closing the Exercises

was very uncertain. Hence no one must put off his confession till the last day of the retreat. All were requested to keep a close watch on the transport, and immediately report to me the moment the flag should be thrown to the breeze.

People presented themselves immediately at the confessional. I preached morning and evening, devoting the rest of the day to the hearing of confessions in English, French, German, and a little *make-out* in Spanish, Italian, and Dutch. Day after day the throng composed of sailors, soldiers, and civilians continued unabated. Many, many times men, women, and children would come near the confessional and say: "No flag yet, Father." I was, however, careful myself, to cast towards the impatient vessel, an occasional glance in search of the signal.

God listened favorably to the fervent prayers of the devoted Father Hunincq; for He mercifully blest our efforts by sending to us many a prodigal son and daughter, black and white, who were beautified, clothed, and feasted in their father's house. Officers of Fort Taylor, fearing I should break down under the unceasing labor, insisted, December 31st, on my interrupting my work for several hours. We rode over the Island, visited the salt-works where an immense quantity of the pungent article is obtained by the evaporation of sea-water, which at high-tide comes in over extensive platforms arranged for the purpose, and which, before the rising of the next tide, is evaporated, and the salt is gathered and classified. We visited plantations of cocoa-trees, and of bananas of many species. Of course these plantations are small. Reaching the bathing quarters, we, rather out of the vanity of being able to say that we bathed in the ocean on December 31st, plunged into the briny element.

Returning home after a diverting tour, I felt quite refreshed, and as there was no change of the wind apparent, I resumed with renewed vigor the work of the romantic mission.

At the beginning of every instruction I called the attention of the good people to the fact that this sermon might be the closing one of the Exercises. Still the retreat had been going on for a week, and no signal had yet been displayed. At length we became careless, and sometimes passed the whole day without glancing towards the harbor. One day a colored man ran into the church towards the end of my sermon and shouted:

"The vessel is gone sir! She had a pilot flag up all day at the mast-head, and about two hours ago left her moorings."

Imagine the abrupt termination of my sermon and mission, the flurry created amongst the faithful, the shock given

to poor Father Hunincq, and the terrible annoyance and disappointment which I had to bear. So here I am all alone! separated by five hundred miles of sea from my flock, without any near prospect of being able to return to Santa Rosa, where my presence is very much needed! Though many vessels stop here at Key West, very few of them go near Fort Pickens. Ships destined for the fleet or Santa Rosa do not put in here.

Aware that the *Nightingale* could not make fast time through the winding channel, I hurriedly left pulpit, church, priest, and people, and made directly for the Fort, where I intended applying for a boat and crew to take me out by a short course, and thus head off the transport, sailing cautiously under light canvas out towards the sea.

But noble Captain Van Horn had not forgotten me. For, as I was hastening towards Fort Taylor, I was hailed by a sturdy sailor arrayed in full navy uniform, who informed me that the captain had left one of the ship's boats and a crew to row me off to the vessel, slowly working her way seaward. The boatswain or commander of the complement of men left to pull us out, told me that the captain had ordered him to say that, seeing a favorable breeze springing up, and fearing that it would shift or die out, he determined to profit by it to get clear out of port; but that he would wait for us outside.

In a reasonably short time, the stalwart men of the *Nightingale* had me alongside the ship, up whose gangway-ladder I climbed, and offered my apologies to the commander for having caused confusion among his men, at a moment when he required all hands, and when strict discipline is to be enforced. "Not at all, not at all," said the gentlemanly captain. "I have to offer excuses to you, not you to me. I regret very much that I was obliged to start off without you. No slight was intended. Time and tide wait for no one. Though not a Catholic, I consider myself highly honored to have it in my power to oblige a priest of your Church."

Notwithstanding that he is firmly, and, as far as I can discover, sincerely attached to his faith, this out-spoken mariner said that he has never been able to bear Protestant ministers. "Protestant ministers don't seem to me," he continued, "to have the independence which a delegate of God ought to have. They don't appear to have a knowledge of the extent and binding nature of their commission. Now I have my commission; I know from whom I hold it. I know exactly the extent of my powers, an iota of which I have no right to change. I can neither promise nor threaten anything

beyond the authority given me by my commission. If I should dare do so, I should immediately be called to order, dismissed, disgraced. Now preachers, if delegates of God, must hold a commission from Him, and must be able to prove their commission, and show how they have procured it; and above all, if men of honor, they must be faithful to the power and authority entrusted to them. Yet these men, commissioned by Almighty God, as they assure us they are, when they find their congregations object to the articles of faith, which they tell us they have been sent to preach, do not hesitate to throw overboard such dogmas. Now I would ask, sir, on what ground can a preacher abandon a doctrine which God sent him to teach, and without a new commission take up something more acceptable to the public? When did his first doctrine cease to be true; cease to be God's word? Does the truth of the commission depend on the pleasure of the congregation, or on the diminished or increased numbers of church-goers? This I don't like. If the ministers are right; let them make fast, haul taut, even if they are the only believers to tug at the creed; or let them resign their commission, and try something else. 'Tisn't right, sir, for them to be laying down the conditions of reaching heaven if their authority is not genuine. A ship sailed by a man ignorant of the rules of navigation will go to the bottom with all on board. I understand you Catholics are not allowed to change your dogmas. I am told that you cast adrift all who refuse to accept the doctrine of your commissioned preachers, or your preachers who dare change their commission."

With such a man, and his officers, who were every way worthy of him, I had, as you can imagine, a pleasant trip, which was, however, rather exciting. For, as she was a fast sailor, being an *ex-Baltimore Clipper*, and well manned and armed, the captain hoped to be able to capture as a prize one of those Nassau blockade-runners so numerous in these waters. The moment a sail was descried, our decks were cleared, our guns shoved out, all hands took their posts, everything was made ready for action, and with all speed she could command, our warrior clipper bore down on the supposed enemy, the coveted prize. Fortunately or unfortunately, we fell in with but friends.

After having been but a short time on board, I discovered that the vast majority of the sailors and marines of the *Nightingale* were Catholics, not one of whom, to my grief, had attended the little mission, so awkwardly, yet so beneficially, prolonged. The captain being anxious to leave

port, and uncertain about the moment, did not deem it prudent to allow his men to go ashore. I found out, too, that it had been a long time since those faithful servants of Uncle Sam had been to confession. The poor fellows were not to be blamed. They have now near them a priest on whom they have plenty of time to call; and yet it is almost impossible for them to profit by his presence. I am a mere guest, a passenger. Now naval etiquette forbids me whilst remaining a guest of the officers' mess, to mingle with the men. Etiquette and discipline have raised on board men-of-war a wall of brass between visitors and the men, and, to some extent, between officers and the rank and file, except in official intercourse. If I wish to maintain my standing among the "mess," there are only two ways of coming to the spiritual aid of these poor Catholics, now most anxious to comply with their Christian duties: the captain must invite me, or I must apply to him for permission to hear their confessions. There are many difficulties to be met with in doing either. If I break the etiquette, leave the "Ward-room" and take up my abode with the men, the captain can certainly punish me. Even if he refrains from putting me in irons or under arrest, he will surely report me to the commander of the army, who will reprimand me for causing such a scandal on board a navy vessel. What is to be done? The case was serious. I reflected over and over again on what means I should adopt to reach the Catholic sailors and marines. I earnestly prayed for light in taking a decision on which depended the good of many willing souls.

Finally, on the 8th of January, during a fierce storm I sat on the bulwark alongside a cannon, and began to recite Vespers, which I offered for the poor men whose interest was at stake. Though the wind was something of the nature of a cyclone or hurricane, the afternoon sun shone brilliantly.

Divine Providence, disposing all things gently but strongly, graciously and mercifully came to our aid, and instantaneously broke down the apparently impassible barrier.

Whilst reciting the office with all the devotion I could command, I was, by a sudden jerk of the straining ship, nearly pitched overboard. In my efforts to save myself, I lost my darling Diurnal, a present from Father Hunincq, which fell into the seething waves.[1] Captain Van Horn closely watching his vessel laboring under the stress of the ever increasing storm, seeing what had just happened, ran over to me and said:

[1] Though this incident has already been related in Vol. xiv, p. 379, it is one of those tales of whose re-telling we never tire.—*Editor.*

"Father, you have had a narrow escape—you were very near getting a baptism, though not crossing the line. I was just on the point of warning you of the dangers threatening your position. You have, however, lost your *Bible*."

I told him I had another.

"Why look—it does not sink! I'll have it for you. Cutter No. 2!—out with cutter No. 2!"

I protested against the men being thus exposed to lose their lives in a sea now lashed into fury, but to no use.

"It is a matter of drill for our hands. If it were a man that had fallen overboard, we should have to do it. It must be done. There it is riding the roughest crests of those mighty waves. Father, we must have that book."

Whilst the captain was thus remonstrating with me for objecting to the perilous undertaking of hunting a book on the stormy sea, the ship was "hove to;" the men belonging to the designated cutter suspended from the davits had taken their seats, and were holding their oars aloft, ready to use them the moment the boat should strike the water; others were loosening the ropes and lowering the dauntless cutter with her living freight into the roaring deep. But lo! a fierce whistle from the captain! (commands are generally given on board men-of-war by whistles). Cutter No. 2, on reaching the uncontrollable brine, was dashed against the side of the vessel and upset, and the brave sailors were thrown into the vast deep, from which to ordinary minds it was impossible to rescue them.

"Pipe up all hands! Pick up those men and their boat! Out with cutter No. 3! We must have that book"—said the captain.

Again I renewed my protest. I entreated the captain to let the Diurnal sail into some friendly port where it could be found.

"No, no! Not at all. 'Tis daylight. We have more men than are required to secure that book. There is no longer any danger—it is now sport. It is not as it would be if the vessel were disabled, if we were in a sinking condition. We are perfectly safe."

But to the amazement of all, there was Father Hunincq's present gloriously and triumphantly riding the fiercely curling waves!

Whilst I was vainly endeavoring to stop the chase after my Diurnal, cutter No. 2, with its complement of men was hauled out of the deep-mouthed sea, and cutter No. 3 was manned, and was being carefully lowered into the tempestuous billows. As the noble steed reined in by a firm hand in his impetuous course, is, by his constant plunges

and unwillingness to be stilled, threatening with imminent danger all who dare approach, so our shapely vessel "hove to," and with yards crossed to prevent her from yielding to the ever-increasing fury of the blast, offered many difficulties to the successful lowering of boats down her sides. Skilfully manœuvred, cutter No. 3 struck the wave at a favorable turn, and in a twinkling the brave crew had dipped their sturdy oars in the foaming waters, and were far out of the reach of the lurching ship.

Off the fearless sailors pull in the direction of the little book, now carried by wind and wave to a considerable distance from us, or we from it. Every one on board not having any special office claiming his attention, crowded to the sides or bow of the vessel, or climbed up the rigging to watch the result. The men at the helm, who had as much as they could do to keep the ship's head to the wind, were, I think, the only ones unable to enjoy the exciting chase. Now, by comparison with boat and book, we can judge of the enormous size of the waves. The cutter is pursuing the Diurnal over mountains and through valleys. At one time the book disappears in the chasm of the waters. "Lost, lost!" By no means. Up it rises on the crest of a boiling wave, a little black spot, firmly closed. The boat too sinks from view between two towering billows. "Engulfed!" Not at all. It is seen on the top of the uncoiling ocean ridge, urged onwards by the untiring strokes of her crew, who are aware that every eye on the cruiser is riveted on them. Officers and men on deck and aloft, with glasses to their eyes, contemplate in breathless silence the exciting scene before them. At last, a man in the bow of the boat is seen to rise, reach out and seize the book. A shout of "well done!" from Captain Van Horn announced the capture of the storm-riding Diurnal.

The noble *Nightingale*, bearing so impatiently the restraint imposed on her during this romantic and perilous chase, was given headway to aid the somewhat exhausted crew to get on board. After careful and scientific manœuvring, the tackle was properly made fast to the cutter, and in a twinkle stout and willing arms had boat and men safely on deck, where the victorious crew received rounds of applause. The book was handed to the captain, who, after glancing at it, said to his officers: "Gentlemen, talk about miracles! Here is a miracle! Not a leaf wet; not one of the loose pieces of paper or little pictures displaced!" . . . Each took the now famous little volume in his hands, and closely scanned it. All declared it a miracle. A tiny book taken from the jaws of an enraged ocean, not only uninjured but perfectly dry!

The ice was broken. The great wall of separation was torn down. The way was opened to the sailors, whom I was in honor and gratitude bound to thank for their generosity in exposing themselves to such imminent peril to oblige me—to recover my ship-wrecked Diurnal. Captain Van Horn kindly led me to the men's quarters, where all hands closely inspected the precious volume, and where I attended to the spiritual wants of the noble fellows who were more than ready to profit by the occasion so wonderfully offered them.[1]

There was on the transport a petty officer who, during the fifteen years which he had continuously passed at sea, found every month an opportunity of going to confession. Starting on a cruise to the coast of China, he was tempted to say that more than a month would elapse this time before he could receive the sacrament of penance. To his joyful surprise he discovered on the day of putting to sea that a priest was on board as passenger. On the return trip another priest was amongst the officers. Hence he is firmly convinced that, if our desire to receive the sacrament of penance is pure and sincere, Almightly God will most assuredly furnish us with the means of satisfying our devotion.

After a few days' sailing, enlivened by many incidents more or less thrilling, we hove in sight of the fleet, and a little later of Santa Rosa. Having saluted the flag-ship whilst we were still under sail, we cast anchor in deep water. A messenger boat was immediately alongside us with the news that a second and more terrific bombardment had taken place on New Year's day; and with orders for Captain Van Horn to weigh anchor and take his vessel instantly to Ship Island and the mouth of the Mississippi, to distribute her stores amongst the army and fleet stationed in these parts.

[1] It may be asked, What has become of the famous Diurnal? I loved and cared for it as I would a very dear friend and companion—the miraculous means of so much good, the warm gift of the saintly Father Hunincq. About a year after its plunge into the ocean, the wonderful volume began to lose its beautiful symmetry. It developed into a solid cube. Though its binding remained good, and its leaves opened and closed as freely as ever, Fr. Hunincq's gift, to the wonder of some, and great merriment of others, continued to grow thicker and thicker till it lost the shape of a book. After the war I was sent to give a retreat to a pious community of nuns. I took with me, of course, my darling though unsightly Diurnal. The pious sisters indignant that I should offer prayers to Almighty God out of such a deformed volume, and overflowing with charity for the Father, had it removed from my table, and a brand-new one put in its place. In vain I demanded my unsightly treasure. The nuns attributed my desire to regain possession of it to a misguided humility which they could not encourage. I related my reasons for my affection for the queer looking book. Useless! now less than ever could it be found! "Votre livre est brulé," said the sister in charge, "this is one of the offspring!!" The glorious Diurnal could indeed be rescued from the open jaws of the raging sea—it could not be recovered from the tender hands of the amiable daughters of St. Angela.

I had thus to bid a hasty good-bye to the friendly officers and men of the *Nightingale*, which, hoisting anchor, departed directly on her mission. I went with the messenger boat to the flag-ship, whose commander kindly took charge of landing me the following day on Santa Rosa. I was most anxious to reach camp in order to have details of the late bombardment. It was, however, dangerous to attempt to land during the rough weather prevailing that afternoon.

Next morning there was no sight of the armed clipper. I felt lonesome after her gallant officers and men. The weather, however, was yet so stormy that it was considered unsafe to send me ashore. About five in the afternoon the wind became so moderate that a venture was made in a *surf-boat* to reach land. Sound in body, though thoroughly drenched by the dense spray of the breaking waves which swept over us, we arrived at the outer limits of the roaring surf. The beach was lined by soldiers who had received some intimation that I was a passenger on the *Nightingale*, and who had been all day expecting my arrival. Seeing the roller approach, whose force, aided by the sailors' strong arms, was to bring us safely through the bursting billows, the boatswain gave the word, and with the first touch of the incoming wave, the gallant navy tars bent their oars, and shot the surf-boat through the breakers within a few feet of dry sand. The Zouaves rushed to me and wanted to *chair* me to camp. I insisted, however, on walking. I was truly pained to see the poor sailors obliged at this late hour to row off some two miles over a rough sea to their war ship. The boys, who invited them to come ashore next Sunday for Mass, when they would treat them right royally for their kindness to the Father, gave them three rousing cheers, with the never failing "New York Tiger," and a hearty wish that angels shield them from the perils of the ocean.

On my way up from the beach to camp, I received from the soldiers the details of the New Year's day bombardment. "Our new church, Father, has disappeared. The enemy, thinking probably that it was a new battery, spent several hours and many shells pounding and crushing the neat little unresisting structure." Thus the generosity of our Protestant friends and of the authority of the Department was, I might say, in vain. I said Mass only once in it. Still, as the soldiers say, it was a blessing for the regiment that they were so generous towards their Catholic brethren. Had it not been a chapel, men might be lounging in it and be killed.

During the bombardment of January the 1st there happened a very sad casualty, which has produced a profound

sensation throughout the command. On repeated occasions when hearing the confessions of those stationed in the batteries near Fort Pickens, I remarked that invariably one failed to present himself, and always the same individual. On inquiry I was each time informed that the missing man was "on post." In our own camp we could in such a case have the sentry immediately relieved. Within the fortifications the circumstances are different. Here I could have a sentinel released from his station only in case of extreme necessity, and by formal application through a long round of officers. I could not say the need of the change was urgent; for when off duty every soldier had unrestricted access to my quarters. The repeated failures of this poor fellow to see me, and the reason therefor, were generally known, and gave rise to many remarks, which some might call superstitious. Now, during the shelling of Pickens on the 1st of January, this poor soldier was terribly wounded by a flying piece of an exploded bomb. Hearing that the wound was mortal he called for me. His yells and cries for the "Father," so his companions tell me, were heart-rendering. Officers and men gathered around him, and offered him what consolation they could, but his continued cry till he died, was: "Send for the Father—send for the Father!" The "Father" was, at the time, five hundred miles away.

I cannot speak too highly of the apostolic zeal and untiring devotedness of the pastor of Key West, Rev. Father Hunincq. He is a model priest. I fear he will overwork himself, and thus deprive those depending on his ministry of his invaluable services. Indeed, I do not see how, if he were to depart this life, another could be sent to take his place. Yet it is horrible to think that these people, exposed to sweeping epidemics, should be without a priest. The inhabitants of Key West, black and white, with a long scale of intermediate degrees of color, of every class and national descent, sailors on board the numerous crafts calling here, soldiers garrisoning the forts, all speak of him as an extraordinary saint.

Just before my arrival at Key West, this good priest received from the soldiers in the forts, and from the sailors belonging to the fleet in the harbor, the following strong proof of the esteem in which they held him, and the confidence they have in him: Father Hunincq, addressing his people assembled at Mass, said that he regretted that the church was not large enough to accommodate all who wished to be present at the Holy Sacrifice. He saw with pain that the great number of Catholic soldiers and sailors stationed in and around the island, could scarcely find it

possible to enter the church without feeling that they were crowding out the parishioners, and that, therefore, out of a feeling of delicacy, they remained outside the church door during Mass. To obviate this difficulty he purposed to erect an addition to the present building, and hoped the funds required would be forthcoming. One thousand dollars, he thought, would be amply sufficient to enable him to put up the extension.

Next day the soldiers, sailors, and officers subscribed eleven hundred dollars, which they sent with a compliment to the devoted priest. This was not all. The commander of Fort Taylor, Major Hill, a Catholic, will allow the carpenters amongst the soldiers to offer their free time to the good Father for the erection of the frame-work addition. The Major will also furnish the means of transporting materials.

Father Hunincq told me this generous conduct of the troops is not new. The present little church, a frame building, is in a great measure the work of the regulars stationed here years ago. The commandant of Fort Taylor before the breaking out of the war (a convert whose name I disremember), was the architect and builder. His lady was the indefatigable collector of funds and the beautifier of the interior; for it was she who designed and painted the frescoes ornamenting the walls and ceiling of the dainty church. This lady also devoted herself to the organization of a choir, which promoted the devotion of the faithful, and added considerably to the solemnity of the church services.

Under the direction of Major Arnold I made my report to Col. Brown, who was satisfied with my statement of the condition of discipline etc. found among the troops.

In a recent letter you call my attention to my *Instructiones*, which you wish me to read from time to time, and practise as much as circumstances permit. I read them frequently till they were destroyed. I now read the new *Instructiones* which you have kindly sent me. I cannot carry out the points therein laid down with the same exactness as I could in a fort or in barracks. We are in daily expectation of an order to move, to repel or provoke an attack. There is, and has been for many months here, a standing order to "have baggage packed for instant transportation." I have found it impossible to undertake any regular plan of instruction for the men, as you wish me to do. I have thus far confined myself to a short homily on Sundays. Circumstances, of course, occasionally cause me to vary my manner of preaching. In a garrison in time of peace, when I should have the same audience every Sunday, some course of in-

struction could be followed; but in war time, in a constantly shifting camp, within the enemy's reach, where repeated attempts at surprises make both sides extremely vigilant, I cannot presume to take men from guard duty. I certainly do what I can to instruct the men, prepare for first communion those who have not yet complied with that sacred duty, and prepare for baptism those who apply for admission into the one true Church.

Hoping that you and yours, whilst enjoying the quiet and security of community life, think of praying for the safety of soul and body of us soldiers, I remain,

Your devoted son in Christ,

MICHAEL NASH, S. J.

NOTES FROM THE WEST.

(*Letter from Fr. Hughes.*)

CINCINNATI.

ST. XAVIER COLLEGE, CINCINNATI, O.,
Feast of St. Francis Xavier, 1889.

REV. DEAR FATHER,

P. C.

The Negroes.—The condition of our colored brethren and also that of the poor attracts one's special attention in the city of Cincinnati. Colored policemen arrayed in full uniform are to be seen in the streets; they appear to show in their manner a consciousness of the full freedom of their position. On inquiring about the social and moral condition of the colored race, we find that there is a Catholic church, St. Ann's [in charge of Ours], kept for their sole benefit. It has existed now some twenty-three years, and was first located in the Cathedral parish; but about twenty years ago it had to be transferred within the limits of our own. The colored school is conducted by two Sisters of Notre Dame (Namur), who teach the girls; while a secular young woman, who out of love and charity is devoted to the work, manages the boys. There is besides a music teacher. The children number forty, pretty equally divided into boys and girls. The elder of the two Sisters has been at this work almost con-

tinuously during the twenty-three years. She remarked that part of the work, which originally fell upon her alone, is now carried on successfully by the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, who have a special house for them as "preservates" at Carthage, O. But from the time that the law passed a year ago, admitting colored children to the public district schools, our hold upon them is much less than before. Besides, separate district schools are at their service. But such as these are no longer so well patronized by the colored children, since the schools for the whites have been thrown open to them.

If you ask what is the general result of twenty-three years' work, as now visible in the grown-up negro population, that question is not at all easy to answer. The colored people are not to be seen separately, as a class apart. Nor are those in particular, who were themselves brought up at any time by the Sisters, to be distinguished from the rest. In point of fact, taking the forty children who actually attend our colored school, only two of them have Catholic mothers, and no one of them a Catholic father — no cheering prospect as regards home influences, even if that district of the city were more choice than it is.

For their own conscience' sake white folks attend the colored people's church. It was this condition of things that excited complaints on the part of certain pastors, when the church was originally situated in their parish. The colored church in St. Louis was opened from the first in our own limits. But there, since we have resigned that parish, and moved to the West End of the city, St. Elizabeth's now finds itself within other pastors' limits. It is largely patronized by white folks in the neighborhood. But the Catholic population is so overflowing in the parish churches around, especially since our church has been vacated and removed bodily, that it will be long before any complaints are heard of this intrusive chapel-of-ease depleting the parish church proper.

As to the moral dispositions of the colored population, nothing new need be said for the information of those who know the material of this race. It shows off best only in those more Southern cities or localities, like St. Louis and elsewhere, which have had an original stock of Catholic negroes, brought up in the bosom of good old Catholic families. We know what fine specimens of intelligent, devout, and even accomplished old servants are still to be met with. But Cincinnati had no such stock. Detroit likewise, where plenty of negroes may be seen, though the latitude is so Northern, was only a city of refuge on the borders,

whither the colored folks fled, and whence they could step across the frontier into Canada. There is one case that is comforting. It is when the priest is called to attend the death-bed of a colored person, who has not yet been baptized. The ceremony, and no doubt the Sacrament, takes a ready hold upon him, and produces its effect. But if the Methodist or the Baptist sect has already exhausted that ceremony, there remains the intangible foe to contend with of phrases about "holding on to Christ" and the like—and what can you do with such as these?

How evidently or how easily these slip-shod forms of a canting worship invade and possess the negro world, is apparent from what we hear of a colored school elsewhere, which has two hundred children, and yet of these only four are Catholic. The final conclusion seems to be that too much care, too much zeal, cannot be expended on this improvident, dependent race, so jealous of their independence, emotional on the surface, and really needing more unremitting care, extending through generations, than any other human element which now figures on this continent. Its rapid increase in some sections of the country is making it racially overpowering. That there is nothing really wanting in their character to prevent them from answering such care to our satisfaction, is shown by the moral and religious condition of those who have been brought up in dependence or in good Catholic families.

The Poor.— As to the state of the poor, I hear from a Cincinnati man that the Commissioner of Labor, reporting quite recently upon this subject, said that the condition of the laboring classes here is worse than in any other city of the country. I do not hear of any social reasons why it should be so; though there can be little doubt, all things considered, but there must soon be social reasons why it should continue to be so. Some physical facts strike a visitor as possible causes of this state of things; no less palpably so than the cloud of smoke which now wraps the city up even on Sunday, and renders it right up to the pinnacle of its steeples permanently invisible, as looked out from the crown of hills which encircle and overtop it. Before describing the physical situation with its many points of interest, I will say a word upon how relief is supplied to the poor.

Our parish covers the oldest part of the city. It has the most representative poverty which the place can boast of, that condition of things which is briefly described by eliminating from human existence the idea of home, or the pos-

sibility of any such thing as home for the boys and the men. The tenement room or the hovel, placed in a hollow or ravine, which is the natural drain or reservoir for the miasmas of a city, itself a basin amongst high hills, presents neither boys nor men with any attraction in furniture or atmosphere, which can match the saloon, or even the liberal refreshment of a street corner breeze and the balmy air of a smoke cloud. It is our privilege to enjoy the franchise of having on our hands this most representative poverty in Cincinnati.

The way we use our liberty, I see by the report of St. Vincent de Paul's Conference just now published. It was organized three years ago, with fourteen active members. It commenced work among the poor, November 29th 1886, with $12.55 in the treasury. It carried relief to their homes; and it has up to date relieved two hundred and fourteen families, comprising five hundred and ninety-four persons. It has paid seven thousand and nine visits to homes of the poor to distribute relief. The membership at present is forty-three active members, thirty-five subscribers, twenty honorary members. The receipts have been by collections at their regular sittings, $1,450.15; by donations, lectures, etc., amounting in all to $3,531.41. The disbursements have been by relief given in groceries, $3,190.55; by cash for rent, shoes bought, etc. amounting in all to $3,459.90. Besides, it has furnished clothes to adults and to children, distributed twenty tons of coal donated by the merchants, placed old people in the Home of the Aged, children in proper hands, in asylums, etc.

A devout lady of the parish opened a refuge for girls a few years ago. By the force of circumstances she was constrained to add a home for newsboys. The lady went to New York and studied for awhile the work going on at the refuge on 15th Street, as also at Fr. Drumgoole's. She now provides lodging for young women at the rate of from $3.00 a week for those few who are very well provided and desire better accommodations, down to a very trifling consideration indeed. Her home is resorted to by the ladies of the city for servant girls to suit them. She has the full makings of a community. They hope to follow the lead of the New York flourishing institution and become religious sisters,—a third order no doubt.

At some distance from the double house for the girls, she opened one for newsboys, in answer to the urgent necessities of the case. The two establishments taken together accommodate about one hundred and ten, two-thirds being in the girls' home. The boys pay fifteen cents (if they have it) for a night's bed, with supper and breakfast. If they want din-

ner, they can come and get it for ten cents. The poor newsboys have a hard time of it here. The newspaper men do nearly all the distributing work themselves by the hands of carriers. So the boys' income is from blacking boots and shoes. So different this place from Detroit, where oftentimes you would not distinguish a newsboy from any other, except by the mere fact that he is carrying or offering papers, so neat and trim is he in his knickerbockers, coat, cap! But there is little extreme poverty in Detroit; and the philanthropy of the people is more than enough to make what there is even neat and respectable, in keeping with the avenues, the air, and the sky of the place.

But to finish with the interesting newsboy or bootblack, most interesting in his extremest destitution, when through the mud he runs up to you with his blacking paraphernalia under one arm, his papers under the other, and bawling out for your patronage—it is raining hard all the time—he sees you are a priest, and shuffling his blacking to the left side, or his papers to the right, he gets hold of his wet cap, and takes it off to the priest of God. Poor boy! Well, but he is a funny creature, as every one knows. The lady placed the newsboys' home in charge of a young man who had acquired experience in the art of directing boys, under Father Drumgoole. He did not succeed. In two weeks, he had lost all patience and influence together. She then placed two of themselves in charge. The oldest in the house are about eighteen years of age; the youngest, thirteen or fourteen years old. These two now do the work of janitors, and succeed perfectly. The Sisters are regarded with great affection and respect by the young fellows.

Physical Features.—I said there were some obvious physical causes, which seem to explain the social condition of the city. I am not going to touch on certain occurrences, which were mere misfortunes in ecclesiastical circles, but which created the most serious discontent, reaching in the case of many unfortunates the degree of absolute financial despair. The Christian life of many Catholics who suffered then received a severe shock, and the effects remain to a great extent still. But look at the city itself. It was founded in the bed of an old lake, or one of those extensions of the river course, which we meet with everywhere in the river valleys. The selection of this spot, screened by a semicircle of bold but verdant bluffs, must have been at first like the choice of a garden, with all the elements of a beautiful landscape, hill, plain, and a majestic river sweeping round a three mile curve. On the opposite side of the Ohio a similar

extension of plain recedes up the valley of the Licking River. It looks as if the washing of the Licking as it swept into the Ohio scooped out and planed the valley of Cincinnati. The two sides of the Licking are now filled up with the Kentucky cities of Newport and Covington, joined to Cincinnati by four great bridges. This latter city began in a corner of its semicircular area, and grew thriving and elegant. The Catholic cathedral was where our St. Xavier's now stands. The plain was rapidly filled up, and the name accorded to the town was the Queen of the West. The thick population and thickening smoke began to drive people who were more at their ease up the hills, then not very accessible, up to the crests and ridges and spurs of the high ground, which protrude straight into the city valley, or sideways into the interesting ravines, or back and away from the city front and smoke into the long hollow of Mill Creek. Beautiful suburbs, which are more like extensive parks spread like a net-work along the ridges, and every advantage of architectural or landscape effect, was turned to account in laying out the high and healthy table-land as a home for the elegance of Cincinnati. The fronts of the bluffs were scaled by inclined planes, escapes from the city upward over the hills and away. Every street of the city now winds round and up some eminence with a cable railway, an electric car, or other motor. And much of the public resources must still be spent in merely toning down the bluntness of Nature's original form.

But that is only an economic view of the situation and is of no consequence to us. What strikes us as of great consequence is the social result. If it is remarked of Chicago, that a stone's throw from Michigan Avenue is all that divides rolling wealth from penury, what must it be when bluffs come in between, and prevent the rich from falling across the path of the poor? They are no longer neighbors. They are not on the same territory. The rich man has no home where the poor man lives. He has no domestic interests or associations, no neighborly instincts in a place into which he lets himself down by a cable; and the man attending to his office during business hours, and the lady coming down to do some shopping, find nothing to meet their tastes in the surroundings which their wealth has created, and which have created their wealth. Indeed no newly-married couple, however humble, think of settling down there if they can help it. Hence the rich and the poor no longer live together; and the poorest of the poor sink into unutterable holes and natural trenches, which surely must afford some physical ground for the statement reported as above, that the condi-

tion of the laboring classes in Cincinnati is worse than in any city of the country.

And we have the freedom of much of that poverty. Besides, we seem to be well placed for the interests of the College. Factories close in upon the fine structure, and the beautiful Gothic church, which, even if it presented less of a claim to the highest aspirations of internal architecture with its five marble altars besides, would still be dear and precious for the place it holds in the heart of the people. Its quick resuscitation from the ashes of a great fire showed this. Church and college are situated within easy reach of inclined planes, of cable and electric roads, and of the means of transit from Newport and Covington. The highest classes in the college are sufficiently large to show that its proper studies are thriving,—twelve students in philosophy, eleven in rhetoric, fifteen in poetry; and the very large number of nearly four hundred boys in attendance, is more than work and reward enough to cover over the accidental drawbacks of one's collar and hands not being as white as one would wish, and of their being incapable of becoming or remaining so. The whole maze of work in church and college together makes a full demand upon the energy of all the teachers, pastors, lecturers and preachers that are stationed there.

DETROIT.

Detroit College, Mich.,
Feast of the Immaculate Conception, 1889.

The Locality. — All the associations that have gathered in the course of centuries linger still about this city; nor is the aspect of the surroundings so changed yet as to shake off even what is lightest and most poetic in its recollections. The Lake St. Clair which is close by, and is small in compass if contrasted with the great inland seas of Huron and Erie, retains to the eye that charm which it must have worn when the missionaries floated into it nearly three centuries ago, and named it after the Saint on whose day they discovered it, the twelfth of August, sacred to St. Clare. The river St. Clair which flows into it pours out almost like rapids from Lake Huron on the one side; while on the other side flowing out of Lake St. Clair into Lake Erie is the Detroit River on which the city stands. This river, three quarters of a mile broad bears but little resemblance to a modern river passing a modern town, except in the tonnage which steams past day and night; and in this respect more craft

and cargo pass this point than enter the Thames. But in other respects this is unlike other ports. The water is lake-green. The air is not yet charged with the indications of ample wealth and luxury; it is still pure and fresh. An island at the entrance of the broad river some three miles long and seven hundred acres in extent, is a natural park joined to the city by a bridge free of toll. The bridge a mile in length ends the boulevard which now encompasses the city.

Our College.—The comparative quietness and freshness of the locality, and the repose which our college enjoys, though placed near to the heart of the city, throws one back to the days when so many of our fathers and colleges were in towns of Europe that had nothing of the modern business centre about them, were quiet, or what would now be called dull. But like other solitudes, they sent forth a constant stream of choicest vocations, souls elect like the men who formed them, and works, too, from the pens of men whose pages bear the impress oi meditativeness and depth.

There may be some connection here between these characteristics of the city and the interesting fact that, besides a sufficiently flourishing college for the population of the city, a collegiate building is now being erected for us, on our own plan, by our benefactors. Enough of ground had come into our hands by purchase during the twelve years of our residence here. The houses upon the lots so bought, whether on one side of the avenue or the other, have been used for classes, presenting the spectacle day after day of some hundreds of boys and their professors moving about the wide avenue as if they were on their own premises. The impression made during these years upon the minds of the non-Catholic portion of the community has been the best, particularly in their moving to and from the Church. A regular collegiate building was necessary; yet the outstanding debts were heavy. A body of benefactors have accordingly undertaken the expense of an entirely finished college, on the ground which adjoins our residence, and measures more than two hundred and ten feet on the front avenue, and reaches two hundred feet back to the next street. The college building front, nearly two hundred feet long, is built of Cleveland limestone, furnished from the quarries across Lake Erie, at scarcely more than the best brick would come to; for the quarry-men were anxious to have in Detroit so fine an advertisement of their stone as such a continuous front offered, upon the best avenue of the city. It is just at that spot on the avenue where business breaks off and the

residence portion begins, the division being effectually made by our church, residence, and college on one side, and a parish school, with a convent academy not far off, on the other.

This beautiful avenue, which adds the appearance of age to its liberal proportions, is one hundred feet wide, with four rows of trees, each row with a continuous and wide lawn running to the right and left of the flagged side-walk; and it extends with an unbroken line of the best residences one mile and a half beyond us, and, two miles beyond, reaches the boulevard which crosses it and leads to the Belle Isle Park on the river. For beauty and for residences, it is the chief avenue of the city. It is on the first ridge parallel with the river's course, at no great elevation above it. And, following it out into the country, we come to the suburb of Grosse Pointe which is on Lake St. Clair. If we cross the lake, we reach by a two hours' steamboat ride what might be considered another suburb, at the mouth of the river St. Clair, where it pours in from Lake Huron. Here the dredging of the channel by the government commissioners has been utilized far out into the lake to form islets for villas, and flats for club-houses, all frequented in the summer months. And, returning of a summer evening, the steamer brings us to a fairy scene, as striking in its picturesqueness by night, as the combination of bright sky, green water, islands, and Belle Isle Park form together by day. It is the illumination of a city by electric lights one hundred and fifty feet high, on towers of iron frame each topped with four or more lanterns, and covering the whole reach of the city, which has an estimated population of two hundred and forty thousand. Nothing is visible but the lights; and, like the stars, the more they are gazed at the more of them appear. And the reach of silent waters reflecting only starry lights, which then recede indefinitely over the land, presents a unique scene of nocturnal beauty. It might be objected to this kind of illumination that, while it sheds the light of a perpetual full-moon on the main streets and on the roofs of houses, it is ineffective outside of these lines, and beneath the deep foliage of the trees. And another drawback to the beautiful city is that it is rising in the world, and the smoke is rising too; the railroads on the banks, and the factories adjoining, are beginning to cross the ridge of Jefferson Avenue with a becoming garland of smoke. But we must pay something for our privileges.

Our college then is well situated. How different from the situation I described of the Cincinnati college! Yet that

is well placed too. It is to be hoped that the future before us here is not different from the past; and that the future of Catholicity itself finds an apt omen in the four figures which adorn the noble court house on the Campus Martius, as it is called. The four statues sum up the ancient recollections of this part of the New World. They represent Father Marquette in his Jesuit habit, the Abbé Richard, the Marquis de Cadillac and the Chevalier de la Salle.

THOMAS HUGHES, S. J.

THE CHEYENNE INDIANS.

In the south-eastern part of Montana, eighty miles from Miles City, where Otter Creek falls into Tongue River, is the first camp of an Indian tribe, now as quiet and peaceful as they were in former times restless and warlike. Their forefathers were warriors, they were warriors too, until General Miles, some ten years ago, broke their strength, and indigence entered into their lodges to calm their spirit of war.

According to their traditions the Great Spirit in former times gave them a bow and four arrows, promising that as long as they would honor these gifts and be worthy of that present, they would leave every battle-field as victors. That was enough to make them all warriors, brave and faithful as any could be found. Still, they seem never to have warred against other tribes, unless provoked by insult. They never were the first aggressors.

Bow and arrows were kept in great honor. During the sun-dance they could be seen tied on the top of a high pole in the centre of the dancing-house. On that pole young Indians had to prove whether they were worthy of being braves or not. These proofs consisted in cruelties beyond description. First, they had to dance three days from morning till night during the hottest days of summer, without being allowed to eat or drink anything; after which the body was tortured in various ways. If they could stand this without flinching, they were dubbed braves; if they could not, they were dishonored. So last year, for instance, a young man, who wanted to become a warrior, was during the dance thrust through the flesh of the breast with a large knife, and a stick put through the wound. Then attaching a rope to both ends of the stick he was lifted to the top of the pole.

Though he did not at first seemingly move a muscle, still, he could not stand the pain, and fainted before he was let down. Henceforth he was rated a woman and dishonored forever.

Even in time of peace they honored the gift of the Great Spirit by painting stripes on the face and the body like the feathers on their arrows. Several women may be seen amongst them who have long arrow-shaped cuts in their arms, showing their nobility of origin. The sign by which the tribe is indicated is made by sliding the forefinger of the right hand over that of the left.

When General Miles, some ten or twelve years ago, was fighting the Indians, he was bravely opposed by the Cheyennes. Of course they were vanquished. But whilst he was conducting them to the Indian Territory about half the tribe broke through his ranks and escaped to Tongue River, their native country. When the General started in pursuit, they halted, and forming a long line of men, women, and children, awaited his approach, whilst their Chief hoisted a white flag. Miles allowed a parley. The Chief going up to the General said:

"Chief of the white soldiers, we are tired of fighting. We cannot conquer you, and being conquered we shall be taken off from this country. This is the country of our fathers. Here they have been living; here they have died, their graves are all around. We are not allowed to live where they did; at least we will die here;—our ashes will rest in peace near those of our fathers. Do you see, Chief of the whites, do you see that long line of Indian people? All are of the same feeling as I am. All wish to die here. Hence, begin to kill us one after another. Do not be afraid; let your soldiers approach so as to take good aim. No bullet will start from our guns; no arrow or lance will leave our hands. If you see the arms in our hands, it is because we will die only as soldiers, worthy of our fore-fathers . . . Now I told you all I had to say. I go back and place myself ahead of all. Your first bullet will be for me. I want to show how all should die without fear, without anxiety."

That noble speech deeply touched General Miles. Soldier as he was, he highly respected bravery in his enemies. But he found himself in a difficult position. He could not by an act unworthy even of a coward comply with the chief's demand. He could not, according to received instructions, take them off again, after they had shown such an attachment to their country. Not knowing what else to do, he allowed the Indians to pitch their tents where they had halted, and wrote to Washington, asking to let them stay there. His request was granted. The Indians thankful to

Miles for his kindness, gave him all the help they could. Several entering into his army as soldiers and scouts, greatly assisted him in his engagements with the other tribes, and became attached to him. He found them always faithful and brave. He did all he could to ameliorate their condition. When Miles was recalled from Fort Keogh, they lost their principal, it might be said, their only friend. From that time want thinned the ranks of that noble race. Whites pouring into their country, slaughtered their buffaloes and other animals, for their hides, so that there was nothing left to live on.

A few years ago a Catholic soldier who had quitted the army, settled amongst them and took a great interest in their welfare, helping them in building houses, in teaching their children, and in farming their lands. If he did not do more, it was for want of means. It is said that by his mediation the government gave them a reservation at Rosebud, and appointed a person as acting agent, but dependent on the Crow Agent. So they got half a pound of flour and half a pound of meat every day. That soldier spoke several times to them about getting a priest. It was according to their wishes; for they knew from other tribes how good a friend to the Indian the Blackgown is. The oldest man in the tribe, now quite blind, told of how he had once met with Fr. De Smet. Another one was always telling his family and others that when he was a boy all Indians esteemed the Blackgown. He never saw one though. By the intervention of their friend, the old soldier, they applied for a priest to Bishop O'Connor. He had none. In the year 1882 two Jesuit fathers going to the Crow Indians, paid a visit to the Cheyennes. The day after their arrival they baptized twelve children. They would have baptized more, but the Indians had objected on account of the Chief's absence. Next, the fathers applied themselves in good earnest to learn the language. They found a young Indian, endowed with an invincible patience, who was constantly with them as their teacher. After ten or twelve days they received orders to pass to the Crows. One of them returning in the following winter to the Cheyennes, found them in the greatest poverty. The next day he had an interview with the Chief and others of the principal Indians, and, through an interpreter, made them know that the object of his visit was to teach them the way to heaven. They seemed to listen with indifference. As he repeated the same thing for a second time, they replied that the priest was a fool since he was repeating the same thing. In the afternoon he went to another cabin, and there again he repeated the same thing. Then the Indians

replied that he should not tell them such a thing any more. They felt provoked when they saw that the priest had only words, and did not supply their immediate pressing necessities. Not being able to do that, the priest was obliged to leave them.

When, in 1883, Montana was assigned to Bishop Brondel, Bishop O'Connor recommended the Cheyennes to his spiritual care. Bishop Brondel sent to them in 1884 a secular priest and three Ursuline Sisters to start the mission. After a few days the priest fell sick, and left three months afterwards. In the summer of the same year a Jesuit father took his place temporarily. With the help of an interpreter, who knew a little English, he translated prayers into their language, and began to teach them to the children in the Sisters' school. Whilst not thus employed, he devoted himself to the study of the language. As he was rather anxious to advance, he used often to enter into the lodges of the Indians for the purpose of picking up some of their language; but they soon growing tired of his importunity, would leave him all alone in the wigwam. The want of interest shown is to be attributed to their starving condition. Often they would stand at the door of the Sisters' cabin, waiting for a piece of bread. Though much harrassed by hunger they never touched any of the sheep belonging to the whites. Even on finding a dead sheep in winter, they would not take it without giving notice to the owner, and obtaining his permission. During these trying times the Indians met with a severe loss. The soldier of whom we have spoken, devoted himself too much to the Indians, according to the opinion of the neighboring whites, who could not understand how a person can take any interest in "red devils." It would be better to give them a bullet in the brain, and to let their land be occupied by stock raisers. Accordingly, our hero had, in popular parlance, a hard time of it from those who were down on him. One evening as he was sitting in the room of the father, a knock was heard at the door. This being opened, a man appeared and asked the soldier to go out, as he wanted to speak to him. But the soldier suspecting evil, refused to go. The other insisted several times, until, watching his chance, he pulled him violently out of the room. The father running to the assistance of his friend was stopped at the door by a man who said, as he pointed his revolver, "Stand back, or I'll blow out your brains." The ruffians taking the soldier to a place called Dry Creek, a distance of about two or three miles, flogged him, and threatened him with death if he did not leave the place in twenty-four hours. The father,

who had thought that his friend had been hanged, was greatly consoled when he saw the poor soldier returning home. The next day the latter took the mail-stage for Miles City.

The father labored there till sickness forced his Superior to send him elsewhere. The Sisters were left quite alone for more than six months. Bishop Brondel visited them once, and another Jesuit father a second time. Poor Sisters! No communion, no Mass, no confession! Alone amongst wild Indians who know nothing about God or religion, and that for so long a time. If the Old Testament had its heroic women, the New Testament has its heroines too. If your names are not written in the history of the country, they are written in the book of eternal life. The Sisters went on as well as they could. They had only two rooms in a log building; one, twenty by sixteen feet for their own use, was chapel, kitchen, refectory, and dormitory; and another room, twelve by eight, was school and dining-room for the children. In the meantime Bishop Brondel went through the States begging money for a new school house. His Lordship succeeded pretty well. A fine frame building was started and finished in the year 1885. In the same year, in July or August, another secular priest came, but he was no more successful than his predecessors. He left after a month. Then Bishop Brondel applied to Rev. Fr. Cataldo, Superior of the Mission. His Reverence sent two fathers in October of that year. One of them used to make several excursions to the Crows, and is now stationed amongst them. The other one remained always with the Cheyennes, but on account of circumstances he could not accomplish all the good he desired. He baptized several infants, but very few adults. The Cheyennes have a good disposition; they like the priest very much. The only thing that could be wished for is more rations.

Were the condition of the Cheyennes bettered by receiving full rations [1] from the government they would be better disposed for instruction. When the father spoken of entered into their lodges, their first word was: "Priest, give us something to eat; we are all very hungry. We cannot listen now,—we are too hungry." In morality they are far ahead of some tribes. Polygamy is very rarely practised there. Women are very modest. The adulterer is despised and always severely punished. Last November, for instance, a "medicine man," who had insulted a woman, was attacked two days afterwards by that woman and another old squaw.

[1] The writer of this cannot say whether they are getting more rations now; up to the present writing only half rations were given.

Jumping upon him they pummelled and kicked him, pulled his hair, and struck his head with a stone. He drew his knife to defend himself. Before he could use it, however, the old squaw, grasping the blade, snatched it out of his hand. She got wounded, of course, but she did not mind it. The sight of blood so increased her fury that he barely escaped with his life. He had to pay a fine of a horse, a gun and two blankets and to suffer the ostracism of the tribe.

Another vice that ruins Indians and prevents their conversion is not found among the Cheyennes. They hate a drunken man, and consider him as a devil, and are more afraid of him than of the wildest beast. Very seldom will a Cheyenne take a drink, even if offered by whites. The number of souls amounts to about seven hundred. There are three hundred more amongst the Sioux in Dakota. These came back last summer to Tongue River, but they could not get any rations. An order from Washington stated that they could get rations only by returning to Pine Ridge Agency. So, nearly all left Tongue River again before winter. May the good God pity these poor people, and so direct all things that they may be led in a short time into the fold of Christ!

ALASKA.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE MISSION BROUGHT DOWN TO JUNE, 1889.

In order to have some idea of this new and vast mission, we shall divide Alaska into three great divisions. The first comprehends the very long chain of the Aleutian Islands, the Aliaska Peninsula, and all the other islands of the territory. The second includes all the sea coasts of the North Pacific Ocean, of the Behring Sea, and of the Arctic Ocean. The third comprises the whole interior of the country. As to the small portion of the Southern extremity, including Sitka and the other islands close to Sitka, down to the end of the boundary line, it may be considered as inconsiderable with regard to our mission; because it is now the best known and the only civilized portion of the Territory, quite removed from the great mainland, from which it may after awhile be separated, especially when the number of tourists who go there on pleasure trips will increase.

About the first division, it is to be said in general, that the places are barren,—entirely without cultivation and without woodland. The inhabitants are few and in a very poor condition, living on fish and hunting for seals. The cold is not extreme, though the high mountains are covered with snow even in summer. There are a few trading posts or stations of the Alaska Commercial Company, and also four or five Russian churches with priests, ordinarily natives. In this part of Alaska, the fathers have not yet residences. A general agent of the said Company expressed to a father the wish to see Catholic missions established in the Seal Islands rather than to have the Russian priests, who are not instructed. Our missionaries leaving San Francisco for Alaska, are obliged to stop after a journey of 2100 miles, at Unalaska, one of the largest of the Aleutian Islands, where a principal station of commerce is established. Far from that island, at the distance of 190 miles, the Pribyloff Islands St. Paul, and St. George, are situated in Behring Sea. They are called, the Seal Islands, because these animals, especially fur seals, gather and live there by thousands and thousands. The seals are killed in summer time in great quantities. This traffic belongs exclusively to the Alaska Fur Commercial Company; and is secured by contract with the government. This company founds the stations, employs agents, and affords to the natives the means of civilization. The Indians residing there have churches, and have been baptized by the Russian priests.

The condition of the land in the second division of Alaska is the same as that of the islands; but the inhabitants are rather more numerous in some places, living in small scattered villages of five houses, or underground dwellings; In other places several hundreds or a few thousands may be found dwelling together, although in many other places no Indians at all can be found. They are also very poor, and live almost entirely on fish. With the skins of a special kind of seal and whale the natives build their boats for summer, and provide themselves well with clothing. From their hunting, too, in the interior of the country, they obtain also other kinds of skins for winter use. The winter is, indeed, very severe and lasts from October till May and June, during which time the sea coasts are ice-bound. The ice was so massed in July of this year in the Behring Sea that steamers could not easily approach St. Michael's Station near the mouths of the Yukon River. Hence one can imagine how intense must be the cold in those places on Behring Sea and the Arctic Ocean nearest to the polar regions. During the long winter season, the people travel

over the ice only on sleds drawn by dogs, it being impossible for horses and other draught animals to live in Alaska on account of the cold and the want of food.

The Indians in general are good people, especially where they have not been spoiled by contact with whites of loose morals. Many natives have been baptized by Russian priests, but they are without instruction. The majority of them seem to be pagans, but well disposed towards the missionaries. The Protestant ministers began a station at the mouth of a small river named Unalaklik, near St. Michael's, which last year they abandoned, but which this year two of them again reopened. Although our fathers have not yet any residence on the sea coasts, it is almost certain that this year some will be established, at least along the coasts to the right of the mouths of the Yukon. Rev. Fr. Tosi, vice-superior of the mission, went last winter to visit the Esquimaux of those places around Cape Vancouver, which are near Nunivak Island. He spent forty days on the ice, having sometimes nothing to eat but small frozen black fish. He found many small villages of Indians, who were very poor, and dwelling in the underground houses. These people are not baptized, and wish to have the fathers amongst them. Fr. Tosi baptized many children, and intends going back as soon as possible, in order to establish residences; because neither Russian priests, nor Protestant ministers, nor white men have yet established themselves there; hence it is of great importance to occupy at once that virgin field. Fr. Tosi is also anxious to visit the sea coasts of Behring Strait and the Arctic Ocean, and to have other missions established there. Some favorable indications and invitations have been received from the last Governor of Alaska, and from Captain Healy, and another gentleman, who live in those places. But where are the missionaries? and what are the means of communication? The steamers going to the upper sea coasts of Alaska, on account of the ice, can approach land in very few places, and only during the three months of July, August, and September, so that the missionaries stopping at Unalashka, as it has been said, cannot start again on their journey but at the end of June and the beginning of July, and then they can only reach St. Michael's Station. St. Michael's is another central station of the Commercial Company mentioned above, from which all the small trading posts on the Yukon get their provisions. Not being a sea port it is reached by crossing an island, which is separated from the mainland by a very narrow canal. It is situated 700 miles from Unalashka, and 40 from the nearest mouth of the Yukon.

Several steamboats, towing other large boats laden with goods, start from that station for the Yukon, up whose mouths large steamers cannot go on account of sand accumulations. Some distance up, the Yukon is very deep, and in some places of such width that many large and small islands are altogether inclosed. The interior of Alaska can be only reached through the rivers which are the only roads either for boats in summer time, or for sleds in winter. Finally, the interior of Alaska, ice-bound during the greatest part of the year, consists of valleys and mountains covered with dense forests.

The immense Yukon, rising in British America, enters into Alaska, and finishes its course of 3000 miles in its different mouths in the Behring Sea. It has many tributaries, the largest and longest of which is the Tananah River in the centre of the continent. Amongst the other large rivers is the Kuskoquim which is below the Yukon, not far from its mouths.

The Alaskan rivers deserve special mention; because they are the only roads of the interior, as it has been said, and also, because all the Indians of the interior dwell and can only dwell along their banks; other dwelling places being impossible on account of swamps, downy moss, and very deep snow in winter, but principally for want of food. Indeed, fish is the ordinary food of the country, and every stream and river abounds with them. During summer the natives lay in their provisions of fish for themselves and for their dogs. Even in winter they cast in their nets, and thus catch fresh fish, which, as soon as it is taken out, becomes frozen as hard as stone. This fish will keep as well as the dried fish of commerce. They also go hunting bears, deer, mooses, and other animals, as well as geese, ducks, and swans, the eggs of which are found in some places by hundreds and hundreds. Like the Indians along the coast they use the skins of fish and game, and even the feathers of large birds, to make their clothes and boats. The ordinary temperature in winter is 60 to 70 degrees below zero, and even lower in the upper region. During winter the sun only appears on the horizon for three or four hours; during summer there are every night two or three hours of clear twilight; but neither day exists in winter, nor night in summer for the region near the Arctic circle. Like the country along the sea coasts, the interior is covered with ice and snow from October till May. From all this one can see, that the condition of the Indians of the interior is as bad as the condition of the others. There are a few trading posts established in different places along the rivers, where

flour, clothes, and other articles are sold; but not many of the natives can afford to buy, and have to be satisfied with the food and clothing which Divine Providence provides. Their villages consist of small miserable log houses or underground dwellings, which are used in the winter; in summer time they remove to houses as wretched at the fishing stations. The short summer though not very hot, is rendered very disagreeable by an infinite number of mosquitos. The white miners of the trading posts live in the winter time in the Indian villages, and frequently cause the spiritual ruin of the natives. Hence many of the Indians are half-breeds, half native and half Russian. Now that the territory belongs entirely to the United States, few Russians, fortunately, reside in Alaska. A few of the natives can yet talk a little Russian. There are one or two Russian priests and two young deacons, half-breeds, still remaining with them. These priests occasionally baptize and marry the natives, but seldom or never instruct them. It was reported this year, that a Russian bishop with some monks was coming from San Francisco, but as yet they have not appeared. The Protestant ministers who have established four or five stations in different places, opened a little school, received their money, and that was all the missionary work they did. Except their fatal influence amongst the natives living around their schools, no opposition exists on their part to the Catholic missionaries, nor do they manifest any great zeal in propagating Protestantism. The ignorant Russian priests, however, try to oppose us by circulating false rumors calculated to frighten the poor Indians. Though most of those Indians of the interior are infidels, yet they have some idea of religion, mingled however with superstition. Their morals are good, and, in consequence, polygamy, or other social evils, is not practised. Even those who have been baptized by the Russian priests, are, in general, well disposed toward the missionaries.

As the interior of Alaska was the first field of the missionary labors of our fathers, the following particulars should be given in order to know exactly the standing and prospects of that mission. Our mission, then, in the interior of Alaska has already established two residences on the banks of the Yukon. The older of them is located at Nulato, near the mouth of the small river of the same name, a little below the 65th degree of latitude, and near the 160th degree of longitude. It is named the mission of *St. Peter Claver*. The late Most Rev. Archbishop Seghers, some years before his last fatal trip, spent one winter with an old priest of Victoria, Vancouver Island, in the two small vil-

lages on the Nulato. The natives respected, honored, and loved him very much. Fr. Tosi at the end of his second trip to Alaska from the headwaters of the Yukon, stopped at Nulato during the winter of 1887 and the spring of the following year. Whilst there he bought two small Indian houses, one of which two fathers and one brother afterwards used for their own dwelling, and the other for church and school. But in June of this year it is intended to build two large log cabins, one for the fathers, and the other for the sisters who will come after awhile. There are large trees all along the banks of the Yukon, which would furnish abundant building material for the houses of the towns and cities that may in the future spring into existence. There is near our residence a small village and trading post of about fifty persons; another village about as large is on the opposite side of the river, three or four miles distant. Nearly all the dwellers in these villages have been baptized,—some by Russian priests, a few boys by Archbishop Seghers, and some other children by our fathers since they have been in that part of the country.

For miles around Nulato, the principal centre of the mission, there are no churches nor Russian priests nor Protestant ministers established. Hence our fathers could set immediately to work, translating prayers and the catechism into the Indian language, and instructing the Indians morning and evening in the church, where on Sundays and holy-days there is High Mass and Benediction. The fathers also go up and down the Yukon and other rivers, to visit and instruct other Indians in their villages, though some of the natives come now and then to our residence.

Last November Fr. Ragaru with his sled and dogs visited all the villages on the Yukon. The villages were few and far between. One can easily fancy the inconveniences and sufferings of such trips. Often during the intense cold of the night, the missionary, unable to find a house, is obliged to sleep in the open air. Even when more fortunate there is not much comfort in the small and dirty Indian cabins. Fr. Ragaru on becoming acquainted with an Indian family, taught them the prayers in their own language. They were in general pleased to see him, and willing to receive instruction. After traversing two hundred and twenty-five miles of the country, he reached Nuklukahyet, a trading post, and a Protestant station, where many miners of the interior spend the long winter, but where few Indians reside. The same father had lived there all alone during the winter of 1887 and the following spring. Whilst there, with the intention of establishing a mission, he bought a house near

the small river named Tozikaket. But this year the project has been abandoned, because the locality was not fitted for that purpose. Fr. Ragaru was directed to go from Nuklukahyet to visit for the first time some Indians living along the banks of Tananah River, the mouth of which is near Nuklukahyet. These Indians, numbering something over one thousand, are not baptized. But the father could not go, because the Indians who were to accompany him failed to meet him, and, besides, he hurt his foot during the journey, and so it was impossible even to continue his missionary excursion.

Going east from Tananah, we met with the boundary line of Alaska, and with the Yukon coming from its headwaters, and with Stewart River, its tributary, in the English possessions. Near the mouth of this river, where some Indians and whites live, Fr. Tosi and Fr. Robaut were obliged to stop and spend all the winter of 1886, whither they had come with Archbishop Seghers. Notwithstanding the earnest entreaties of the fathers to the contrary, the Archbishop resolved to leave the fathers there to care for a few Indians, and to proceed himself nine hundred miles farther down on the Yukon, in company with the murderer Fuller.

Fr. Ragaru on returning to Nulato, intended to visit some other Indians on the coast of Behring Sea; but the Indians of Nulato having all gone hunting to the mountains, he could not get a guide, and hence abandoned the trip. The other father who remained in the residence of Nulato, was obliged at the end of May to return to San Francisco, the climate being too severe for his delicate health. Two months after his departure, Fr. Muset was sent to take his place. Two of Ours, Fr. Treca and Br. Negro, had also arrived in July at St. Michael's Station.

The second residence, another centre of the mission, is located in a place called Kazaresky,[1] on the banks of the Yukon, about two hundred and twenty miles from Nulato. Between these two places there are only four Indian villages of two or three poor houses, and forty miles from Kazaresky is the small village Anvik, which is a trading post. There resided in this village last year two Protestant ministers. One of these, however, displeased with his work and disgusted with the place, left Alaska. Fr. Robaut and Br. Giordano remained in that village during the latter months of 1887. The Indians loved them more than they did the Protestant ministers. Whilst there the father, invited by some In-

[1] So spelled in the MS. Is this not the place which was called *Cosiorefsky* by Fr. Tosi in our last number, which is also spelled *Kosoriffsky*, and which on the map before us is printed *Kozyroff*?—EDITOR.

dians living on a place near that station, went there and baptized their children. On his return to Anvik, Fr. Robaut fell sick and was nigh unto death. On recovering he was invited by the Indians of Kazaresky to live amongst them. Thus began the Kazaresky residence, named the Mission of the Holy Cross. In July, 1888, two log buildings were erected, but there was no time to build the church, because of the early winter. One of the houses is used as a church and as a residence. FF. Tosi, Robaut, and Br. Rosati have resided there from August, 1888. The other house is occupied by three sisters of St. Ann, who came to Alaska in last June. Their house is a story and a half high, plain, but very comfortable; the lower part is divided into four rooms, viz., chapel, school-room, dining-room, and kitchen; in the upper part they have a large dormitory. An addition of two large rooms has been built; one for the boys, and the other for the girls. During last year nearly thirty-one Indian children attended their day-school, and began to study the prayers, the catechism, and the rudiments of English grammar. The sisters say that the children are very docile, and great good will be wrought them by the civilizing influence of Christianity.

A small village of about one hundred and fifty Indians is situated on the opposite bank of the Yukon. In summer time the Indians cross the river and live in their summer houses, near our residence, where we hope they will in time permanently locate their village. Last winter a young Russian deacon came to dwell amongst them, and, in order to turn the good people away from the mission, told them ridiculous stories about us and the sisters. He informed them, for instance, that the sisters keep snakes in boxes. But all in vain; the Indians of Kazaresky love the fathers and sisters. Although almost all here have been baptized by the Russian, they are, nevertheles, quite ignorant of the Christian religion. Hence the fathers instruct them every day in the church, and visit others in different places. From this residence, indeed, as a centre the fathers start on their missionary excursions; thence Fr. Robaut went last winter to see the Indians living on the banks of the other large river of Alaska, the Kuskoquim; and thence also Fr. Tosi started to make his journey of forty days along the sea coasts, as has been mentioned. Finally, coming down from Kazaresky on the Yukon, towards its mouth, several dwellings and villages of natives are spread along its banks, often very distant one from another. Two of them are of some importance. One composed of several log-houses, is the residence of the only Russian priest for all the interior of

the country. The place is called Kugmuth, or the Mission, and is eighty miles from Kazaresky. The other village has several hundred inhabitants. These villages and dwellings from Kazaresky to the mouths of the Yukon, are, of course, under the influence of the Russian priest.

In conclusion, three short notes will sum up all that has been written. First: Alaska is a very vast country, wild, uncultivated and extremely cold. Few whites live and can live there, especially because the land seems incapable of any extensive cultivation. The Indians and the half-breeds are in a very poor condition, but, in general, good natured and well disposed towards the missionaries. Few natives inhabit the islands; they are rather numerous in some places along the coasts and less numerous in the interior. Many have been baptized by Russian priests; the greater number have not been baptized, and all are very ignorant. Second: Our fathers began to labor with many inconveniences and sacrifices. They have already explored and know well all the places and villages and dwellings of the Indians along the banks of the immense Yukon, from its headwaters to its mouths; have visited also other places on other rivers, along the sea coasts, and on the islands. Third: Up to the beginning of this year, 1889, they have established two residences on the banks of the Yukon, in the interior of the country. Other residences will after awhile be established in other places already explored. The mission now numbers five fathers, three brothers, and three sisters of St. Ann. Some hundreds of children have been baptized, and adults instructed in the Catholic religion. The field is indeed very vast; but the difficulties are many and great, and the missionaries few. Let all, then, earnestly beg

Dominum messis, ut mittat operarios in messem suam.

BRITISH HONDURAS.

(*A letter from Fr. Gillet to Fr. Frieden.*)

STANN CREEK, BRITISH HONDURAS,
December 12, 1889.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER FRIEDEN,
P. C.

I have delayed answering your kind letter and acknowledging your valuable present but in order to be able to give you some news * * * * * * *

Those explanations of Fr. Meschler's are splendid, and during my retreat, which I have just finished, I found them of great use. Many thanks for the book.

You know from my address that I have left the Spanish and Indian for the black Carib; but it is only for a week or two. My younger brother, Fr. Silvin, fell sick and relapsed, so I was sent to relieve him. At Christmas, however, unless it please the Prefect to make some unforeseen arrangement, I am to return once again to my old station.

For lack of other news, I will tell you something of these Caribs. I have lived with them before and find that, like other people, some of them are good and some are not; and their goodness or badness depends on the way of handling them. They are submissive like children and respectful in their own way, and, when they fail in this point, it is not from malice but rather from "civilization." The "old style" people (as I may call them) and those under their charge are docile and respectful; the "ninteenth century" class, and there are a few of these, are airy and conceited. There are two Carib reserves in the Colony, in each of which we have a mission: one at Punta Gorda, near the South frontier, the other at Stann Creek higher up,—both on the seaboard of the Bay of Honduras. The Caribs are a wandering people and any provocation is enough to make them take their dory (dug-out) and settle in some other spot. As they are strong men and willing workers, the government does not want to lose them, and consequently has from the beginning assigned them a limited tract, where they may live free of taxes, and where no other man, white or black, can *own* property, without sanction of the government. The only

exceptions are we Jesuits and one or two others. The Caribs make fine mahogany cutters and, being in fact amphibious, they are splendid sailors. Their dories may capsize and their effects be lost, but they are never lost (so is the saying), as they can swim any length of time. Sometimes on Sundays after Mass, when there is a strong wind (the stronger the better), the boys strip off their clothes, jump into little skiffs (very small—about 8 feet in length) and fly over the rolling waves like corks. Capsized goes the boat. The boys shake out the mast, turn the boat over, bale out the water, spring to their places, and off they go again.

It is very odd, however, that the women do all the agriculture, in fact all the work except wood-cutting and seafaring. The husband takes his ax and clears a piece of ground, and his work is done; the wife or daughter then begins her task, planting corn or cassava or yam or pines, tends the growing crop and gathers it in its season. To the women, of course, falls all the work of the household, whereas the men begin their genteel life even in their boyish days. A boy won't even carry water.

These people are often thought dull and stupid. That is a mistake. They are ignorant for the simple reason that they have had no chance till lately. But since the schools have been spread they have done remarkably well, and will compete with any boys of their standard in the colony. The old people are very good and one can't help liking them. On Sundays the church is full at both Masses. At the first the children assist and all is done in English; Spanish, however, is used at the second, not from necessity, but to gratify the traditionary spirit. Before long the Spanish will drop out. When I say "Spanish" I mean a lingo which bears less resemblance to real Spanish than the worst negro dialect bears to English.

On Sunday last we had a procession through the town, in honor of our Lady Immaculate. An old patriarch who claims, on account of a past event, the right to take the lead, carried a banner, and was accompanied by companions of the Rosary dressed in alb and Cardinal's cape. Then came about one hundred and fifty school boys and a number of school girls, followed by the Children of Mary, all dressed in lace and white, and bearing the statues which they had adorned to their own satisfaction. A dozen acolytes came next, and then the priest in cope, then the men of the Catholic Association with their medals, the Congregation of the Rosary, with a double file of men of all classes bringing up

the rear. We started singing the *Ave Maris Stella*, then taking up the litany and reciting the rosary till we got back to the church, where the altar was already prepared for Benediction. All went without a hitch.

Before I forget it, I must relate the event that signalized the standard-bearer. In early days of the mission the Catholics were despised and worried, and, though superior in numbers, were looked upon as intruders. Old Fr. Brindisi was missioner in Stann Creek; he proposed a procession, and put to the front the fearless man, the hero of my story. At a corner of a street, some Wesleyans and a few renegades intercepted the procession with threats that it should not pass. Whereupon our doughty Obado lowered his banner pole and laid it about with such vigor that he dispersed his opponents and continued his march. A summons before the court was the gallant recourse of the disturbers, but the magistrate, though not a Catholic, dismissed the case, after rating the accusers for their unseemly behavior. For the twenty years or more since that occurrence, Señor Obado holds undisputed right of banner-bearer.

Now a word to explain how we stand with regard to music. The day after our procession, one of the Rosary Sisters died. When I went to the church for the absolution, the whole congregation answered the *Libera me*. There is, therefore, no need of a choir. They all sing the High Mass too, and answer the *Dominus vobiscum*, etc. I am afraid, however, that the arrival of a fine harmonium will oust their old traditional music and with it their old traditions. Now we hardly depend on a choir, but I fear civilization will put its bands around us before long, and, instead of the free and general chorus of willing voices, we shall be forced to await the convenience of some dusky prima donna.

The church of Stann Creek is a curiosity. It is about 75 by 32, having a nave and two aisles and vaulted roof. The columns are pine trees from the forest, and the style is Byzantine, wrought entirely by the hands of the Caribs and old Fr. Brindisi. An educated Wesleyan minister, who went to see it, declared it one of the wonders of the world. Of course I don't say it beats St. Peter's at Rome. Scarcely two pieces of anything are the same size, nor are the lines strictly level, nor the arches geometrically curved; yet when we see this big building as it stands, we are amazed at the pluck of its constructors. The decoration, too, was and is equally original. The fiercest red and the most pronounced blue share with white the entire æsthetics of the edifice. Trying to follow the same idea and at the same time arrange

the altar more commodiously, I made a venture two years ago to renew the sanctuary. The result I enclose for inspection, not because I did it, but to give you a notion of how necessity drives one to work almost miracles of bold strokes. I have half finished a picture of our Lord revealing His Sacred Heart. It is in oils and is intended to fill up the semi-circle above the reredos.

Last year, my younger brother Fr. Silvin was busy civilizing the grounds, and from sand and rubbish he has converted the place into palace gardens, and, besides, has put a belfry to the church 75 feet high, and ingeniously contrived a peal of bells. The tones, it is true, do not quite agree, but they correspond to the building. They are unique, and when the four chase one another the effect is agreeable. The school roll has about two hundred and ten names, and at examination there were one hundred and eighty, I think.

Now, dear Father, good bye, and with many thanks for your past kindness and best wishes for a happy Christmas to you, I remain,

Yours sincerely in Christ,

H. GILLET, S. J.

A VOICE FROM A MEXICAN DUNGEON.

Letter of Father Labrador, S. J.

(From *The Student.*)

After giving very successful missions at the City of Leon, Juanita, St. Francis, and Rincon, which occupied us from the twenty-second of January to the twelfth of April, Father Mauleon and myself began a most promising mission in the mining district of Sta. Maria de Luz, a spiritual boon anxiously looked forward to by the poor neglected miners. As the feast of Easter was drawing nigh, large numbers not only attended the sermons but seized this auspicious occasion to comply with their Easter duties. Passion Sunday was the day selected.

Little suspecting the animus of the *Jefe Politico* towards our spiritual ministrations, we persevered in our good work with unabated vigor, and when about the twentieth of April, Father Vincent Aloysius Manci came to help Father Mauleon to hear the confessions of the women whose general

Communion was to take place the following day, we were still ignorant of his hostile intentions.

On the following day, however, when about four hundred women were receiving Holy Communion, the *Jefe Politico* sent word to the pastor, Don Juan Ignatius Rodriguez, to bring (me) Father Labrador to the Prefecture, as I was accused of speaking in my sermons against the laws which are called *de la Reforma*. Informing the pastor of Guanajuato, who had accompanied Father Manci, of the accusation against me, both pastors started off and presented themselves at the Prefecture. Introducing themselves to the *Jefe Politico*, they informed him that they had come with reference to the complaint lodged against me. Flying into a rage he said: "Many distinguished citizens have come here to complain of the disrespectful manner in which the missionary has spoken against the institutions of the Government, and I am informed by the chief Prefect of this Province that men will be placed in the church to take down the sermons, and that if anything derogatory to the Government be found therein, he shall be punished to the utmost extremity of the law."

The good pastor succeeded in pacifying the worthy *Jefe* by promising that we would say nothing in our discourses touching the matter complained of. He seemed for the moment satisfied, but added, as they were leaving, that he would consult his Government relative to the course of action he was to pursue.

As we were busily engaged hearing confessions all that day we were ignorant of this visit. The pastor, however, informed me afterwards, and requested me to say nothing in my sermons, either against the constitution of the Republic, or against the Government. I told him that I had not mentioned these matters, and that I was more concerned for the spiritual success of the mission, to the furtherance of which end I would ask him to try and procure confessors to hear the confessions of so great a number of penitents.

He told me that the *Jefe* had consented for the present not to hold an investigation, but that he was still ignorant of the intention of the Superior Government.

During the whole of the next morning Fr. Mauleon and myself were occupied in the confessional. By dinner time an immense concourse of the faithful had availed themselves of the sacrament. In the evening we had that celebrated exercise called the Sermon of the Prodigal Son, at which takes place the reconciliation of enemies. I was the preacher; towards the end of my sermon, as is the custom here, the pastor asked pardon of his parishioners for all the faults

and negligences which he had been guilty of in his pastoral capacity. On account of the sermon and the procession of the Blessed Sacrament which followed, many thought that we were about to take our departure, especially as the affair of the *Jefe* was now generally known; for I had publicly pardoned in my sermon all who were conspiring to wrong us. A scene of the wildest excitement ensued; the crowd, with sympathy in their hearts and tears in their eyes, thronged around me to receive my blessing. I told them that we had no intention of leaving them and that we purposed hearing the confessions of the men that evening, and on this account the women should wait until the next day. Aided by several priests, who had come that day from Silao, we heard more than three hundred confessions that evening. About eight o'clock the *Jefe Politico*, accompanied by his satellites, surrounded the church, and, entering the presbytery, threatened the pastor's sister. Without removing his helmet he burst into the room occupied by the pastor and began searching for him and me, as I was superior of the mission. As the door of the pastor's room was open some men who were waiting for confession perceived the *Jefe* and told Fr. Manci of his presence. Meanwhile, a number of women who were in the streets, frightened by the ministers of justice, flocked to the church. Their abrupt entry caused a panic amongst the men who were waiting for confession. At this juncture the *Jefe* rushed into the pastor's house once more, from which he was forcibly ejected, not without considerable peril to himself.

But what, you may ask, were we doing all this time? I was with the assistant pastor in the sacristy, the door of which was closed. Father Rodriguez was at the Notary's office with reference to the registering of some marriages. The other fathers leaving their confessionals betook themselves, some to the sacristy, some to the residence of the pastor.

As the *Jefe* issued from the parochial house he fell into the hands of some women of Amazonian mould. Turning, however, towards the house, he fired three shots through the window of the room where he thought the pastor was at that moment; whereupon a woman struck him a blow on the face, from the effect of which he fell to the ground senseless. The confusion now became general, and the people began to cry out: "Long live religion!" "Long live the missionaries!" "Long live Sta. Maria de Luz!"

At that moment shots were fired on the crowd from two or three houses on the public square, wounding many of the poor people who were either coming out of the church

or already in the square. The exasperated people, on beholding this, began to retaliate and sent a volley of stones through the windows of the obnoxious houses, which belonged, by the way, to usurers.

The lamps of the city served also as targets for their missiles, the falling glass adding a lugubrious music to their shouts of "Long live religion! etc."

It is remarkable to note here that during this *émeute* nothing was stolen, clearly demonstrating that, though roused to fury by severe provocation, the rioters were strictly honest. As proof of this I may mention that the fruit-dealers whose stalls were in the midst of the fray, did not lose a single fruit, though they had left their stalls when the riot began. This is a convincing argument against our enemies, who did not hesitate to affirm that plunder was the motive of the outbreak.

The day following this disturbance, which was the 25th of April, the supreme *Jefe* arrived accompanied by a troop of soldiers. He ordered the pastor to deliver up to him the three missionaries, although I had sent him a letter containing a full and true account of the cause of the whole affair. With an arrogance those vested with a little brief authority are wont to display, he dispatched a messenger to the pastor to tell him if he did not immediately deliver up the missionaries he would proceed to the parochial house and burn it to the ground. Hearing this, accompanied by the pastor, I proceeded to the house where he was stationed. Having obtained an interview, I said: "*Jefe*, no action of the missionaries has been calculated to give rise to this riot amongst the people, and no words of ours can be tortured into an expression of disrespect for the Government."

The only answer my protestation of innocence evoked was the announcement that he had received orders to arrest me and my companions. I then informed him that Father Mauleon had already gone home, and that I had just been told that the other father had left the city that night in company with the priests who had come from Silao to hear confessions.

The deference I displayed towards him had the effect of moderating his anger, so much so that we thought that there would be an end to the matter, especially as he had informed the Government that I was his prisoner. But at three o'clock in the afternoon he received orders to send us to Guanajuato to be examined by the privy counsellor of the Superior Government.

We started that evening at four o'clock, accompanied by

a vast concourse of people who were loud in their lamentations over our banishment, as they deemed it.

Everything had been prepared beforehand by the Government, so that we should enter the city escorted by soldiers; not by the public road, but by a by-street, in order to make it appear that such a measure was dictated by the fear that our entry would cause a riot amongst the crowds which came out to meet us. We arrived in the city at half-past seven o'clock in the evening.

The next day there was a general arrest of priests. Those who had come from Silao, and had only spent three hours hearing the confessions of the men, as well as one whom the minister of justice had prevented from going to Leon to procure holy oils for his parish, being numbered amongst the prisoners. The last to be arrested was Father Manci, who had returned with the priests of Silao, as he did not wish to compromise the landlord of the house where he stayed, who, poor man, was fearful lest his harboring a suspected enemy of the Government would injure himself and his family in the eyes of the authorities. The father was first lodged in the castle of Silao, but was afterwards removed under a strong military escort to the castle where we were confined. Our case was begun without delay by the judge of the district, who, on the 28th of April, adjudged that we had been rightly imprisoned, as we were the promoters of the riot which had taken place, inasmuch as we had incited it by our invectives against the Government.

But what was the veritable cause of this iniquitous sentence and unjust denunciation? The wish of those in power to oppress us, and with us the Catholic Church, as may be inferred from the words of the military *Jefe*, addressed to me while I was his prisoner at the Prefecture.

"Father," said he to me one day, "I have foretold a miracle. As soon as I heard that you were about to give a mission in this part of the country, I said it would be a miracle if you left here without experiencing something prejudicial, either to your character or person; for I knew well what would happen here, and what was to be feared."

The pastor of Santa Luz, who was arrested with us, was liberated on the following day, and the other priests, who also shared our captivity, obtained their liberty towards the end of April. We alone—namely, the three missionaries, together with the parish priest and a few seculars, were detained in prison. For three months we remained in durance vile. Meanwhile our case progressed with more than the proverbial slowness of legal proceedings, from which circumstances the Attorney General concluded that there was

no case against us, as we had done nothing contrary to law, and were, therefore, entitled to our liberty. On this account he asked the judge for a verdict of acquittal for us. The sentence of the judge was that the fathers were to be liberated, but that I should undergo eleven months' imprisonment, as I had violated the fundamental laws of the country by my sermons, and, moreover, that I should pay a fine of one thousand dollars, or, in default of payment, remain in prison for a hundred days over and above the term named.

The demand which our attorney pleaded was founded on just grounds, as is evidenced by the fact that even in the opinion of the advocate there was no case against us, for he thus expressed himself in a letter to me: "I have nothing against you, as you have in no way violated the laws of the Government, nor its institutions." In this opinion nothing but the truth is to be found, for I solemnly declare that I have never by word or act violated those laws.

During our captivity it was given us to offer something for Christ crucified; for, in the first place, we were forbidden to say Mass, and were only allowed to hear it on Sundays. After this, Ours were forbidden to say that Mass, and at length forbidden to go to the prison chapel at all, which was up to that time allowed to us, by our merely asking the key of the chapel door from the under-governor.

I made strenuous efforts to get permission for one of us, at least, to be allowed to say Mass, at which the others might receive Holy Communion, and as this modest request was backed by the influence of one of the official visitors of the prison, I had the happiness of saying Mass on the 26th of May, Feast of St. Philip Neri, and continued to do so on Sundays, relying on the tacit permission of the Governor. On the 11th of June, however, this precious privilege was denied me; for on that day, for some cause or other, the deputy-governor ordered that I should be locked up separately for two hours. As soon as the Governor heard that I had done nothing to merit such a punishment, he went to the deputy and expressed his feelings to him relative to my innocence. This pacified him, but peace was purchased rather dearly for us, for the Governor ordered the chapel to be closed altogether and the key sent to him.

Providence, however, did not desert us. A generous gentleman sent us everything necessary for the celebration of Mass, by means of which three of us were enabled to offer the Holy Sacrifice on the 10th of June. Of course this boon was indulged in *sub rosa*. We had the same happiness on the Feast of our Holy Father St. Ignatius, which was the last time; for, in order to effect this, we were obliged

to get up during the small hours of the morning; and now, alas! the noxious atmosphere was beginning to tell on our health, and what was done with alacrity during health had to be abandoned when we became the prey of sickness. "Blessed be the name of God in all things!"

I must not neglect to inform you of the true cause of all our troubles with the authorities. When, on the 25th of April, we left the mission of St. Francis, and repaired to the mining district of Sta. Maria de Luz, my first duty on arriving at Silao was to go, accompanied by the pastors of St. Francis and Sta. Maria de Luz, to pay my respects to the Prefect of Guanajuato. He received us very kindly, and conversed freely with us; but it so happened that before our arrival he had received instructions not to allow the bells of the parish church to be rung on our advent into the city. This the Prefect candidly informed us of. I must not omit to inform you that the Prefect of Santa Maria de Luz intimated that he had received orders from the Superior Government to assign competent persons to listen to our sermons. These were the witnesses against us, and it was on their information that proceedings were instituted against us. Three of them in particular testified against me, swearing that in my sermons I had spoken against the laws of the State. When during the trial I made a review of their evidence, which operation is called *careo*, they were found to be in flagrant contradiction with one another, so that I denounced their testimony as utterly untrustworthy, since it was the evidence of perjurers in collusion with the authorities who were conspiring to ruin us.

The popular opinion here is that the riot among the people was caused by the imprudence of the *Jefe Politico*, who came when he was in a state of intoxication to take the missionaries, and at a moment when nearly all the people were coming to confession, who, seeing him armed with a gun looking for the priests, were naturally indignant. No small element of that disturbance was the action of the usurers, who, refusing to change their own lives, had also refused to make amends to the poor people whom they had wronged, and then added outrage to their nefarious practices by firing on an unarmed crowd.

This opinion is endorsed by no less a personage than the *Jefe* himself, who admitted that those who were wounded were injured because of the base action of the usurers. Of the wounded, one died in the hospital of Guanajuato during the operation of amputating his leg, which was deemed necessary.

Before I conclude, it is incumbent on me to pay a tribute

of thankful gratitude to the ladies of this city, who, by their thoughtful generosity, did much to alleviate our sufferings. Nine of them deserve special mention, as they undertook a journey to plead our cause; two others went as far as Mexico, and laid our case before the President of the Republic. But their journeys were destined to be without effect, for no decision was come to in our regard, except that a few concessions were made by the judges.

The *Jefe Politico* of Santa Maria de Luz, who arrested us, wrote, as it is now generally known, a grandiloquent letter to the Government, in which he lauded to the skies the heroic fortitude of the troops, and magnified as much as he could the character of the *émeute*. Drawing inspiration from this mendacious epistle, the President and the Government eulogized the prowess of the military and the commendable activity of the *Jefe*, reserving all the uncomplimentary epithets to qualify the conduct of the people and the missionaries. This has had the effect of prejudicing the minds of all those in power against us.

As this condemnation became public, the city of Guanajuato assumed the appearance of a city in a state of siege. The guards at the castle were trebled, and every entrance, both ordinary and extraordinary, was watchfully guarded; yea, more, soldiers were placed on the roofs, and regiments paraded the streets with all the paraphernalia of war, in order to strike terror into the hearts of the people. Even this was not deemed sufficient; cannon were mounted on the adjacent hills in case of emergency . . . . "It was a great victory."

GALVESTON.

St. Mary's University,
Galveston, Texas,
New Year's Day, 1890.

Rev. dear Father,
P. C.

Five years ago Rev. Fr. Butler, then Superior of the Mission, finally accepted St. Mary's University at the urgent request of Right Rev. Bishop Gallagher. This institution had been successively in the hands of various religious bodies, all of whom quickly resigned their charge. The Jesuits were looked upon as a last resource. If they should fail, there was no hope for Catholic education in Galveston; and the loss of Galveston would be the loss of Texas. The College is a spacious and handsome building admirably suited to educational purposes. Situated in one of the most respectable quarters, it commands a view of the entire city and of the sea which washes the city on either side.

The city of Galveston is built on the eastern shore of Galveston Island, commanding the entrance from the Gulf to Galveston Bay, and connected with the mainland by a trestle two miles long, soon to be replaced by a bridge. The varied products of the rich prairie lands of Texas and of the Southwestern States, are conveyed over this trestle to Galveston, where the merchant vessels of South America and Europe are waiting to transport them to other markets. The exports of Texas are increasing with wonderful rapidity; for fresh portions of its virgin soil are yearly reduced to cultivation by crowds of immigrants who pour in from every direction. The prosperity of Texas is necessarily accompanied by the prosperity of Galveston, its principal city and seaport; and when, at no distant date, the plough of the settler shall have turned the last acre of its vast extent—more than four times the size of all New England—Galveston, the avenue of its wealth, will have become one of the principal cities of the Union.

As this city forms "the subject of my story," I will briefly sketch its history—a rather remarkable one, like that of almost every city, place, and citizen in Texas. Its straight and spacious streets; its public buildings of remarkable archi-

tectural beauty; the incessant hum of commerce that resounds through its streets and blocks, mark out Galveston as a sedulous cultivator of the arts of peace. Yet, in a recent excursion to the west-end of the Island, I was reminded that little more than half a century ago the only white inhabitants were, by repute at least, a horde of wild and reckless buccaneers. Twenty miles west of the city, Lafitte's Grove, a clump of magnificent oaks standing on the highest point of the island, relieves the sameness of the prairie scenery. All these trees are welded together at the base, forming a solid mass of oak, about twenty-five feet square. They afford an illustration of the proverb, "unity is strength;" for three hundred year's ago (1585) they figured as a landmark on a Spanish chart of the Southern coast, and, in spite of the terrific storms that have in the meantime swept the Gulf, they stand to-day erect, majestic, and unconquered, like the daring Captain whose name they bear. Around these oaks a thousand buccaneers pitched their tents, whose captain, Lafitte, made them his headquarters and held his court beneath their ample shade. A Catholic gentleman from Pennsylvania purchased recently the property surrounding the grove, and, considering the obloquy cast upon Lafitte in a great degree unjust, gave to the locality the name of its former master.

Jean Lafitte, born in France in 1780, emigrated to New Orleans, where, for a time, he moved in the best society; but having killed his opponent in a duel, he fled to Barataria, an island near the mouth of the Mississippi. There he succeeded in gathering around him a daring band of sailors who elected him their captain. To legalize his undertakings, he obtained a commission from the French Government to prey on Spanish and English commerce. And later New Carthagena invested him with similar authority against Spain. He was soon in command of a fleet of eighteen vessels, manned by a crew of one thousand men. English and American vessels were occasionally sent to dislodge him, but he either eluded them, or showed forth in such force that they retired. Governor Claiborne of Louisiana put a price ($1500) on his head, whereupon Lafitte responded by putting $50,000 on the head of the Governor. The latter sent a strong squadron to Barataria, to sweep the pirates off the island, but Lafitte easily capturing his assailants, treated them royally, and sent them back with presents to the Governor. He soon took a still more glorious revenge. In 1814, an English brig appeared at Barataria bearing written proposals from the English naval authorities to Lafitte, to the effect that they would put him

in command of a frigate with the rank of post-captain and pay him £30,000, if he would assist them in their war against the United States. Lafitte at once sent the documents to a state officer of Louisiana, at the same time offering his services to the United States, on the sole condition of pardon for himself and his men. This epistle is a manly one, at once dignified and politic. He might have evaded the payment of duties at the custom-house, but that did not prevent him from being a good citizen. "There were certain vices in the tariff laws," and he hinted that in disregarding them he was only putting his free-trade principles into practice. His offer having been accepted, he met and defeated Admiral Peckingham at the mouth of the Mississippi, and fought so bravely in the historic battle of New Orleans that Gen. Jackson specially commended him, and President Madison issued a proclamation praising his fidelity and valor, and offering complete pardon to himself and his men. But unable to resist the charms of ocean life, Lafitte put himself again at the head of his former crew, making Galveston Island his headquarters. Soon a thousand men had rallied about him, and a town was built, the nucleus of the present city. Perfect discipline was in a novel manner maintained among his motley subjects. When his orders were disobeyed, the accused received a fair trial, during which every circumstance was investigated which concerned his guilt or innocence. The only sentences pronounced by the judge (Lafitte) were death or liberty. In the former case, the judge at once assumed the role of executioner. The condemned, having exercised his choice of place and weapons, had the privilege of fighting for his life, and with his judge too; but the superior skill and strength of Lafitte always prevailed. This was the substitute for rope and guillotine in Galveston seventy years ago. An improvement certainly on the methods of Judge Lynch. He treated prisoners with great generosity. In 1821, one of his captains having, contrary to his express orders, attacked an American vessel, Captain Kearney was sent by the United States government to dislodge him from the Island. Lafitte received the captain with a salute of twenty-one guns, and tried every art to dissuade him from his purpose, but, finding the Yankee inexorable, he paid and disbanded his followers, and abandoned the Island forever. About the remainder of his career traditions do not agree; but that which we would most willingly receive, is that, relinquishing ocean life, he spent the evening of his days among his friends and kindred in his native country, and, dying in peace, left

behind him the reputation of an accomplished Christian gentleman.

Lafitte is reported to have said that a vast quantity of gold had been hidden on the Island. Many have searched for it, but no one has found it. Others, however, maintain that Lafitte had in view the natural advantages of the Island, which, if availed of, would afford gold in plenty. The estimate, if such it was, has proved a true one. The bleak Bay in which, some seventy years ago, the galleys of the privateer or buccaneer cast anchor, has now become the safe harbor of the merchant vessels that once were roughly handled in its neighborhood, and Galveston is now the trusted depositary of the products of those regions, which once trembled at the mention of its name. The only drawback to Galveston harbor—that sand bars occasionally form at the mouth of the Bay, preventing the entrance of Atlantic steamers—is now to be removed by the United States government, for the commissioners appointed to decide on the relative facilities of Southern harbors, with a view to advancing a sum for their development, have decided on Galveston as the harbor for Texas and the Trans-Mississippi States. The mere announcement has raised the price of property, and many flattering predictions are now confidently made concerning the future prosperity of Galveston.

I have dwelt thus long on the history and material prospects of our city, the better to explain our present circumstances and our hopes for the future. The people of Galveston partake somewhat of the motley character of the followers of Lafitte: they are pretty fairly divided in origin among the various nations of South America and Europe, while every State in the Union, from the Gulf to the St. Lawrence, has its representatives here. All these have not yet been moulded into one body; they are now in the chrysalis state, and require, on that account, very tender handling. This will explain the fact that our college has not yet made the rapid strides that the extent of the Catholic population and the remarkably tolerant spirit of the people, would lead one to expect. Add to this, that two splendid public-school buildings (one, a high-school) have been erected recently in our neighborhood, which are very efficiently conducted for public schools. Many of the poorer Catholics send their children to these schools, and most of those who send them to us take them away as soon as a situation offers. Hence it has been found impossible so far to form a graduating class, but now our prospects are better, and will improve with the increasing prosperity of the city.

As the diocese of Galveston embraces nearly all Texas,

and as the priests are few, there is much mission work to be done. Hence, our fathers are frequently called away for that purpose. Fr. Wm. Power, in conjunction with Fr. Downey, gave recently a most successful mission at Alexandria. The congregations were largely Protestant, and at the close of the mission the authorities of the city invited Fr. Power to deliver a lecture in the City Hall. For an hour and a half a crowded audience was thrilled by the forcible eloquence which Fr. Power has always at command. Somewhat previously, another of our fathers gave a series of retreats in Western Texas with excellent results, in spite of having had a full share of those startling adventures and hair-breadth escapes that form one of the natural products of Texas.

In the city itself much good has been done. The city hospital is attended by one of our fathers, sodalities have been formed for both sexes and colors, and over two hundred children attend our Sunday school. But there is one great drawback. Up to this we have had no church properly so called, one of the halls of the college having had to serve the purpose. The fascinating oratory of Fr. O'Connor and the solid eloquence of Fr. Power have compensated thus far for the poverty of the edifice; but a church was needed, and Fr. O'Connor had already projected one, when he was called to assume the rectorship of New Orleans. Rev. Fr. Butler, his successor, prosecuted the design with energy, and, on March 29, 1889, laid the foundation of the Church of the Sacred Heart. An eminent Catholic architect, Mr. N. D. Clayton, had built a magnificent residence in our neighborhood, the wonder of all visitors and the boast of Galveston. He now resolved to raise an edifice to the Sacred Heart, which would eclipse in architectural beauty the Gothic castle of Congressman Gresham. And though as yet only the outer walls have been built, he has, in the opinion of all, succeeded. The style is French Romanesque, similar to that of the Sacred Heart Church of Montmartre, Paris (*le Vœu National*). The interior of the church is 157 by 60, transept 25 by 80, and the outer wall 31 feet in height. The ceiling will be 60 feet from the floor, the gables and the towers which support the front on either side, 30 feet higher, while the cupola will rise to a height of 170 feet. The principal features are the magnificent triple-arched windows in the transept, 22 feet high, and the splendid front, in which massive grandeur and varied beauty are so artistically united that many competent critics assign it the palm over anything they have seen in brickwork. It is but just to state that the exact application of Mr. Clayton's plans is mainly due to

the architectural genius of Br. Otten, who superintends everything. To the regret of all, the work was interrupted a few days ago for want of funds, which are hard to raise in Galveston, when no dividends are expected. However, perfect confidence is felt that the Sacred Heart, in whose name and for whose glory the church was begun, will take the completion under Its own loving care. Then only shall we be able to reach all our parishioners, and induce the Catholic parents of the city to send their children to our college.

M. K.

MEXICO.

Extract from a Letter of P. de la Cerda.

PUEBLA, MEXICO,
December 28, 1889.

. . . . . Let me tell you how I passed my vacation. After giving a retreat to the Discalced Carmelites, and making my own, I set out with PP. Jorna (Dutch) and Arocena (Spanish), to give a mission at Zapotitlán *de las Salinas* (of the salt mines), a town some hundred and fifty miles from Puebla, towards Oaxaca.

Such a strange-looking country! Why, even I, a Mexican born and bred, was astonished. From Zapotitlán onward, stretches a tract called "Las Mistecas." The inhabitants are Indians, who speak the Mistec dialect, but have a smattering of Spanish. It is a very hot place; rain falls but two or three times a year; so the land is as dry as a chip. The part we visited is very mountainous; the mountains extend, I think, as far as Oaxaca. And very odd-looking mountains they are: with their peaks jutting out for all the world like an army of hedgehogs. The "flora" of this region is quite unique. It waxes strong, without rain, in a parched soil. It comprises "Organos," "Viznagas," Agaves, and "Palmillos." The "Organos" are so styled from their resemblance, when clustered together, to a church-organ. They reach a height of eighteen feet, and are found in great variety. All, without exception, bend towards the north, and a slit or seam runs straight from top to bottom on the inner side of the bend. Now this bend is not caused by the wind, since the wind blows the other way. What *does* cause it? Come down here and we'll study it up to-

gether. If this phenomenon were found on one or two mountains only it would not be so striking. But it is found everywhere,—not a trace of an exception. "Las Mistecas," for all its barren aspect, is very rich land. It abounds in marble of many kinds. Onyx is as abundant as granite at Woodstock. There are mines of salt, of silver, and of gold; though only the salt mines are worked at present.

We went from Puebla to Tehuacán in the cars; but from Tehuacán onward we were obliged to go on horse-back over roads that would have tired a goat.

The mission began on the feast of St. Stanislaus, and closed on the 8th of December. It was solemnly consecrated to the Sacred Heart, to which fact we ascribe its success, in spite of the very serious difficulties with which we had to contend. Here, for example, is one which met us at the outset. The bishop forbade us to hear the confessions of any one who should not first pay a year's tithes. Now no tithes had been collected for fifty years back, and probably none had ever been paid on salt. Bear in mind, please, that nine-tenths of the men were salt miners. Really, had I known the difficulty in advance, I should not have set out on the mission. But God touched the hearts of the poor people and they expressed their eagerness to go to confession, cost what it might. No confessions had been heard among them for fifteen years. I leave you to imagine how fruitful our work was. . . . . Let me tell you a little episode over which we laughed heartily. P. Jorna was called to the bed-side of a man who was very ill, and had been in a sort of stupor for three days. On the father's arrival, the members of the family strove to rouse the sick man; but, for all their clamoring, they elicited no response. At last a little child approached, and in the shrillest of trebles called into its father's ear:

"Papa, papa!"

"What do you want?"

"The father is here!"

"Thank God!"

"Should you like to go to confession?"

"Yes. Why not?"

So the sick man was left alone with the priest. The latter addresses his penitent. No answer. He shouts. The penitent replieth never a word. At last, imitating the piping treble of the child, the priest calls:

"Papa, papa!"

"What is it?"

"Shall I hear your confession?"

"Yes. Why not?"

"Are you sorry for all your sins?"

No answer.

"Papa, papa! Are you sorry for all your sins?"

"Yes. Why not?" said "Papa."

And P. Jorna departed with a grateful heart.

We heard two thousand confessions, for the most part, general; set many marriage cases right; and, in gratitude to the Sacred Heart, established the Apostleship of Prayer.

You see, dear father, how we pass our vacations in Mexico.

TAMPA, FLA.

Letter of Fr. Hugh to Mr. Rittmeyer.

TAMPA, FLA., CHURCH OF ST. LOUIS,
DIOCESE OF ST. AUGUSTINE,
Jan. 5, 1890.

You ask me to let you know some particulars about our position here, and the work we are doing. Here, then, are a few items gathered at random, which I hope will not be uninteresting.

Tampa is as yet but a very small city when compared with other cities in the Union, but I have reason to believe that it will grow in the future. Its population at present numbers about 3500, mostly English-speaking people. The few wide streets of this our little town are not paved, but covered with a deep layer of sand; they are not lighted up at night with electric lights, no, nor even with gas-light, but by large round coal-oil lamps, placed at sufficiently great distances from one another.

Very little Spanish is spoken in Tampa itself; but about two miles north of Tampa is a little town called Jbor (or Ibor) which is almost entirely settled by Cubans, and there Spanish is spoken quite extensively. A line of street-cars connects the two towns, and a little dummy, or small engine, runs out to Jbor every half hour. Yesterday I went out there for the first time in company with Fr. Quinlan; we saw several families and had to talk Spanish all the time. We are trying to make arrangements for building a church at Jbor, as the people there are nearly all Catholics, at least

in name, though many of them do not practice, and have not gone to church or approached the sacraments for years. The population is almost as numerous as that of Tampa; their occupation is chiefly cigar-making; for there are a number of cigar-factories at this place, and there pure Havana cigars are made by the million. The standard of morality among these Cubans, in some respects at least, is not a very high one, and we meet with some queer *Casus de Matrimonio*. The other day a man from Jbor came to us, wishing to get married to a woman whose husband is still alive, and from whom she separated some time ago. Another, also a Cuban, separated from his wife five years ago, wished to marry again, giving as his reason, that since his former wife is now married again, he also has a right to marry again. Both, of course, were dissatisfied with the answer we gave them, and, I am pretty sure, got married by the squire. I fear that we shall not be able to do much good among the people, and our hopes must chiefly be confined to their children, whom we shall endeavor to instruct and bring up as good Catholics. Providence has favored our good intentions in this direction, for already one thousand dollars have been donated to us for a church at Jbor by a Protestant gentleman living at San Augustine.

The number of practical Catholics in Tampa is very small, scarcely reaching three hundred; but they are really good people, kindly disposed towards us, and glad of our presence amongst them. Including Jbor, the total number of parishioners belonging to our church of St. Louis runs up to nearly three thousand. But besides this, we have a great number of missions and stations to attend to; in fact, we have eight counties of Florida to ourselves, and in nearly each county some three or four centres which we have to visit. Fr. Quinlan left for one of these missions this morning; he will return in about a week, and then almost immediately start for another. I myself was last Sunday at Lakeland, a small town thirty-two miles distant from Tampa; I said Mass there in a private house belonging to a Catholic family; their joy was great, for they had not been able to hear Mass for a long time. This little town is most picturesquely situated; it borders on nine small lakes, and is studded with a number of fine orange and lemon groves. These groves or plantations are, however, far from uncommon in this "Land of Flowers;" one meets them everywhere; we ourselves have quite a number of orange-trees in our garden, and though we are constantly eating oranges at all our meals, still we have been able to sell fifty dollars' worth of these golden apples.

In these small residences one meets with a number of privations unknown in our large colleges. I have a very small room by the side of our kitchen—a rather pleasant neighborhood, *n'est ce pas?*—I can see the day-light through the chinks in the floor and the door, and my window, even when closed, affords the balmy breeze facilities for a constant communication between itself and the chinks, so that I am constantly supplied with fresh air, and cannot complain of a want of light. The weather, however, is still very warm, and the mosquitos too are still quite troublesome. But these little trials and privations are also set off by consolations of a quite different kind. On Christmas Day I was very much edified at the fervor displayed by a good old Swiss over sixty years of age, who, living in the midst of Protestants, had travelled on foot a distance of more than twenty miles to hear three Masses and approach the sacraments. A young Englishman, a convert, came in his yacht from quite a distance to hear Mass and approach the sacraments on New Year's Day. It is really consoling to find such fervor in men living so far away from any Catholic church, and surrounded by men of every possible creed.

A northern company, who own the railroad and steamboats in Florida, are building a most magnificent hotel in our sandy little town. I visited it yesterday in company with a Catholic gentleman from St. Louis, Mo., who spends the winter here for the sake of his health. The building is very imposing. Five hundred feet of it are now under roof, and they are working hard to finish the interior. It is entirely of brick, and fire-proof; the joists are all of fine steel, and the spaces between them are filled in with concrete. Six elegant turrets adorn the roof, from which one can get a fine view of Tampa, Tampa Bay, and the surrounding country. The hotel when complete will be over one thousand one hundred feet long; no money will be spared in making it comfortable, and all the latest improvements will be found therein. Its entire cost is estimated at several million dollars. The gentleman who was with me, and who has travelled a good deal, told me it would be one of the finest hotels in America. Tampa has undoubtedly a great future before it, and I am sure will be a big and important place some years hence. I tell you this, because with the growth of Tampa the importance of our position here will increase and the field of our labors will be widened.

Independently of this, however, there is a good probability that in the near future another big portion will be added to our already too large field for the few of us. When the parish-priest of Key West dies or resigns, we shall have

that large parish added on to what we have already. It is likely, as he told us lately, when he returned with Fr. Quinlan from the Synod at San Augustine, that he will soon leave Florida and return to Italy, his native country. Thus you see how appropriately the words of our Saviour apply to this country: "The harvest is great indeed, but the laborers are few." Let us then pray the Lord of the harvest, that He may send laborers into this field.

CANADA.

THE END OF THE JESUIT ESTATE AFFAIR.

The last act in the great Jesuit Estate Question was performed on the fifth of November last in the Provincial offices, Montreal, when Hon. Mr. Mercier, Prime Minister, paid $400,000 to Father Turgeon, the Pope's procurator *ad hoc*. This sum releases the Province of Quebec from all claims which the Catholic Church or the Society of Jesus had on the estates unjustly seized by the crown of England in the year 1800. The choice of the date for the final payment—the anniversary of the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot—was very displeasing to the Orangemen. Giving back the Jesuits their property on the fifth of November was adding insult to injury and wounding sentiments the Orangemen thought even Mr. Mercier should feel himself bound to respect. And there were some weak-kneed Catholics too who thought the Prime Minister should not taunt his vanquished enemies. But the coincidence of dates was an accident that circumstances could not alter, inasmuch as it was the only day all the members of the Cabinet could conveniently assemble in Montreal; and so the bitter recriminations of the Orangemen had little effect.

To make matters worse, a certain amount of official solemnity was observed in the payment of the $400,000. The newspapers opposed to Mr. Mercier treated the whole scene in the government office that morning as a mock-heroic one, and wished to prove that the ambitious Prime Minister, in surrounding himself with Monsignori, Jesuits, and other members of the clergy, was trying to make political capital out of a simple business transaction. Certainly the event, with its accomplishment, lent itself more or less to this interpretation; but so many other Canadian

statesmen had grappled with the vexed question during eighty-seven years, and had failed, that Mr. Mercier may well be pardoned the little pride he may have felt the day he signed the document he considered the most important of his whole life.

At ten o'clock on the morning of the fifth of November, the Prime Minister took his seat at the head of the long table in the main room of the government offices. He had the newly-created Monsignor Labelle, Deputy Minister of Agriculture and Colonization at his right, and the Mayor of Montreal at his left. Farther down the table were seated the Ministers of the Cabinet, several of our fathers, the representatives of the Bishops who shared in the estate money, and other prominent citizens.

After all had been comfortably placed, Mr. Mercier called upon the Notary Lussier to read the deed of agreement which had been drawn up between the government and the Jesuits, and which was now about to be signed by both. This document had been carefully prepared beforehand; every word chosen and weighed, so that no flaw, legal or otherwise, might be discovered to give trouble to future generations. In it were recorded the stipulations by which for a compensation of $400,000, "the Government of the Province of Quebec will receive a full, complete, and perpetual concession of all the property which may have belonged in Canada by whatever title to the Fathers of the old Society; and the Jesuits will renounce all rights generally whatsoever upon such property, and the revenues therefrom, in favor of the Province;—the whole in the name of the Pope, of the Sacred College of the Propaganda, and of the Roman Catholic Church in general."

This document being read, Assistant Provincial Secretary Mitchell produced checks, thirteen in number, ready for indorsement, in the following order:—For the Jesuits, $160,000; Laval University, Quebec, $100,000; Laval University, Montreal, $40,000; the Apostolic Prefecture of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, $20,000; the Archbishopric of Quebec, $10,000; the Archbishopric of Montreal, $10,000; Bishopric of Chicontimi, $10,000; Bishopric of Nicolet, $10,000; Bishopric of Three Rivers, $10,000; Bishopric of St. Hyacinthe, $10,000; Bishopric of Sherbrooke $10,000; representing interest due to the Jesuits, $5260. All the checks were made payable at the Bank of Montreal, and subject to the order of Father Turgeon, to whom they were handed one by one in the midst of a profound silence.

The next proceeding was the signing of the deed of

agreement; but Mr. Mercier began by making a speech, of which what follows is a summary:

"Before putting my signature at the bottom of this important deed, I wish to say a few words. I will be brief, but I trust that my words will be appropriate. This deed, which will stand as a monument, contains two important clauses; first, a cession of all rights in the Jesuit estates to the Province of Quebec, and, secondly, the payment of $400,000 by the Province. This cession is the result of a compromise between Father Turgeon and myself, sanctioned by the Legislature, a compromise made in the name of several important parties interested: first, the Pope, representing the Catholic Church; secondly, the Jesuit fathers both ancient and present; thirdly, the Province of Quebec. A cession is made of all rights which the Church could claim, of all rights which the ancient Jesuits could claim, and of all rights which the newly-incorporated body of Jesuits in 1887 might claim to these Estates. For this the Province of Quebec pays $400,000, a very considerable sum in appearance, but in reality a very small one. If the real value of the estates be compared to this sum, the amount becomes insignificant. Moreover, if we take into consideration the fact that we are purchasing peace at this price and causing a disappearance of difficulties between civil and religious authorities, that we are bequeathing to our children a legacy of peace which will enable them to proclaim aloud that men were found in these days sufficiently imbued with religious and national sentiments to settle this important question; if all these things are taken into consideration, we are certainly entitled to credit for having worked for the general good.

"The amount is to be paid by separate checks for each item of distribution. This may seem strange to those who are not acquainted with Father Turgeon's extraordinary delicacy. He was to receive the whole amount for distribution. The whole could, and perhaps should, have been paid to him. However, he thought better (and for that I thank him) that separate checks should be made out, so that each one might be considered as receiving direct the amount granted him by the Holy Father."

After making a few observations regarding the $60,000 to be given to the Protestants of the Province, Mr. Mercier continued: "As God is my witness, I make the most fervent vows that peace may reign everywhere, not only among Catholics but among Protestants also, and that all may unite in proclaiming the advent of civil and religious peace, and express satisfaction at the law made to settle this important question. There is no doubt but that this is the feeling of

the great majority; and as regards the agitation which has been raised and which, it appears, still exists in certain quarters, I have nothing to say. I shall continue in my *rôle* of peace-maker, making no charge against those who may think differently from me. Having rendered justice to the religious authorities, I shall say nothing to disturb the peace of this great day. I believe I have done right. If others think otherwise, let them take the responsibility of their acts. History will relate in its pages, when we have disappeared, when passions have calmed down, who were right and who were wrong. However, above us all stands a most impartial Judge, before whom all must appear, Catholics and Protestants, French and English. He will judge us all with more equity than men may sometimes have done. Before closing, gentlemen, I must inform you that I have invited my two sons to sign this deed which I consider the most important document of my whole life. I trust you will allow them to put down their names as witnesses thereto." This able speech was long and loudly applauded.

Father Turgeon, rising to reply, said he did not expect to be called upon to speak on this occasion. However, he could not refuse the request of the Hon. Mr. Mercier who had rendered him so many valuable services on different occasions. "To say," he continued, "that I am thankful to the Legislature, is a statement that will astonish no one. Appointed to a special mission by the Propaganda and by superiors, I wish to say how grateful I am to the Hon. Prime Minister and his colleagues for their proceedings towards me. Mr. Mercier has referred to my delicacy. I must say that there was a conflict of delicacy between us, and he carried off the palm. He had many difficulties to overcome, and he overcame them victoriously . . . . We have been charged at times with meddling in politics. Now why should we not have the right to say a thing is right when we find it right, and to thank Hon. Mr. Mercier and his Cabinet for what they have done for the Catholic Church and the Society? I thank them, then, in the name of the Propaganda and of the Society of Jesus." After making a short digression to prove by examples the loyalty of our old Fathers to the flags that floated over them before and after the Conquest of Canada, Father Turgeon concluded: "As a Canadian I thank Mr. Mercier for the service he has rendered us. Thanks to God first, then to him and to the Legislature, we are now recognized as citizens. In becoming Jesuits we did not cease to be Canadians. Ancient Rome conferred the title of citizenship for less than has been done by our Fathers. Our Order has glorious pages

in the history of our country. Two hundred years ago the Jesuits shed their blood for their adopted country of Canada, they are ready to shed it again; that surely gives them a title to citizenship . . . . In conclusion, I may add that I was a witness to the good impression produced among the high dignitaries of Rome by this important act of the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, and I may say that those who took part in effecting its passage will never be forgotten in Rome."

. Father Turgeon and Mr. Mercier then signed the deed of agreement, followed by the members of the Cabinet, those of our Fathers who were present, and the two sons of the Prime Minister. Father Turgeon then indorsed the checks, except the $160,000 one which he retained for the Society, and handed them over one by one to the representatives of the Bishops and the University who were present ready to receive them. Thus terminated the memorable cession that marked the end of legislation in the famous estate question.

"But is it indeed the end?" asked the Toronto *Mail*. It is the end of the claims the Society had to the estates; but it is not the end of the base charges of double-dealing, underhand politics, etc., which are thrown into its face daily by Catholic newspapers. This may seem strange conduct for Catholic newspapers. But it is well to know that there are two distinct Catholic parties in the Province of Quebec. There are the Ultramontanes, or "No surrender" party, pretty numerous and aggressive, represented by *L'Etendard* and *La Vérite*. There is the other party, also numerous, represented by at least a dozen of newspapers, whose fundamental rule is, "Don't try to be a better Catholic than the Pope;" and it is amazing how triumphantly they succeed in observing their rule. The Jesuits are placed among the Ultramontanes; we are, in fact, "accused" of being the leaders of Ultramontanism; consequently, have to bear the blows levelled at us by the dozen newspapers subsidized by the other party. These attacks are taken up by the Protestant press, and, Catholic testimony alone being evoked, a clear case is naturally made out against us.

The only motive that can be given for the abuse which has been specially aimed at the Society during the past couple of years, is jealousy or disappointment at our success all along the line; first, the success of the Incorporation Bill in 1887, in spite of distinguished ecclesiastical opposition; secondly, Mr. Mercier's firm attitude and ultimate success in the passage of the Estates Bill. During the exciting debate over this Bill, our relations with Mr. Mercier, *statesman*, were necessarily intimate at times, and in the

eyes of an ill-disposed public tended to identify us with Mr. Mercier, *politician* and nationalist. An accusation of meddling in politics was brought against the Society in the beginning of 1889, and Fr. Superior had to publish a letter to say that the accusation was without foundation. The Jesuits were grateful to Mr. Mercier for services rendered, but there is a world of difference between showing gratitude and identifying oneself with a party.

The Jesuits came out unscathed, but the Hon. Prime Minister is paying for his firmness. His political antagonists are the Blue Conservatives and Red Liberals. His party is the fruit of the Riel agitation; it was formed at a famous indignation meeting held in Montreal in 1885. The French Canadians, Conservative or Liberal, who thought their beloved Province of Quebec was in danger, heard Mr. Mercier's famous cry, "Let us keep together!" left the Conservative and Liberal ranks and rallied under the banner of the new National party. It is not surprising that the Nationalists should find enemies in the ranks they abandoned; nor is it surprising that the statesmen who made them abandon those ranks should receive an extra cut of the lash. Mr. Mercier and his Nationalists are feeling the resentment of both Liberals and Conservatives. That the Liberals should be demonstrative in their resentment is not to be wondered at, since they are the people who look to France for their inspirations; but that the Conservative element should follow a similar line of conduct is discouraging. In Lower Canada a few years ago the French Conservative camp was supposed to be a refuge for all that was honorable and frankly Catholic. But all that is changing now. The National party robbed it of its best blood, and whatever prestige it had in former years is dwindling down to a shadow. There is no longer any honor in being a Conservative, any more than in being a Liberal. Both parties have gathered under their wings all the violent writers in the Province; and the tone of the press which they subsidize begins to differ not a whit from French Radicalism. For not to mention the utter degradation of language and sentiment French journalism of all shades has reached,—nothing commoner than to hear an editor calling his brethren around the corner "nameless idiots," "shameless liars" etc.,—Canadian writers have found it necessary to borrow from France the terms they require to give expression to the ideas that are floating around. Such expressions therefore as "Clericalism," "Anti-clericalism," "Ultramontanism," "National Clergy," "Foreigners" "Strangers," falling daily from the lips and pens of Catholic politicians, indicate anything but a healthy state of public

opinion. It is amazing with what dexterity a public man is labelled and put in his proper category. The "foreigners" and "strangers" are of course the Jesuits, who by the way were in Canada long before the rabid writers of the Conservative and Liberal parties had reached their swaddling clothes. But it is not delicacy or tact that troubles Canadian editors. One of the ablest writers (Catholic) in the Province of Quebec called the Pope to task for overlooking Cardinal Taschereau and appointing a Jesuit to transact the estate business. It was a most deplorable error of judgment and he hoped it would never happen again. Another writer (Catholic) published recently a violent article against the Society. The translation of a passage will suffice to give the tone. Addressing the few other French Canadian journals that stood by the Jesuits during the estates discussion, he wrote:

"Your persistence in not seeing God or the Church except through the spectacles of Loyola, in criticizing whatever does not come from or go to his Order, proves to us that in our land as in many others, thanks to men like you, the Jesuits are playing under cover behind the throne a *rôle* which has always and necessarily had the double result of having them shown out of the country with more or less etiquette, and of diminishing the prestige of that Church which the Society of Jesus has so often simply made a stepping stone to ends Christ certainly never dreamed of. We shall always defend our own clergy, our own institutions, our own country, against those passers-by (*transientes*) to whom we now put the alternative of being either simply Jesuits or frankly and openly politicians. We shall not allow ourselves to be shot in the back. In politics as on the battlefield, the principle stands good that those who are not soldiers and who are taken with arms in hand are put on the footing of spies and pinned to the wall."

This article was written in vigorous French and created quite a sensation. The Protestant newspapers reproduced it as pure gospel; the Catholic refuted it; the indifferent reproduced it as a curiosity of literature. In being too violent the writer missed his mark; we are not yet sufficiently advanced for prose of this stamp. "Pinning Jesuits to the wall" is a very effectual way of silencing them; but it is a way of getting out of the difficulty that commends itself to Communists, not to Canadians.

E. J. D.

THREE GOLDEN JUBILEES.

Fr. Aloysius Rocoffort.

(From the *Church News.*)

The Rev. Aloysius Rocoffort, S. J., celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his entrance into the Society of Jesus Oct. 22nd, 1889. On the previous Friday, which was really the anniversary, he was surprised to find that nearly two-thirds of the congregation presented themselves at the altar-railing to receive Holy Communion from his hands. On Tuesday the 22nd at 10.30 o'clock Father Rocoffort celebrated his golden jubilee Mass in Holy Trinity Church, assisted by Rev. John B. De Wolf, S. J., as deacon, and Rev. C. K. Jenkins, S. J., as sub-deacon. Many of his clerical friends were seated in the sanctuary. The preacher was Rev. E. A. McGurk, S. J.

Father Rocoffort was born in Marseilles, France, March 15, 1819. He was educated at Friburg, Switzerland, where he spent four years, and was received into the Society of Jesus at Avignon, the city of the Popes, October 18, 1839. After the usual course of studies he was ordained priest in August, 1846, in the seminary at Vals. In November, 1846, during the Mexican war, he came to the United States and settled in Louisiana. For ten years he labored in St. Charles' parish, in that State, his parishioners being principally Acadians. In December, 1856, he was transferred to the District of Columbia, and, with the exception of two years spent in Boston and some years in France, has been here since that time ministering to the congregations of St. Aloysius and Holy Trinity. During the war he attended the Catholic soldiers in the hospitals here, and administered the sacraments of the Church to two soldiers, who were the first wounded during our long civil strife. These men were stationed near Fort Washington, and were injured by the explosion of a shell. One of them died soon after the accident. Father Rocoffort is well known by the people of the District, and is universally beloved for his kind, genial disposition, unassuming piety and zeal for the welfare of those committed to his charge. At all times ready to help those in distress, he is

never so happy as when engaged in doing something to lighten the burden of his fellow-man. Although past middle life, he is full of activity and possessed of great mental vigor. May he be spared to his people for many years.

Fr. Adrian Van Hulst.

(From the *Catholic Home.*)

The half a century of Father Van Hulst's usefulness has few, if any, incidents that his biographer would term striking. Like his own character, his work has been silent, modest and unassuming. With the exception of a brief period spent in missionary work amongst the Indians in Kansas, his life has been purely scholastic, or better say, spiritual. At various times he was professor in St. Charles' College, Grand Coteau, La., minister of St. Joseph's College, Bardstown, Kentucky, and for a time ably filled the chair of French rhetoric in the St. Louis University. In 1871 he came to St. Ignatius' College here, and has since been, and is at present, the spiritual adviser of the Jesuit community on W. 12th Street and of many other religious bodies in the city. The reverend father is regarded as a remarkably accurate casuist and an enlightened spiritual director. His conferences on the end and requirements of spiritual life are noted for their deep and enlightened spirituality.

The golden jubilee of the venerable priest was fittingly celebrated in the Holy Family Church on the 3rd of December, 1889. The sacred edifice was crowded and the sanctuary was filled with priests and acolytes. Prominent among the clergymen present were the Archbishop and Very Rev. Vicar-General Daniel Dowling, Very Rev. F. Luette, C. SS. R., rector of St. Michael's Church, and Rev. P. D. Gill of St. Charles Borromeo's Church, and Rev. Florentine Boudreaux, S. J., of the Sacred Heart Church. Father Van Hulst, in whose honor the celebration was gotten up, occupied a prominent seat in the sanctuary.

At the conclusion of the Mass Father Van Hulst, who is greatly esteemed for his gentle and pious nature, received the warm congratulations of the Archbishop, the Vicar-General, and many visiting priests and friends.

Br. William Hennen.

(From the *Fordham Monthly.*)

On Nov. 9th, Br. Hennen celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his entrance into the Society of Jesus. To many

of the old boys his name and the celebration of his Jubilee undoubtedly mean more than they do to the present generation of students. Many of the old graduates must recall the Brother Baker of years ago, the tutelary genius of the bakeshop, when it meant even more than it does now. Br. Hennen has been at Fordham ever since it was first entrusted to the Jesuits by Archbishop Hughes in 1846. Even that was not his first connection with the institution. For St. John's, in more things than one, is really old St. Mary's, of Kentucky, transferred to its present home. The old clock on Second Division building is from there, having been brought originally from France, while many an old book around the house still bears the stamp of St. Mary's.

Br. Hennen was among the first who arrived, in August, 1846, not thinking, perhaps, that he was to be here so long, yet here he has been, year in and year out, through all this long space Many a pleasant recollection he has of those first years—of the good-hearted manly crowd of fellows, hard working students who played with all their might when the time came, wilder a little perhaps than we are now, but magnificent specimens of true American youth,—of those first graduating classes, the members of which have reflected so much honor on Alma Mater, and make the present gen eration thoughtful as to what they should be, "the heirs of all the ages in the foremost files of time."

The recollections of those early days, as they appeared from time to time in the columns of the MONTHLY, have proved a source of the greatest pleasure to the good old brother. Of late years, of course, he has not been able to engage in active work, but his interest in the old place has never diminished, and many a fervent prayer, we feel sure, he has breathed for the continued prosperity of old St. John's. He has seen her first cramped and narrow quarters gradually expanding, and now the very month of his jubilee brings the beginning of another and the largest building yet for her occupation.

He feels that with the fondest wish of his heart—the success of old St. John's—assured, he can, in joy of soul, say his "Nunc dimittis." The completion of fifty long years of laborious life in God's service, deserves the congratulations showered on him by his brothers in religion. Many years may he yet be with us to draw a blessing on us all by his fervent prayers. W.

OBITUARY.

Mr. Christian F. Wise (Weiss).

Mr. Wise was born in Bergholz-Zell, Alsace, on May 19, 1858. Having lost his father in tender childhood, he received a careful home training from his pious mother, and in 1870 began the study of Latin under his devoted parish priest, Rev. Fr. Doppler, who had been forced to leave the novitiate of the Society, on account of ill health. The next year found young Wise in the apostolic school of Issenheim, where his teacher was Fr. Denis, now a missionary in China. For a brief space his life was all sunshine in this happy home, but lo! one evil day an emissary of the government appeared on the scene, and in the name of law and order commanded these innocent children, under all imaginable penalties, to disperse or leave their native land. To the honor of these little champions be it said, that they preferred serving their God in voluntary exile to enjoying the pleasures of home and country. Some sought the shelter of Amiens; others, in company with Fr. De Foresta, the originator of that magnificent work, the *Apostolic Schools*, who has since died in the odor of sanctity, went to begin a new school in Turnhout, Belgium, and amongst these chosen few was Christian Wise.

Fr. De Foresta was not deceived in his judgment of the boy, if he selected him as one of the pioneers, with a view to giving a healthy impulse to the new college, for his rapid advance in learning made him the delight of his professors, and his solid piety as prefect of the sodality caused him to be proposed as a model to newcomers. When Fr. Filling visited Turnhout, his persuasive words stirred up great enthusiasm for the American missions, and among those who presented themselves for the arduous work was a tiny boy, who begged, with an imploring look in his bright eyes, to be taken to America. But superiors thought him too young, and refused the desired permission until the year 1875, when Mr. Wise turned his back for the last time upon his blue Alsatian mountains, and set out bravely for the distant mission. His companions on the voyage, were Fr. Valazza, now pastor in Florissant, Mr. Geiger, who faded away in a short time, and one other who put his hand to the plough and looked back.

Mr. Wise during his novitiate laid solid foundations of the religious life, and gave great edification by his regularity and whole-souled charity. After his juniorate he spent two years in St. Mary's College, where he taught the Latin and Greek of the poetry and rhetoric classes. It is said that his pupils

showed a remarkable facility in writing Latin; and in this they patterned after their professor, who was himself the author of a collection of Latin poems. In those early days of St. Mary's, the scholastics frequently had need of more than ordinary discretion and firmness in managing their charge. On all such occasions, Mr. Wise endeared himself to his brethren, by his willingness to help, and by showing an ever ready sympathy in all their troubles. And not only were the community edified by his charity, but the students who came under his care still remember with gratitude his unselfish efforts in their behalf, and most of them generously profited by his counsel and example, as is evidenced by the number who afterwards studied for the priesthood, not to speak of those who, in the world, have reflected credit on their teachers and college.

In 1881, he began his course of Philosophy in St. Louis, and finished it in Woodstock, in 1884. As indicative of his buoyancy of disposition at this time, it is related that one day, while a professor was at work with his pupils, a distant hubbub broke on the silent air of Woodstock, and stealing in through the class-room window, caused the professor to pause long enough to remark: "That's Mr. Wise's laugh; he is through his examination." And so it proved; for Mr. Wise's unflagging spirits, after the trying ordeal of an hour's examination in all Philosophy, were regaining their wonted state, amidst the congratulations of his companions.

After his Philosophy, Mr. Wise taught for one year in Chicago, and there caught a cold which developed into pneumonia. This dread disease passed away only to leave its victim the prey of consumption. Superiors sent him to try the bracing climate of Colorado, but the disease had made too much headway to be stopped by human means, and he returned to the province. After spending a year in St. Louis, he came to Cincinnati, nominally to study Theology, but in reality to await death. His conduct during his last years of life was truly edifying, his regularity at the community exercises being remarkable. He was never a trouble to any one, and somehow or other seemed to get along without any attendance. Almost to the end, he continued to toil down three flights of stairs to the refectory, then up again, halting occasionally through weakness. In the recreation room, we used to reserve a place for him, between two windows, out of the draught, and shortly after we were all seated, in would walk Mr. Wise exhausted from his weary journey, but ready for a laugh, as soon as he could get his breath.

On Nov. 4, 1888, Mr. Wise was unable to leave his room, and the whisper went around that he was to receive the last sacraments after the noon recreation. On entering his room, we found the invalid sitting in a chair fully dressed. He responded to the prayers, and when the time came for the anointing of the feet, he stooped down to take off his shoes, but

the infirmarian refused to allow him to perform this office. He knelt down on the floor to receive the Viaticum, with a beautiful smile upon his lips ; and we all felt that it was easier for him to leave us than for us to part with him.

The next morning, one of the fathers passing by the door of the sick room saw Mr. Wise sitting on the edge of the bed, dressing for the day. A moment later, the sound of a little hand-bell called him to the sick bed. The dying man had just strength enough to ask by a sign for the last absolution. He received it, and then his spirit sank into the gentle sleep of death.

'Twas a fitting end to a noble life. Conscious to the last, he knew that he was going, but brave in death as in life, he laid down his arms with the gladness of a soldier who marches into camp after the victory.—R. I. P.

Fr. John Verdin.

On the second of last November, when holy Mother Church was solemnizing, with her pathetic liturgy, the commemoration of her faithful departed, the soul of Fr. John Verdin took its peaceful flight from this world. Fr. Verdin's health had been gradually declining since his departure from Woodstock, about two years ago ; and when, last August, a decided change for the worse was noticed, there were few who did not think that his feeble frame, worn out by long years of the most useful and energetic labor, would soon succumb to age and disease.

Fr. Verdin was born in the heart of the present business portion of St. Louis on Feb. 21, 1822. From his estimable mother he inherited a remarkable sweetness of disposition, which, confirmed by the excellent training of his tender years, became the prominent trait of his character. How well we remember his hearty greetings, his kind words of encouragement, and his ever ready smile.

As a student among his companions, as a master among his pupils, as a superior in his community, and as a spiritual father with his younger brethren, ever the same kindness of manner and cheerfulness of disposition characterized Fr. Verdin, and won for him the love and esteem of all who came within the wide circle of his intimate acquaintance.

Among the first entries in the "List of Students" of the old St. Louis College, founded in 1829, is the name of John Verdin, aged seven. Thenceforth his connection with the institution was of the most intimate nature. He often recalled, with manifest pleasure, the sense of importance with which, as a little boy, he was accustomed to read to the fathers during meals ; and it is not surprising that as soon as he was sufficiently advanced in his classical studies, he ha-

stened to secure the bond of affection which tied him to the community, by entering the novitiate at Florissant. On the first of May, 1840, after the usual two years of probation, he pronounced his simple vows, and was almost immediately called to St. Louis to act as master, where he had so recently been known and loved as a pupil.

During his noviceship, appreciating the spirit of St. Ignatius, who ever encouraged in his novices an equable cheerfulness of heart and demeanor, he laid the foundation of that attractive and amiable spirituality which characterized his whole religious life.

After one year in St. Louis, he was transferred to Cincinnati, and there entered upon a career of teaching and prefecting, which lasted for eight years without intermission. In those early days of the Missouri Province, when there were but few to supply the two boarding colleges, the labor was hard indeed, and the moments of relaxation few and brief. There were endless amusements and occupations to be provided for the large number of students who remained at the college during the holidays; and the prefect's duties were even more burdensome for those two months than during the rest of the year. Fr. Verdin, however, found time amid his ceaseless round of duties to pursue his philosophical studies; and when in 1849 he was sent to Florissant to devote himself, for the first time, exclusively to study, he began with his usual energy a course of theology. At the expiration of two years he was ordained in St. Louis by Bishop Van de Velde, S. J., on the feast of our Holy Founder, and started at once for the East, where, in the colleges of Georgetown and Fordham, he completed his course of theology. One year more, devoted to his third year of probation at Frederick, finished his training; and he was recalled to rule the college which had been the scene of his own school days.

Fr. Verdin, then in his thirty-second year, was just in the prime of his energetic and active manhood. His amiable character, which had formerly rendered him a general favorite, joined now with the prudence and firmness necessary for his office, made him most efficient in his important position. We are, therefore, not surprised to learn that the five years of his rectorship in St. Louis, from 1854 to 1859, were among the most prosperous that the old college experienced in those days of prosperity before the war. He was relieved of his burden in St. Louis to enter upon more arduous duties and encounter more trying experiences in Kentucky. From the early part of 1860 to the summer of 1865,—the whole period of the war—Fr. Verdin was stationed at Bardstown, and during the last three of these five years he was charged with the care of the community. In those trying days Bardstown did not escape Bragg's Confederate troops and Buell's division of the Union army, which, successively camped in and around the little town, occupied the college buildings as a hos-

pital. Fr. Verdin's prudence was frequently put to a severe test. His ready zeal was also called into play. Many a soldier in both armies, who thought more of honor and success than of freeing his soul from the accumulated sins of years, was brought by Fr. Verdin's firm but gentle persuasion to the sacrament of penance; then, with lighter heart and freer step they marched out of Bardstown on what, to not a few, was their last campaign.

Fr. Verdin was sent to Cincinnati in 1865, and for four years was prefect of studies in St. Xavier College. The next scene of his labors was St. Ignatius College, Chicago, where for seven years he devoted all his energetic spirit to building up the new institution and placing it upon a sure basis of prosperity. The following five years were spent in missionary labors; and finally, in 1882, he retired to the community of Cincinnati as spiritual father. In 1885 he came to Woodstock, and the memory of his cheerful presence, for the last three years but one of his long and useful life, lingers pleasantly around these scholastic halls and in the remembrance of his spiritual children. Many there are, in the East as well as in the West, who have reason to remember Fr. Verdin. The younger members especially will not soon forget the affectionate paternal advice and encouragement of the prudent director and father.

Soon after his return from Woodstock, Fr. Verdin had the happiness, in the midst of many companions of former days, of celebrating the golden jubilee of his religious life within the old college walls, hallowed for him by so many happy memories. Shortly afterwards his venerable presence graced with a special interest the farewell banquet, held to commemorate the removal of the University from the old site to the magnificent buildings on Grand Avenue; and there, in his native city, he spent his last days, and resigned his noble soul into the hands of the Master whom he had served so faithfully. His last moments were peaceful and resigned; and his characteristic cheerfulness did not fail him to the end. It was about 5.30 A. M. on All Souls' Day. The priest in the chapel was vested in black, and the solemn *Requiem æternam* of the first Mass went up from the altar as the parting spirit trembled on the threshold of eternity. *Absorpta est mors in victoria. Ubi est, mors, victoria tua?* seemed to address death, as he entered the little chamber scarcely ten steps away. *In memoria æterna erit justus*, the sacred service proceeded; *ab auditione mala non timebit*, and the soul of the just man, in firm peace and confidence, advanced to meet its Judge. A holy and useful life was crowned by the happy consummation of the prophet's desire: "Let my soul die the death of the just, and my last end be like unto theirs."—R. I. P.

Fr. Aloysius Masnata.

Fr. Masnata was born at Rivarolo, near Genoa, Italy, on May 2, 1823. He received his early education in the schools of his native place, where he was distinguished among his schoolmates for his piety and talents. In his seventeenth year he was admitted into the novitiate of the Province of Turin, at Chieri, on Christmas Eve, 1840. At the end of his noviceship he completed his rhetoric and studied philosophy for two years, and then taught for some time in the colleges of Turin and Sassari, Sardinia. The revolution of 1848 upsetting our houses and colleges, he and many others were sent into France to study theology at Vals. During the next few years there was a gradual dispersion of the fathers of the Italian provinces, and Fr. Masnata, shortly after his ordination, was among the number sent to the United States. In 1850 he was at Georgetown in his fourth year of theology, in company with FF. Salvator Canio and Joseph Bixio, with whom he was destined to spend many years in after life on the California Mission. While in Georgetown he had an opportunity, of which he eagerly availed himself, of cultivating his taste for physics, mathematics, and astronomy; for he had as companions there in exile FF. Pianciani, De Vico, and Sestini.

From Georgetown he went to Frederick to teach the juniors, and remained there until 1854, when he sailed for California, *via* Panama, along with FF. Anthony Maraschi and Charles Messea. Immediately upon his arrival he was sent to Santa Clara, which is entered in the catalogue of the Province of Turin for 1855 as a *collegium inchoatum*, although it had been in active operation since March 19, 1851, the date of its foundation by Fr. John Nobili. For the next eleven years Fr. Masnata's name has a formidable array of occupations after it in each year's catalogue; and we know very well that the catalogue oftentimes records but a tithe of the labors of a zealous Jesuit. We find him billeted all along for the higher classes of Latin and Greek, and various classes of mathematics. He was at times prefect of studies, professor of logic and metaphysics, ethics, and botany, and for a while master of novices. In addition to this, he had such calls upon time and attention as are made upon the spiritual father of the house, the confessor in the church, for the students, and the neighboring convents, and the preacher on Sundays. He always enjoyed the confidence of his superiors; his counsel and advice being highly esteemed by them, so that it may be truly said of him that he was *dux consiliis, manu miles*. That he was heart and soul in his work is evinced by the fact that the most brilliant scholars

and the most successful professional men in after life, were those trained by him.

The 5th of March, 1865, witnessed his installation as rector of the college, an office which he held till January 6, 1868. For the next three years he was superior and *operarius* in San Jose. In 1871 he was back again in Santa Clara in charge of the parish, and was appointed Superior of the Mission on the 10th of April, 1872. In the February of the following year he removed to San Francisco, where he was made rector of St. Ignatius' College. He was succeeded in his rectorship by Father Pinasco in 1876, and in the superiorship by Father Varsi in October, 1877. From that time, resuming charge of the parish of Santa Clara, he remained at his post until August, 1886, when he went to reside at Los Gatos on the new novitiate property. It was mainly through his influence that Los Gatos was selected as the site of the novitiate that has recently been built there. From the time of his taking up his residence there he took the liveliest interest in everything connected with both the spiritual and temporal welfare of Los Gatos. It was as the very apple of his eye. But notwithstanding its unrivalled salubrity and charming situation it was unable to restore his declining health. For the past year it was apparent to every one that the hand of death was upon him. He was attacked by a complication of ailments which baffled all medical skill. A change to San Francisco about the beginning of November failing to bring any improvement, he returned to his loved home to die. On Monday, the 18th of November, the end came, and he peacefully passed away. Some of his old scholars of thirty years ago, upon hearing the news of his death, wrote testifying the love and respect they bore him and condoling with us for his loss.

Fr. Masnata was remarkable for three things: modesty, gentleness, and zeal. By modesty we mean the modesty of the rules of modesty, and by zeal, a faithful but unobtrusive diligence in all his duties which proved that he worked for God and not for man. He was known to the novices as "Fr. Masnata, whose eyes you seldom saw." His loss is mourned by all the Catholics of Santa Clara Valley.

His funeral obsequies were conducted in the novitiate chapel, and his remains were brought down by rail to Santa Clara for interment on Wednesday, November 20th, 1889. —R. I. P.

Fr. John B. Emig.

On the 10th of December, 1889, a few minutes after 5 o'clock P. M., closed the mortal career of Fr. John B. Emig. He immigrated from Bensheim, Province of Starckenburg, Hesse Darmstadt, Germany, in the year 1832, and almost

immediately after his arrival in this country sought and obtained admission into the novitiate of the Society of Jesus. So great was his desire to obtain this favor, that he walked from Baltimore to Emmitsburg, thence to Gettysburg, to Conewago, to Frederick, and, finally, to Georgetown College, where the superior then resided, to present his petition in person. On the 24th of September, 1832, he was sent to begin his noviceship at Whitemarsh in Prince George's Co., Md. In his second year of noviceship he was sent to the Missouri Mission, where he was prefect, teacher, vice-president, and president in the various colleges of that mission. He was ordained priest March 12, 1839, The historian of St. Louis University in noting Fr. Emig's arrival in September, 1834, adds: "Mr. Emig, afterwards Fr. Emig, long remained at the institution, where he was eminently efficient, both as an officer and as a professor; it was through his influence that the Greek language was first introduced into the course of study." Amongst Fr. Emig's pupils of those days was one whose after career did honor to his master's teaching, the lamented Fr. Joseph Keller.

Returning to the Maryland Province in 1863, he was stationed at St. Mary's Church, Boston, and the next year was professor of the juniors at Frederick. From 1865 to 1868 he was minister and prefect of schools at Gonzaga College. How well he labored for the interests of the college, may be learned from the following entry written by Fr. Cleary in the college diary: "July 1st, 1868. — This year the college had the honor of sending out her first graduating class. . . . . This fact is entirely owing to Fr. Emig's untiring exertions during the preceding years."

Returning to Frederick in 1868, he was employed during the ten years following in teaching the juniors and novices, in hearing confessions in the church, and in giving retreats and missions in various parts of the country. In this latter work he was very successful; for, everywhere manifesting the indomitable energy of an apostle, he was rewarded by a rich harvest of souls. If the conveniences of travel were not at hand he did not hesitate to walk sixteen or twenty miles in order to fulfil his duty. Fr. Emig was bold in denouncing vice in his sermons and exhortations, clear and precise in his instructions about the doctrines of the Church, indefatigable yet kind and considerate in the confessional. The LETTERS from 1873 to 1876 contain a series of very readable letters from his pen descriptive of his missionary labors.

Energy was the characteristic note of Fr. Emig's life. Forced by the necessities of the old Missouri Mission to make his philosophy, as he himself used to relate, in six weeks while camping out in the woods with the boys of St. Louis, and to study his theology at night while keeping the dormitory in Cincinnati, he set to work and supplied by an after

course of study and reading the deficiencies of this very short course. And that in this he succeeded, his series of mission sermons and meditations for retreats demonstrate. "His labors," writes a journalist, "have been very great and useful, and as a missionary priest he was unsurpassed, his sermons being all deep and logical, as well as most impressive."

Fr. Emig gave himself no rest wherever he found the places committed to his care oppressed with debts. Personally and by letter he begged from friends the funds necessary to remove the oppressive load under which they were laboring. Thus, on assuming the charge of the mission at Hanover in 1878, he found a rickety chapel with no school, and a people who scarcely knew what to do to remedy the evils by which they were surrounded. He set to work with his usual energy, and, although nearly eighty years old, he raised a fine church, built a school-house with suitable accommodations for the sisters in charge, and, after having celebrated the golden jubilee of his priesthood, transferred the church without a cent of debt or encumbrance to the bishop of the diocese.

Since that time, broken down with disease and years, he did not cease to labor for the good of his neighbor in the Conewago mission. Indeed, he may be said to have died in harness. He had finished the compilation of the Ordo for 1891, and only the week before he died, as no one else in the house was available, he went to one of the dependent missions to sing a requiem Mass. The church was very cold, and after the Mass he returned home so chilled interiorly and exteriorly, that he seemed, in his own words, to be wrapped up in ice. This brought on a violent attack of asthma, from which he had been suffering for years, and this attack, though alleviated for a time, at last finished a laborious life with a quiet death. He died after receiving the sacraments, as an apostle would like to die, surrounded by his brethren and helped by their prayers. "As a child going to sleep," said one of those who were with him to the last, "he went before his Lord to receive the reward of his well-spent life." Fr. Emig was already in the fifth month of his eighty-second year, having spent fifty-seven years in the Society, over fifty of which were given to the priesthood. "Blessed are the dead, who die in the Lord. Yea, saith the spirit, for their works shall follow them."—R. I. P.

Br. Hugo McGunegle.

Br. McGunegle, born in Ireland on Aug. 15, 1823, entered the Society on July 11, 1857. During his noviceship, which was made under Fr. Angelo Paresce, he was the cook for the community. On taking his vows, he was appointed to the

same office in St. John's Rectory, Frederick. The next year, 1861, found him stationed at Bohemia, Md., where he remained as cook till 1866. He spent the year 1867 in the same capacity at Conewago, Pa. Returning the following year to Bohemia, he remained there two years. In 1870 he was Br. Patrick Gallagher's assistant in the kitchen of Georgetown College. In 1871 we find him at Holy Cross College, Worcester, where for nine years he was faithful and diligent in the duties of the same lowly office. His appointment in 1880 as manager of the farm at Conewago was probably made with the intention of benefiting his health impaired by long continuous indoor service. In the ninth year of his residence at Conewago, Br. McGunegle was sent to the residence of the Gesù, Philadelphia, and here it was that he received his last summons.

On Tuesday, Dec. 10, 1889, a little after 2 P. M., the community was summoned to the bedside of the dying brother. Fr. Minister gave him Extreme Unction and Holy Viaticum and imparted the last blessing with plenary indulgence. Just before receiving Holy Viaticum the brother was so exhausted that it appeared as if he could not live long enough to complete the ceremonies; but he revived sufficiently to be able to join in the responses, and follow the prayers intelligently to the end. From this onward he sank gradually and expired calmly a few minutes before 5 P. M. The funeral took place at our Church of the Gesù on Thursday, Dec. 12th, 1889, and the burial was at the old St. Joseph's Cemetery in the southern part of the city.—R. I. P.

Fr. William Kockerols.

Fr. William Kockerols, born Aug. 3rd, 1837, at Wnerm, Rhine Province, Prussia, entered the Society, Oct. 31st, 1855. After his studies and ordination he came to this country in 1869 and labored for several years at Canisius College, Buffalo, partly in the ministry, partly in college work. In 1875 he became superior of St. Mary's, Toledo, O., which remained the fruitful field of his zeal until 1886. The remodeled church, the completed schools, and the substantial rectory are monuments to his energy, whilst his tender pity for sinners and strong love for the poor, whom he always succored, were proofs of his truly apostolic spirit.

After two years spent in the College of the Sacred Heart at Prairie du Chien, Wis., he was appointed superior at St. Ann's, Buffalo, in October, 1888. Though apparently in good health, he suffered much; his severe rheumatism and symptoms of a serious liver complaint made the physicians advise a change of air. A stay at Mt. Clement, Mich., during September and October was of no avail. Hence he was

transferred to St. Vincent's Hospital, Toledo, but soon all hope of recovery vanished. He bore his last sickness with perfect resignation which edified all who went to see him. The attending physician remarked that he scarcely ever had witnessed such patience in a man suffering such excruciating pains. He died on the 11th of December, 1889. His remains were laid to rest in the beautiful little cemetery of St. Mary's, Toledo.—R. I. P.

Mr. James Richard O'Connor.

James Richard O'Connor was born in San Francisco, May 12, 1873. He entered the novitiate of the Mission of California Sept. 11, 1888, and during his short life in religion endeared himself to all by his gentle virtues. For eight years he attended St. Ignatius' College; and though he lived in a city and passed much of his time in the streets, passing to and from school, a father who had been his confessor from the beginning assured his schoolfellows that he had never lost his baptismal innocence. The Master of Novices writes: "Though a child in years, he had reached the ways of mature age in self-control, and in most instances was able to act from acquired virtuous habit. His gratitude to God for his religious vocation was constantly kept up, as the daily jottings of his resolution book testify. He was aware that the symptoms of his fatal disease were not unobserved by his superiors, and the dread that they might prove an obstacle to his admission to the vows, made him strain every nerve to keep up with the duties of the novitiate to the very last. Though death came somewhat suddenly, he was fully prepared; and, knowing him well, I can safely say that he never voluntarily offended God grievously during his short stay upon earth."

A companion adds, that he seemed perfectly indifferent as to whether he should or should not recover; and he showed a perfect detachment from all earthly things. Though always glad to see the infirmarian, he apparently disliked the visits of the regular physician. In his delirium he was often heard to murmur, "Deo gratias et Mariæ."

He closed his innocent life here below December 16, 1889.

En surgunt pueri et rapiunt cœlestia regna,
Nosque senes linquunt duros contendere in hostes.
Vicisti pugnam palmamque, Jacobe, tulisti:
Nos sed adhuc miseri cœcis jactamur in undis
Donec clara dies niteat Cœlumque patescat.
Natus et alma parens, en te ad supera alta vocarunt
Angelicas inter turmas animasque beatas.
Ergo pete ex illis dent nos sociare sodales
Post actas pugnas, multa et discrimina rerum.

—R. I. P.

Mr. Arthur J. O'Leary.

Mr. Arthur J. O'Leary was born at Newark, N. J., on February 2, 1869. In his eleventh year he began attendance at our college in Jersey City; and from that time till his entrance into the Society, five years later, he resided with his grandparents in that city.

Having finished poetry class in St. Peter's College, he was, in the summer of 1885, received into the Society, and took the three simple vows on the 15th of August, 1887. He then entered upon his juniorate. Naturally well gifted for literary studies, he made rapid progress till he was weakened, and finally prevented entirely from studying, by the sickness which ended him.

It was not till his second year as junior that definite traces of consumption showed themselves. In the two or three previous years he had grown very rapidly, and this drain on his strength left him constitutionally unprepared to resist the disease when it set in. It is to the autumn of the previous year that we must look for the beginning of trouble. He at this time, by some misadventure, caught a slight cold, which lasted persistently through the summer months. The following scholastic year Mr. O'Leary attended class regularly until January, when at the advice of Dr. McSherry of Baltimore, whom he had been for some time previously consulting, he discontinued totally his studies.

At the commencement of the summer vacation he went to Woodstock with the other juniors; but his stay there was resolutely opposed by the doctor; and, after remaining long enough to catch a fresh cold, he returned to Frederick. In August he was called to St. Francis Xavier's College, N. Y., where he was to take complete rest, though nominally occupied about the office. From this time he constantly became weaker and weaker, though without any sudden change for the worse until the eve of the feast of St. Francis Xavier. After that date he was confined to his room. On the 3rd of January he received Extreme Unction; on the Friday evening following he became a little delirious, and some of the the community remained with him during the night. It was evident on Saturday morning that death might come at any moment. Gradually, Fr. Provincial and some of the fathers and brothers gathered around his bed; the scholastics were in the class-rooms. It was not long before the end came. It was just the end we might have looked for to such a life as his had been. He did not speak; he was far too weak for any struggle. Death came to him as sleep might have come to him. It was difficult to tell the moment of his death, so quietly did his breathing cease. It was a few moments after eleven that morning when one of our scholastics, a stranger in the house, met Fr. Provincial com-

ing up the large stairs. As they passed, Fr. Provincial said to him, "Mr. O'Leary has just died;" and, passing on, himself rang the *de profundis* bell.—R. I. P.

Br. Patrick Cassidy.

Br. Patrick Cassidy was born in the County Monaghan, Ireland, on March 20th, 1813. At the age of sixteen he came to America in quest of a sphere more congenial for the expansion of his native energies and the freedom of shaping his future in accordance with the talents that nature had bestowed upon him. Once assured of this freedom and confiding in his own powers, he had no misgivings of his success in overtaking a fortune. But a kind Providence, into whose arms he had cast himself with all the ardor of his Irish faith, had a future and a fortune in store for him surpassing all his boyish dreams. It had been the parting wish of his simple and loving mother that her boy should explore the regions of the New World and send her an account of its wonders. With this end in view Br. Cassidy, after some years spent in New York City, set out on his mission of love. He wandered southward as far as Richmond, Va. One day while gazing down upon the city from one of the hills that overlook the town, his fancy rested on an elegant mansion prominent in the picture. Even while he gazed, a cloud of smoke followed by flames and flying embers burst forth from the building. These soon spread to a neighboring mansion, and in an incredibly short time two of Richmond's statliest dwellings were a mass of crumbling and charred ruins. Brought thus face to face with the instability of material splendor his mind was impressed deeply with the futility of laying up earthly treasures and the danger of allowing his heart to go out to them. Haunted by this thought, though almost unconscious of its guidance, he wandered back to New York with a vague resolve of burying himself in the solitude of some private family, where he might find leisure to attend to the all important subject of his salvation. In New York he communicated his intention to Bishop Dubois, while confessing to that saintly prelate. The bishop, recognizing at once a divine call to something more sublime, directed him to Georgetown College as the place best suited to realize his aspirations.

Armed with a letter from Bishop Dubois he again set his face toward the South. Arrived at Georgetown he spent some years as a postulant, making himself in the meantime very useful as assistant gardener. On Sept. 5th, 1836, he was admitted into the Society, and was sent to Frederick, where he made one year's noviceship under Fr. Francis Dzierozynski. What solid foundations he there laid of the virtues of humility, obedience, and self-abasement, his after life in the Society gave evidence. Sent back to Georgetown he

was put in charge of the boys' refectory and filled that office till he took his religious vows the following year. During the next years up to 1848 he was employed successively as gardener, assistant baker and infirmarian, as sacristan and vine-dresser, in all of which duties he ever showed that scrupulous care and diligence which were so noticeable in his later years at Woodstock. In 1847 he was chosen to accompany Fr. McElroy to Boston when the latter opened our first residence there, but returned at the end of a year to Georgetown as cook. In 1851 and 1852 we find him as cook in the College of the Holy Cross, Worcester, whence he was sent to St. Joseph's Church, Baltimore, then under the care of Fr. W. F. Clark. It would seem that he made himself almost indispensable in this new sphere, where he remained eight years.

It was here too that he came into unsought-for prominence among the enemies of the Church. Know-nothingism was then rampant in the land. Before his entrance into the Society he had witnessed in Boston the fanaticism which ended in the Charlestown conflagration, and which burned a stain into the escutcheon of Massachusetts that the succeeding years have failed to efface. Here in Baltimore while out on business for Fr. Clark one election day, his modest and religious mien, no doubt, marked him as the natural enemy of American ruffianism. At all events, he was violently handled and knocked down in the street by the fanatics.

Returning in 1861 to Boston, he was employed in the new scholasticate. From Boston he was sent in 1862 to Alexandria, Va., and remained there throughout the civil war and for some years after it. His graphic and accurate reminiscences of those turbulent years were a substantial proof of the keen powers of observation as well as the truly wonderful memory with which he was gifted. Not an incident that came under his observation during those distant years ever seemed to fade or grow dim up to the day of his death. From 1872 to 1881 he was engaged as buyer at Loyola College, Baltimore, whence he came to Woodstock in the latter year.

Though he came to Woodstock ostensibly to die, the works he wrought during the years he was among us fully attest the amount of vitality he still retained, and if these works are any index of what he accomplished in the youth and bloom of manhood, his labors in the Society may be safely set down as prodigious. The rapid growth and perfect finish of all his undertakings were a source of constant remark among the scholastics. And the roads that grew out of his patient toil around Woodstock might do honor to the Cæsars. Quiet, persevering toil, religious silence, and perfect recollection at all times, seemed to be his characteristics. At recreation he was ever genial and sunny. His long life in the Society, joined to his accurate and retentive memory of men and things whilst making his conversations always entertaining and instructive, gave to his utterances a historic value which

makes us regret that they were not more extensively utilized.

In the autumn of 1888 he was attacked by a severe cold which brought him to the verge of death. His strong constitution, however, got the mastery, and he regained apparently during the following year his former health. Still, age was silently but surely undermining his frame. An attack of rheumatism at the beginning of the New Year still further weakened him. On the night of January the 4th he fell over a chair in his own room, which shock induced paralysis. He sank rapidly during the following days. Having received all the rites of the Church he became unconscious, and on the evening of the Epiphany, after an illness of less than forty-eight hours, he breathed forth his pure soul into the hands of his Creator.—R. I. P.

The obituaries of FF. JOHN J. STEPHENS, ARNOLD DAMEN, BENEDICT SESTINI, JAMES PERRON, and MR. MOSES A. KAVANAGH will appear in our next number.

BIOGRAPHICAL SUPPLEMENT.[1]

Mr. Tobias F. X. Witman.

Died at Frederick, March 19, 1871.

After only three years spent in the Society, this holy scholastic died in the novitiate, Frederick City, Md., on the feast of St. Joseph, March 19, 1871; much to the regret and even surprise of his companions. Grave beyond his years, modest, unassuming in manners, exact without being scrupulous in the observance of rules, he had endeared himself to all during the two years of his noviceship. He had spent only about four months in the juniorate, giving satisfaction to his teachers and superiors, when he was attacked by the fatal disease which sent him to heaven after only about six weeks of suffering. During his sickness he was as mindful of perfection and as exact in all duties as he had been in the novitiate. On the very day of his death, and but a few hours before he expired, he had marked down in his book of particular examen the number of defects for that day. He was celebrating the month of St. Joseph, and had begun the novena to the foster-father of the divine Infant at the advice of his spiritual father, begging for the favor of restoration to health and strength or a quick passage to heaven. St. Joseph heard and granted his prayer. On the day of the feast he arose with the community, and had put on the habit, when he was seized with a sudden attack of weakness that forced him to lie down again, unable to change his dress. He received the holy Viaticum with his usual fervor. Recovering shortly after he had received all the sacraments of the dying, he continued to follow the ordinary distribution of time until 4 P. M. At that time all the community except the rector and the infirmarian were present in the church at the solemn vespers of the feast. The vespers finished, some few of his companions returned just in time to join in the prayers for the dying, which were being read by the rector, and which had hardly been completed when his short agony was over, and his soul had gone to receive the reward of his short but well spent life. It was as he had foretold in the beginning of the month. He was born near Churchville, Berks County, Pennsylvania, on January 10, 1853, and entered the Society on May 26, 1868. One who knew him well describes him as "one more of those precious youths who copy Berchmans in life and death—the glory of the Society."

Fr. Francis X. Di Maria.

Died at Philadelphia, July 23, 1871.

In the beginning of his 64th year, Fr. Di Maria died at the hospital of St. Joseph, Philadelphia, on July 23, 1871. He had lived 46 years in the Society, having entered on the 28th of November 1825, in his seventeenth year. Born in Naples, on the 13th of May, 1808, he made his noviceship in his native city and, after the usual studies and teaching, was made a professed of four vows on the 1st of December, 1847.[2] Possessed of great talents as a preacher, after having filled with much praise the chairs of philosophy and theol-

[1] See previous volume, p. 374.

[2] In Eleanor C. Donnelly's "Life of Fr. Barbelin" it is said that Fr. Di Maria was born at "Caserta, a small town on the Campagna, a few miles from Naples." From the sketch given there (p. 219 ff.) we learn that his early studies were made in the College of Naples, his philosophy in Rome, and his theology in Naples. He is said to have borne such a striking resemblance to Gen. Jackson that visitors who could not remember his name used to call for "Old Hickory," —and this at the suggestion of the affable father himself. After his death an eloquent tribute was paid to his memory by the Hon. Joseph R. Chandler.

ogy in various colleges of his own province, he asked most earnestly and obtained permission to come to the missions in America. He was an indefatigable worker in various places in Missouri, Kentucky, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Maryland. His love for the poor was so great that to some it seemed at times to exceed the bounds of prudence. For young men and boys he manifested a particularly warm zeal. Nor were these wanting in grateful reverence ; for whenever they saw him walking in the streets on his errands of mercy to the poor and sick, they used to run up to salute him, and show their joy at being recognized. He had an intense love for his vocation, and could never speak of the Society without showing in the tenderest manner his love for all that belonged to it. Fortified with all the rites of the Church he gave up his soul to God on the 23rd of July, 1871.

Mr. John Deady.

Died at Woodstock, July 27, 1871.

The oldest tombstone in our little cemetery at Woodstock bears the name of John Deady. He was the first to die in the new scholasticate. He was born in Ireland, on the 2nd of January, 1845, and entered the Society on July 17, 1866. Hence it may be said that he was only shown to the Society, as he died soon after entering upon his sixth year of religious life. He was a scholastic of great promise, but God was satisfied with his good will. The successful work promised by his brilliant talents was prevented by consumption, that disease which has carried off to heaven so many of our young men. A remarkable exhibition of patience under long and painful suffering was the lesson God wished us to learn from his life. His patience and resignation continued to the last. He received the last sacraments with the fervor of a good religious, and passed peacefully away on the 27th of July, 1871.

Br. John Kelly.

Died at Worcester, Feb. 1, 1872.

During the ten years he lived in the Society, Br. Kelly recommended himself so to his superiors and brothers as to merit the praise of a good, docile, and simple religious, who served God with a good and cheerful will. He entered the Society on August 19, 1862, in his 23rd year, and died in the College of the Holy Cross, Worcester, on the 1st of February, 1872, after he had received all the sacraments. After his novitiate at Frederick City, Md., he was some years employed in domestic services in Georgetown College, whence he was sent by obedience to Holy Cross. He was there only a short while when he was seized by typhoid fever, of which he died after a few days of suffering borne with an edifying patience.[1]

Br. Patrick McLoughlin.

Died at Worcester, April 26, 1872.

In the "Historical Sketch of the College of the Holy Cross, Worcester, Mass.—1843–83," which is before us, we find the following brief notice of Br. McLoughlin. "He died on April 26, 1872, in the forty-sixth year of his age and ninth of his religious life, at 9 o'clock P. M., after an illness of ten days. In 1867 he was assistant cook at Gonzaga College, Washington, D. C.; in 1868 he was at the novitiate, Frederick, Md.; and in the following year he was sent to Holy Cross, where he served as assistant baker."

Mr. William O'Callaghan.

Died at Woodstock, Feb. 2, 1873.

Mr. O'Callaghan was born in the city of Cork, Ireland, on Jan. 16, 1845. His family came to this country while he was still young, and took up their residence at Worcester, Mass. In obedience to God's call, William entered the Society in his sixteenth year. After four years spent at the novitiate, Frederick, Md., he was sent to Gonzaga College, Washington, where he

[1] These four sketches have been contributed by Fr. James A. Ward.

began his career of teaching. The natural sciences were most congenial to his tastes as a student, and in recognition of his ability in these branches, he was sent to teach natural philosophy at Georgetown in the fall of 1868. Speaking of this period, the *College Journal* says: "While with us, his qualities of heart and mind gained for him the affection and the highest respect of all who came in contact with him." One of his enthusiastic admirers describes him as "a supernatural edifice of diamond, built on a natural foundation of gold, a marvel in astronomy and mathematics, a model in simplicity and charity." But the labors of his position soon told upon his sensitive frame, and he was finally forced to seek complete retirement from the duties of his professorship. He was then sent to Woodstock, where he seemed to rally for a time, but he gave himself to study with such ardor that it soon became evident that the end was not far off. Though ardent and hopeful by nature, he himself soon realized that the final summons had come; and he met it with perfect composure. Then, his patience, his unaffected piety, his singular candor, his gaiety even to the last moment, and his wonderful confidence filled his last days with salutary lessons for those whose happy lot it was to be near him. It is of such that the Psalmist declares: "The just shall be in everlasting remembrance."

Mr. John E. Dooley.

Died at Georgetown, May 8, 1873.

A notice in the Baltimore *Mirror* tells us that Mr. Dooley was a son of Major John Dooley of Richmond, Va., "whose kindly ministrations to wounded and suffering Union and Confederate soldiers, during the civil war, made his name familiar as a household word in both armies." Mr. Dooley entered Georgetown College as a student in 1856, at the age of fourteen. He left college from the class of rhetoric at the breaking out of the war, when he thought it his duty to unite his fortunes with those of his native state. He enlisted in the 1st Virginia Regiment in August, took part in all the battles in which it was engaged, and was promoted to a captaincy. He was in Pickett's division at the battle of Gettysburg, and in the memorable charge made by that body for the possession of the heights, he was severely wounded and taken prisoner. On his release from Johnson's Island, Lake Erie, in February, 1865, he returned home resolved to renew his connection with the army as soon as his parole should have expired. Lee's surrender and the close of the long conflict prevented him from carrying out this resolve and he turned his mind to other thoughts.

He had long been desirous of embracing the religious life, and as no obstacle now interfered with the execution of this design, he entered the Society in September, 1865. Before two years had elapsed the first approach of a fatal malady was made manifest by a hemorrhage. He was then sent to Georgetown to do some prefect duty and husband his strength as much as possible for the course of studies before him. There he remained for over five years, spending the last two years in doing little more than studying privately to prepare for ordination. His disease, however, had progressed too far, and he died a few months before the time appointed for his ordination, on May 8, 1873, at the age of 31. But for his strong will and buoyant spirits, he would have succumbed long before.

He was most exact and conscientious in the discharge of all his duties. While high minded and brave, he was at the same time most obedient and amiable. There was a poise and self-restraint in all his words and actions that was most impressive and edifying. As a prefect he knew how to mingle firmness and kindness in such a way as to win the respect and affection of all those under his charge. He was confined to his room only ten days before his death. Patient and even cheerful up to the last moment, he expired peacefully and without a struggle.—Adapted from *College Journal*, June, 1873.

Fr. John Early.

Died at Georgetown, May 23, 1873.

Born at Maguire's Bridge, County Fermanagh, Ireland, on July 1, 1814, Fr. John Early made his early studies in his native place and, at the age of eighteen, entered the Armagh Academy, where he remained only nine months. He then applied for admission to Maynooth College, but as no

vacancy existed at the time he started for America in July, 1833. He entered Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg in the following September and applied himself at once to the study of rhetoric. His teachers were Dr. John McCaffrey, afterwards president of that college, and Fr. Edward J. Sourin, later the venerated Fr. Sourin, S. J., who died at Loyola College, Baltimore, a few years ago. In February, 1834, he went from Emmitsburg to Georgetown, where he continued his studies until the following August, when he entered the novitiate at Frederick. After his noviceship, in 1836, he was sent to Georgetown to study philosophy. From this time until his ordination, in July, 1845, at old Trinity Church, besides making a full course of philosophy and theology, he was employed in teaching. He was prefect also part of the time, and head-prefect during the year 1843–44. After his ordination he taught philosophy for two years, and attended the mission at Laurel, Prince George's Co., Md. He was then (1847) assigned to duty in St. Joseph's Church, Philadelphia. In 1848, he was made president of Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., which position he held until 1851. He next spent a year at Frederick, and in 1852 was sent to Baltimore to establish Loyola College. He was called thence in 1858 to the presidency of Georgetown College. In this office, Fr. Maguire, who had been his predecessor, succeeded him on Jan. 1, 1866. He next engaged in missionary work in Boston and elsewhere until July, when he was again made president of Loyola College, Baltimore. In 1870 he was again called to succeed Fr. Maguire as president of Georgetown College, which office he held until his death.

The immediate cause of his death was a stroke of paralysis, received on May 22nd, 1873; but his health had been visibly failing during the previous year. More than forty priests took part in the solemn office for the dead in the college chapel, and the Mass of requiem was said by Rev. Fr. Joseph E. Keller, who was then Provincial. The concourse of people at the funeral (estimated at five thousand) extended from the chapel, down the stairs, and out upon the grounds to the gate. The positions of trust to which superiors called Fr. Early are sufficient testimony of his administrative ability; and the sincere tributes of love and respect, which we find in the columns of the Georgetown *College Journal* after his death, show the esteem not only of his religious brethren, but also of the students and alumni of the college, and the clergy and laity of the country, for his merit as a scholar and his virtue as a religious.

Fr. Charles Bague.

Died at Washington, Sept. 25, 1877.

In the Georgetown *College Journal* for October, 1877, we find the following brief notice of the death of Fr. Bague. "We had a funeral here on the 26th of September. Rev. Chas. Bague, S. J., assistant pastor of St. Joseph's (German) Church, died at the Providence Hospital and was buried in the cemetery of the community. He was one of the exiles from Switzerland in the radical revolution of 1848, taught at St. John's, Frederick, was assistant pastor at Whitemarsh, and finally came to Washington four or five years since. He had long been an invalid. His age was 68." Fr. Bague is mentioned in the Letters in the "History of St. John's—Frederick" (vol. v., pp. 180, 185), as one of the assistants there between 1848 and 1850, and again between 1853 and 1860. He is described by one who knew him well as "a Hessian, thin, slight, and almost feminine in appearance; an unassuming, unambitious soul, unconscious of his own heroism. At Whitemarsh he applied his artistic talent to beautifying the church and grounds. His lake and fountain became afterwards the scene of a remarkable pilgrimage in which several thousand people participated under the direction of Fr. B. F. Wiget. The people of Whitemarsh still fondly cherish his memory, and love to recall the days when he used to assemble them for May devotions at the spring under the white oaks."

Mr. Thomas H. Kane.

Died at Frederick, Aug. 30, 1878.

Born in Cambridgeport, near Boston, on July 9, 1851, Mr. Kane made his classical studies in Boston College, where he distinguished himself in the debating society, of which he was vice-president, in dramatics, and as major

of the battalion. He entered the Society on July 27, 1872. During his noviceship he held the position of *manuductor*. He was naturally robust, but constant application to study finally told upon his constitution, and he died after an illness of about five months in the infirmary at Frederick, on the morning of Aug. 30, 1878. He was most unselfish, always amiable, and seeking the happiness of others. On the day before his death he received the last sacraments with tender devotion, answering the responses with great fervor. Just after receiving the holy Viaticum he said to one of his brother novices: "How happy a thing it is to die in the Society." His novice-master, Fr. Tisdall, said of him at the time: "I have seen many a holy death, but never have I seen any one go to heaven so calmly as he." Fr. Duverney said of him that his whole life was a preparation for death. He was buried in the northwest corner of the novitiate cemetery.

Br. James Bergen.

Died at Worcester, Sept. 25, 1878.

The "Historical Sketch" of Worcester College, above referred to, gives the following notice of the death of Br. Bergen: "James Bergen, S. J., lay-brother, died Sept. 25, 1878, at the Worcester Insane Asylum, in the forty-ninth year of his age and the ninth of his religious life. In 1870–71–72 he was gardener and assistant farmer at Frederick and at Bohemia Manor, Md. In 1873 and until his death(?), the college farm at Worcester was under his charge."

Br. John Callaghan.[1]

Died at Jersey City, Aug. 22, 1879.

Brother John Callaghan was born July 12, 1808, in County Tipperary, Ireland. He entered the Society, March 13, 1843, at St. Mary's College, Lebanon, Kentucky. Seeing his intelligent skill, the superiors gave him, while still a novice, complete charge of a grist mill belonging to the college. By a judicious use of the kiln for parching the grain before passing it through mill-stones, he succeeded in producing superior grades of flour and corn-meal. Bread made from his flour and corn-meal was greatly admired by the boys and by the community. In working the machinery, he employed, instead of water-power, mules which, he said, were so well trained that they could do anything but speak. They knew the hour to begin and stop work so precisely, that if he happened to be late, the mules, especially "Blind Dick," got into their places and started the work to the great detriment of the mill-stones which were thus rasped against each other for want of grain. In August, 1846, Brother Callaghan was relieved of his charge, and with the other members of the Kentucky Mission of the Province of France, was sent to St. John's College, Fordham, where he was employed *ad domestica*.

From Fordham he was sent to the Indian Mission of Manitoulin Island, where he started a grist mill for the benefit of the Indians. In 1858 obedience sent the willing brother to the novitiate at Sault-au-Récollét. Later he was employed at St. Mary's College, Montreal; then at Guelph, Ontario, where with his other works he helped to teach a little school. The last years of his life he spent at Fordham College. Broken down with age and labor he piously breathed forth his soul on Aug. 22, 1879, in the Jersey City Sisters' Hospital, whither he had been sent by the Rector of Fordham College, Father Gockeln.

Fr. James J. Tehan.

Died at Providence, Oct. 28, 1879.

Fr. Tehan was born in Frederick, Md., on Feb. 19, 1826. He was a schoolmate of Fr. Robert Brady. He entered the novitiate in his native town on Aug, 14, 1844. He made his theological studies at Georgetown, where he was also teacher and prefect for four years. He was very skilful in directing and encouraging boys, a man of prudence and considerable executive ability. He was ordained in 1856, and made his tertianship at Frederick in 1860. He subsequently held responsible offices in Baltimore, Boston, and Worcester. He was a brother of Mr. Wm. Tehan, a scholastic of the Society, who was

[1] Contributed by Fr. M. Nash.

drowned in the Potomac near the "Three Sisters" on July 4, 1850. The Georgetown *College Journal* said of him in a brief notice of his death: "He was zealous, charitable, and candid. He possessed a cheerful temper which always made him a welcome guest. At his death he had nearly completed his fifty-fourth year. He was a brother of Fr. John F. X. Tehan, of the Missouri Province." His last work was that of assistant pastor at St. Joseph's Church, Providence, R. I., where he died on Oct. 28, 1879.

Fr. Michael Driscol.[1]

Died at Fordham, N. Y., March 4, 1880.

Father Michael Driscol was born in County Clare, Ireland, on May 7, 1805. After having made a good course of English studies, especially mathematics, in which he very much excelled, and after a moderate course of Greek and Latin, he made up his mind to learn the trade of stone-cutting. He became such an adept in this branch, that builders were ready to make any sacrifices in order to secure his services for fancy stonework. In the pursuance of his calling, Michael Driscol found himself engaged in Bardstown, Kentucky, carving stone for a building considered grand in those days. Always an exemplary, practical Catholic, young Mr. Driscol visited the church Saturday evenings to prepare himself to receive holy Communion Sunday mornings. Whilst at Bardstown, it happened that he addressed himself to Father Charles De Luynes, at that time professor in St. Joseph's College and assistant priest to Rev. M. J. Spaulding, pastor of the church. Noticing something unusual in the young man, Father De Luynes requested him to call on him at an appointed day and hour. Mr. Driscol presenting himself at the designated time, made a favorable impression on good Fr. De Luynes, who, after a little conversation, asked him whether he had ever thought of becoming a priest. Driscol answered that though the thought had presented itself to him he did not dare entertain it.

The result of the interview was that Mr. Driscol, as soon as he could honorably close the contract on which he was then engaged, should go to St. Mary's College, Lebanon, about twenty miles from Bardstown, and there, under the direction of the Jesuit fathers, make a retreat of eight days. In due time, the pious, sterling young stone-cutter found himself in the Jesuit college, and applied for admission into the Society. For some reason unknown to the public, probably that he might review his studies, his reception into the novitiate was postponed by Father Chazelle, then Superior of the Mission. During the delay Mr. Driscol worked every day at his trade, and gave lasting specimens of his artistic skill. He erected to the "grand terrace," a cut-stone facing about eighteen feet high and about two hundred feet long, with two winding stairs leading from the base up to the terrace. This rostrum-like junction of the two winding flights of steps, would, it used to be said, be a choice place from which to address an audience of 100,000 men filling up the level plain running from the base of the terrace. The carvings on the stone banisters of the stairs were the object of great admiration. He was finally admitted into the Society on Sept. 7, 1839, and his dear friend Father De Luynes entered two years later, on Sept. 15, 1841. As usual in those missionary days, his course of philosophy and theology was made whilst he was engaged as teacher and prefect of recreation, in charge of the study hall, dormitory, etc. He had with him as his fellow students, Brother Hennen and the late Father John Ryan.

In the beginning of 1845, he was promoted to the priesthood. In August, 1846, with the rest of the old Kentucky Mission of the Province of France, he was transferred from Kentucky to St. John's College, Fordham, N. Y. Here Bishop Hughes had him appointed president of his diocesan seminary. In 1847 he was sent, with Fathers Du Merl and Schianski, to Montreal, Canada, to afford spiritual aid to the immigrants then dying there in great numbers from ship fever. All contracted the fever; Father Driscol alone survived. After his recovery, he was permitted, at the urgent and repeated requests of the Sulpicians, to take charge of St. Patrick's parish, Montreal.

He succeeded Father John Ryan as Rector of St. Francis Xavier's College in New York; later he was pastor of St. Francis Xavier's Church in the same city. He was for some time a missionary, during which time he gave several ecclesiastical retreats with great satisfaction to the bishops and lasting

[1] Contributed by Fr. M. Nash.

results to the priests. In August, 1868, he was appointed pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Troy, N. Y. During his incumbency he built St. Michael's Church, outside the limits of Troy. This new and handsome church, with its schools and other valuable property, was lately handed over by the Society to the Bishop of Albany. In 1876 he was relieved from office. He died at St. John's College, Fordham, N. Y., on March 4, 1880.

Mr. John M. Murphy.

Died at Georgetown, March 25, 1880.

Born in Boston, Mass., on March 9, 1855, Mr. Murphy made his early studies at St. Mary's parochial school and at Boston College, and entered the Society on Aug. 6, 1873. After one year spent in the juniorate he went to Woodstock to begin his philosophy. After only one year he was sent to Holy Cross College, Worcester, to teach Second Grammar class. The following year, 1878–79, he spent at Woodstock continuing his philosophy. But his feeble health would not permit him to continue his studies, and he was sent to Georgetown to teach and do some prefect duty. He died there in the following March at the age of twenty-five. During the last few years of his life he suffered very much, but especially during his last illness, yet his patience throughout was most remarkable. Naturally he was very active, and his talents were of a high order promising a very successful course of studies. His charity was most remarkable, as many a scholastic of his day has reason to testify.

Mr. John A. Gillespie.

Died in Baltimore, June 21, 1880.

There is something more than an ordinary coincidence in these two names of John M. Murphy and John A. Gillespie coming together in this list. One who knew both as boys at Boston tells a story of his taking young Mr. Murphy, who had a remarkably fine voice, to sing an Easter hymn for the boys of St. Mary's, Boston. There, the writer says, he met the brightest, best-natured boy he had ever known. This was John A. Gillespie. A few years later, the two Johns entered the novitiate on the same day. They died also in the same year, one on the feast of our Lady's Annunciation, the other on the feast of his patron, St. Aloysius.

Born in Boston August 12, 1858, Mr. Gillespie began his classical studies in Boston College in 1869, and entered the Society on August 6, 1873. He was sent to Woodstock for his philosophy after one year's juniorate. In 1879 he completed a most successful course, and began his teaching at Loyola College, Baltimore, as professor of the class of poetry. On the feast of his patron, St. Aloysius, he went in company with his brother scholastics and his scholars to spend the day at Point Breeze, Lower Canton, near Baltimore. After rowing for some time under a hot sun he went in bathing with the rest of the party. After a time somebody missed him, and after a search his body was found in about four feet of water. He had been struck by apoplexy. He was a young man of pleasing appearance and courteous manners, noble in heart and in head; his speech was simple, animated, elegant; and he was eminently successful in all his studies. But it was his charity that was most remarkable and won for him the love of all who knew him. He was buried in the cemetery of Woodstock College.

Fr. Charles H. Fulmer.[1]

Died at Boston, Sept. 26, 1880.

Father Charles H. Fulmer was born in Washington, D. C., January 23, 1833. His excellent Catholic parents, as soon as he had made sufficient preparatory studies, sent him in 1844 to Georgetown College, where he remained pursuing successfully his classical studies till 1847. On the 10th of August of that year he entered the novitiate at Frederick. After his noviceship he made one year of rhetoric and one year of philosophy at Frederick. He was then sent to teach at Georgetown for one year, and afterwards at Philadelphia for three years. Having finished these four years of teaching,

[1] Contributed by Fr. Robert Brady.

he studied philosophy for another year at Georgetown, and then immediately entered on his course of theology, two years of which were made at Georgetown, one in Belgium, and the last at the newly opened scholasticate in Boston. After his ordination, in 1861, he was employed till 1876 as professor, or prefect of studies, or as minister. In 1876 he was selected as a member of the missionary band just organized under Fr. Maguire, and, although of a naturally modest and retiring disposition, he soon gained quite a reputation as a preacher. His health failing in 1878, he was sent to St. Mary's Church, Boston, where he remained till his death. His principal duty there was the superintendence of the parochial school for boys. Faithful and devoted as he had always been to duty, he was now far more so. His heart was entirely in his work, and all his energies were thrown into it. The school increased greatly in numbers and efficiency. The 800 boys were completely under control; for while they loved him for the kindly interest he took in them, they at the same time feared him for his strict love of justice. He was with them as much as possible, either examining them in their class-rooms, watching their conduct before the altar, or enjoying with them their innocent recreation in playtime. It was while engaged in this labor of love that heart disease, which had long threatened serious consequences, at last attacked him so violently that he was no longer able to attend to his duties. He lingered many months, frequently having paroxysms which brought him to the verge of death. His sufferings were often intense, but he bore them all with great patience to the end.

Fr. John S. Sumner.

Died at Washington, Dec. 1, 1880.

The twelve pages of the Georgetown *College Journal* for December, 1880, with their heavy mourning lines bespeak the sorrow of the editors and students for the loss of him who was the founder of the *Journal* and its editor for several years. From the sketch of Fr. Sumner's life given on the first page we select the following:

"Fr. John S. Sumner, S. J., belonging to a Maryland offshoot of that old and distinguished family of New England, which in America dates back to Increase Sumner, a former governor of the Massachusetts Colony, and a younger branch of which Charles Sumner has distinguished, was born in Baltimore in 1819 and educated in his native city at St. Mary's College, which counts among its alumni many noted men of Baltimore. After graduation he engaged in mercantile pursuits, finding time, however, to give considerable attention to literature, becoming an occasional contributor to the *Southern Literary Messenger*, a periodical of high repute in its day, and probably at that time the leading magazine in America. His religious views undergoing a change, he embraced the Catholic faith, and afterwards, in 1856, entered the Society of Jesus. He taught at St. Joseph's College in Philadelphia, at Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., and subsequently at Georgetown, where he remained until the summer of 1880, filling the positions of professor, librarian, and chaplain. He was then sent to Gonzaga College, Washington.

"His death was sudden and unexpected. On Sunday, Nov. 28, after saying Mass, he complained of a slight faintness and indisposition, but no alarming symptoms were manifested until Monday evening, when he became unconscious. He died on Wednesday forenoon, after receiving the last sacraments at the hands of his brother, Fr. Wm. H. Sumner. On the following Friday he was buried in the old cemetery at Georgetown. His coffin was followed to the grave by many mourners from the city and by all the inmates of the college."

From some recollections sent us we gather, besides a confirmation of the above details, that Fr. Sumner was for some time associated with Fr. Sestini in editing the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, contributing in 1868 a series of legends of the saints adapted from the French. By the same chronicler he is described as "a cheerful soul, with a jovial paternal look on his rosy beaming face; ever ready to chuckle at anybody's joke; the delight of children and college boys, who were especially pleased with his short but practical sermons; broad-minded and generous towards all. His presence was like the cheering sunlight, and his name will never fail to bring a thrill of pleasure to the hearts of those who knew him."

Br. Michael O'Sullivan.

Died at Worcester, Nov. 19, 1881.

Br. O'Sullivan was born in County Kerry, Ireland, on Sept. 20, 1812, and entered the Society on June 9, 1840. From 1841 to 1848 he was refectorian at Georgetown College; in 1849 he was buyer and refectorian for "the Seminary," Washington; from 1850 to '54 he was stationed at St. John's, Frederick, and afterwards at Georgetown, as buyer, refectorian, and assistant gardener; in 1854 he had charge of the garden and farm at Worcester; for the next three years he was refectorian and keeper of the wardrobe at St. Joseph's, Philadelphia; from 1857 to '60 he was at Conewago, Pa., St. John's Church, Phila., and Georgetown College, engaged in the various offices of wardrobe-keeper, refectorian, and sacristan; from 1861 to '65 he was at St. Inigo's, Md., from which place he was sent to Holy Cross College, Worcester, where he served as gardener and farmer until a few months before his death. He died of consumption on the evening of Nov. 19, 1881.—*Sketch of Holy Cross College.*

Br. Thaddeus McKenna.

Died at Georgetown, Jan. 13, 1886.

No student of Georgetown for the last thirty years was long at the college without making the acquaintance of Br. McKenna. Few however knew him by any other name than the "captain." He was born on March 19, 1818, and entered the novitiate at Frederick on Sept. 5, 1843. At the end of his noviceship he was sent to Georgetown College. Soon afterwards he was sent to Worcester and Frederick for short periods, after which he returned to Georgetown there to spend the rest of his days. About five years before his death he was stricken with palsy, from which he suffered almost continually up to the time of his death. He seemed to be always thinking of and preparing for death. He was finally relieved from his long martyrdom on Jan. 13, 1886, at the age of 68 years.

Br. John Lynch.[1]

Died at Boston, Jan. 18, 1886.

Br. John Lynch was born in the town of Omagh, County Tyrone, Ireland, July 25, 1802. In the year 1837 he emigrated to America, and entered the Society in that year from Philadelphia, on Sept. 25. He was first stationed at Frederick, Md., where he was gardener at the parochial house and worked on the farm. He went from there to Georgetown, and worked in the garden for a year and a half. Thence he was sent with Fr. McElroy to Boston, Mass., and was the first of the Society to take possession of St. Mary's Church in that city, on the feast of Blessed Alphonsus Rodriguez, in 1847. There he remained as long as Fr. McElroy was pastor of St. Mary's. But when this venerable priest changed his residence to Boston College, Br. Lynch, his factotum, went with him, and remained with him five years, at the end of which time he returned to St. Mary's, where he died on the 18th of January, 1886, in the eighty-fourth year of his age. During his whole career in the Society, and especially during the thirty-four years he spent at St. Mary's, he was remarkable for his love of poverty, punctuality, charity, and, in fact, for all the virtues which adorn a true religious. He was so strict in his attention to duty, that, though always overburdened with work, he never had to be told twice to do anything. He was a perfect model of obedience. Few men outside of the list of the saints have lived so laborious a life with so few faults as Br. Lynch. He died of old age, fortified with all the sacraments, full of years and merits.

[1] Contributed by Fr. Wm. Duncan.

[In answer to our suggestion in the previous number, that members of other provinces and missions in America should take advantage of the present occasion to have chronicled in the LETTERS brief sketches of those whose obituaries have not been written, the following were sent us by the venerable Fr. Ponziglione, for many years missionary among the Osages, and now stationed at Marquette College, Milwaukee, Wis.]

OSAGE MISSION, KANSAS.

BR. ANTHONY TOELLA.

Br. Anthony Toella was a native of Switzerland, and was sent to Osage Mission in 1849. He was an excellent religious, always happy and satisfied. One of his duties was to take care of the sacristy, a thing which pleased him very much, for it gave him an opportunity of frequently visiting the Most Blessed Sacrament, towards which he felt a great devotion. At the opening of summer he was subject to attacks of violent fever, which at times acted on his brain; so much so, as to render him unaccountable for what he was doing. Under one of such spells, on the 22nd of May, 1852, after the recital of the evening litanies, instead of going with the other brothers to prepare the points of the meditation for the next morning, he strayed into the yard in front of the church. The night was rainy and very dark; he wandered around for a little over a mile, and, not knowing where he was going, he fell into a ditch full of water, and was drowned. His remains were found two days after, and were buried in the mission cemetery. At the time of his death he was forty-five years old, and of these he had passed seventeen in our Society.

BR. THOMAS COGHLEN.

Br. Thomas Coghlen, an Irishman by birth, was one of the first three brothers who came to Osage Mission with Father John Schoenmakers in 1847. He was *ad domestica*, that is to say, he had to do all kinds of work around the house. He served the community with great charity, and had an extraordinary patience in dealing with Indian children. His health was not very good, but he would never complain, nor ask for any exemption from the common life. At last he had to give up. His sickness was long, during which he frequently spoke of the happiness which, through the mercy of God, he expected in heaven. Strengthened with the last sacraments, he slept in the Lord, on the 7th of April, 1854, being then forty years old; of these he had lived nine years and six months in our Society.

FR. JOSEPH VANLEUGENHAEGE.

Fr. Joseph Vanleugenhaege was a native of Holland. He reached Osage Mission on the 3rd of July, 1857, and, without any delay, went around visiting the Indians, catechizing them, baptizing their children, in a word, doing all the good he could. In the spring of 1858, whilst going through the Indian village, close to the mission, he was badly bitten in the calf of the leg by an Indian dog. He, however, did not make much of it, and kept attending to his missionary duties as usual. About the middle of June he felt unwell, and gave signs of suffering from aberration of mind. Fr. Schoenmakers thought it better to take him at once to St. Louis, that he might be under the care of some good doctor. But the very next day after they had reached St. Louis University he got so sick, that it was thought proper to administer to him the last sacraments, which, having received, he breathed his last on the 4th of July, 1858. He fell in the bloom of his manhood, being but thirty-two years old; of these he had passed ten in our Society.

BR. THOMAS MCGLINN.

Br. Thomas McGlinn, an Irishman by birth, was a most expert blacksmith. He came to Osage Mission on the 5th of June, 1863. His health kept always good till about two years before his death, when some interior failing began to undermine his constitution, and he gradually lost all his strength till he became almost helpless. Being in such a state, Fr. Schoen-

makers asked him whether he would like to have some special prayers offered up for his recovery in our church. To this he replied, that by wishing to have such prayers offered for his recovery, he feared he would show that he had not that spirit of perfect indifference St. Ignatius wishes us to have towards health as well as sickness; and for this reason, he would prefer they would pray to God to grant him perfect conformity to His will. In such a spirit of perfect resignation he received the last sacraments, and on the 15th of February, 1871, passed, as we have reason to hope, to a better life. He was but thirty-five years old; of these he had lived eight in our Society.

Br. Jerome Lyons.

Br. Jerome Lyons, a native of Ireland, came to Osage Mission on the 25th of July, 1855, in the quality of a school-teacher. Healthy and stout, he had a constitution which seemed to defy all the hardships accompanying a pioneer life in the wild West. But fifteen years of Indian school-teaching made a wreck of him. He saw the end towards which he was fast approaching, but, full of holy enthusiasm, he kept faithful to his duty. He had a great power over his pupils, who loved him and respected him. Through his zeal the Boys' Sodality took a new start, and devotion to the Immaculate Virgin increased most wonderfully. Attacked by a pulmonary fever, he lingered for nearly two years till consumption carried him off. Perfectly resigned to the will of God, he received the last sacraments with great devotion, and on the 24th of April, 1871, went to receive the reward of his labors in God's service. At his death he was forty years old, and of these he had lived nineteen in our Society.

Br. Joseph Wellfner.

Br. Joseph Wellfner, a native of Germany, was employed at the Osage Mission as clothes-keeper and infirmarian for nearly two years. A strict observer of all our rules, he was most distinguished in his charity towards the sick. This virtue he displayed in a particular manner towards one of the mission students, a young man some twenty years old, who, having been attacked by a most violent fever, was taken away by death in less than two days' sickness. Br. Joseph, seeing the danger the young man was in, never abandoned his bedside, and with real brotherly love stood by him till he expired. He seems to have contracted from the young man the same distemper. In fact, but a few days after the young man had been buried, the brother was at once taken by the same fever, and in five days' time, was brought to the end of his life. He died most piously, after having received the last sacraments to the great edification of all the by-standers. His death took place on the 8th of April, 1886. He was but thirty-three years of age, and of these he counted eleven in our Society.

VARIA.

Alumni of Jesuit Colleges.—Delegates from the alumni associations of our colleges in the United States met at Loyola College on the opening day of the Catholic Congress and took the first steps towards the formation of a General Association of the Alumni of the American Jesuit Colleges. The object of this General Association is, that an alumnus may find in whatever city he may reside, suitable associates and influential friends. Among the distinguished gentlemen present were Rt. Rev. W. M. Wigger, Bishop of Newark and Hon. Honoré Mercier, Premier of Quebec.

Anima Christi.—*Der Katholik*, April, 1876, contains the following details on the prayer "Anima Christi:" "It dates back, at least, to the beginning of the 14th century. The prayer books of the 15th century contain it, and the 'Hortulus Animae' says that Pope John XXII. (1316-1334) granted an indulgence of 300 days to the one reciting it. It occurs in both Latin and German."—The same article adds in a footnote the names of a few old prayer books which contain the "Anima Christi," such as the "Hortulus Animae," the "Liber meditationum ac orationum," mentioning after each the year of publication and the number of the page where it may be found. A few variations of the prayer are also found; for instance: "in vulneribus" instead of "intra vulnera;" "vulnera sanctissima" instead of "vulnera."—One reading has: "Sudor Christi sana me" before "Passio Christi, etc." In one place it reads: "Protege me, pone me juxta te, ut cum sanctis angelis tuis in sæcula sæculorum laudem te;" another ending reads: "Pone me juxta te, ut cum sanctis angelis tuis videam et laudem te in sæcula sæculorum."

Austria, *Innsbruck.*—The number of theologians is larger than at any time since the University was founded. There are more than 300 names on the books, and among them are those of several Franciscan monks from Herzogovina, whom the Government has sent here to be instructed in theology.—Mr. Michael O'Connor, of the Missouri Province, defended seven theses "De Ecclesia," at the disputation held on Feb. 12, 1890. Mr. Timothy B. Barrett, of the Maryland-New York Province, read in the refectory a dissertation entitled "De Origine Obligationis Episcoporum Residendi in Suis Diocœsibus."

Vehelehrad.—H. E. the Cardinal von Fürstenberg, Archbishop of Olmutz, has just entrusted to the care of Ours the famous sanctuary of Sts. Cyril and Methodius, at Vehelehrad. It is a place of pilgrimage much frequented. The Society has the temporal and spiritual charge of this ancient abbey.

Baltimore, *Loyola College.*—The patronal feast of the Rector was celebrated on Dec. 3rd, 1889, by the students "who gave," says the Baltimore *American*, "an entertainment that was a credit to the students themselves, as well as an honor to the president." The same paper adds: "Enjoyable as this occasion undoubtedly was, still more enjoyable was the meeting of the alumni. Graduates, old and young, gathered once more in the welcome and familiar halls, around which so many fond memories cluster." In answer to the invitations

issued by the Rector of the college for the alumni dinner, nineteen graduates accepted and twelve others sent letters of sincere regret at not being able to take part in a reunion they had long desired.—On the evening of Dec. 2nd, 1889, Rev. Fr. Rector met by appointment in the college hall a few of the most prominent young Catholics in the city, with a view to forming a society that will be to the Catholics of Baltimore what the Young Men's Christian Association is to non-Catholics. As the result of this and subsequent meetings, in which the needs and peculiar circumstances of the young men of this city were carefully discussed, a constitution was drawn up, desirable candidates were admitted to membership, and officers elected. The society is known as the *Catholic Association of Baltimore City*. So far there are eighty members, and great caution is exercised in receiving new ones. The first of the Association's projects to mature is a series of free lectures. The first lecture, entitled "The Catholic Layman," was delivered by Edgar H. Gans, Esq., in the college hall on Jan. 23, 1890. It is expected that some of the lectures will be given by well known speakers in one of the largest halls in the city.—Fr. Wm. J. Tynan, the Minister of the college, is teaching the class of rhetoric in place of Fr. Gunn, who has been transferred to the Gesû, Philadelphia.—Fr. Francis Ryan has formed a reading circle amongst the associates of the League of the Sacred Heart.

Books.—The scholastics of Uclés are preparing a new edition of the *Manuel des FF. Coadjuteurs*, and of the *Ritus et Preces ad usum Patrum Soc. Jesu*. They ask that if any judge that modifications or additions should be made to the former editions to notify them at once. The *Ritus et Preces* is a most valuable little book for all our priests, and especially for the ordinandi. We should be glad to forward to Uclés any improvements or additions that may be suggested by our readers.—*Asserta Moralia*, auctore P. Matharan (3rd edition), is also announced by the Uclés press.

Fr. Clair has just finished a life of St. Ignatius. He has taken as a basis the work of Fr. Ribadeneira, to which he has added a large number of valuable documents.

Another volume of the Letters of St. Ignatius (*Cartas de San Ignacio*) has been issued. The sixth and last volume will be published before the end of the year. This valuable work is edited by Fr. Velez, an old student of Woodstock.

Fr. Sommervogel, of the province of France, is correcting the proof sheets of his great work on the Bibliography of the Society.

The second volume of *Los Claros Varones* has just been published at Bilbao. It sketches all our famous fathers of the old Chinese Mission.

Papes et Tsars (1547–1597), founded upon new documents, is a work of 514 pages by Fr. Pierling. This book, throwing light upon the relations between the Czar and the Pope in the past, is timely now that the Holy See is trying to effect a reconciliation with the Czar.

A French and Turkish dictionary by Father Joseph Reali has just been published at Constantinople. It has cost the author ten years' labor, and he has been complimented by Professor Vambéry and other authorities, the third class of the Medjidieh having also been conferred upon him by the Sultan.

Mr. Francis J. Finn, of the Missouri Province, is the author of "Percy Wynn; or Making a Boy of Him." Mr. Finn is the first Catholic writer who has attempted, and with success, to address the large class of readers so long

fascinated by the stories of Alger, Castlemon, and Oliver Optic. It is to be hoped that "Percy Wynn" may be the forerunner of other books as entertaining and as redolent of boyish piety.

The Innsbrucker Zeitschrift had an article in the November number that has stirred up several of our Protestant brethren to unusual liberality. The article treats of the "Klostersturm" raging at the time of the reformation. It has been reprinted in a condensed form in the *Magazine of Christian Literature* for January, 1890.—The letter from the Editor of the magazine may prove interesting to some of our readers:—

To the Rev. Fathers,
Woodstock, Md.

Herewith is sent you a copy of the January number of the *Magazine of Christian Literature* containing the condensed translation of the article on the Klostersturm from the R. C. quarterly made by Mr. Starbuck. We recognize your kindness in enabling him by the loan of the quarterly to make the translation, and trust you will recognize our fairness in presenting an article in which the ordinary Protestant view is disproved. I should heartily rejoice if it could be shown that there was no excuse for the Protestant movement in the condition of the Roman Church of the Fifteenth Century. It may be in the divine mind to bring into accord the Protestant and the Roman Catholic views of history, polity, and doctrine. But there is no such accord to-day. It seems to me that my course in publishing articles from Roman Catholic sources is a move in the right direction. When will Roman Catholic journals of equal standing admit Protestants?

Very truly yours,
Samuel Macauley Jackson,
Editor *Magazine of Christian Literature.*

Fr. James Conway, of Canisius College, Buffalo, has published a pamphlet of sixty pages entitled "The Respective Rights and Duties of Family, State, and Church in Regard to Education," which has been highly praised by the Catholic press. The same father has translated Fr. Pottgeisser's "Sermons for the Sundays and Chief Festivals of the Ecclesiastical Year, with Two Courses of Lenten Sermons and a Triduum for the Forty Hours."

British Honduras, *Belize.*—A great deal of good has been done this year at the mission. Many sinners have been converted, and many Protestants have embraced the true religion. During my excursion, which lasted two months, I have noticed more than ever the want of new missionaries. Many of our Indians can scarcely be visited once a year. Last March I administered the sacrament of Confirmation in fifteen villages, ten of which had not been visited by a priest for nearly two years.—*Fr. S. Di Pietro, Prefect Apostolic.*

Canada.—St. Mary's College, Montreal, has 376 pupils, of which 190 are boarders. "La grippe" seriously affected studies for many days, over 100 boys being down with it at one time; one boy died of it; several others dangerously ill.—Fr. Charaux is going to build a new chapel at the Sault during the coming spring; the foundations were laid last fall. This new wing will be on the entrance side, corresponding to the wing occupied by the juniors, but extending further into the garden.—The missionaries on the Lakes are meeting with many hardships and plenty of consolation. FF. Nadeau and Dufresne are in the neighborhood of Byng Inlet; Fr. Chambon is among the Indians of Goulais Bay; Fr. Richard is in the forests visiting the whites in the timber-camps. He has thirty camps to visit before the timber-cutting season ends. The zeal displayed by our Lake missionaries made a local Protestant paper pay them the following homely but well-deserved compliment:

"These pious Catholic missionaries don't let the grass grow under their feet or mountains of snow confine them to warm rooms or soft beds."—The *Mail* libel case is still going on slowly before the courts. Another judgment was rendered recently in our favor by Judge Doherty. This is the third decision which has been given in our favor. But these judgments refer merely to procedure and have nothing to do with the merits of the case. They remove one by one the objections raised by defendant, that the Society of Jesus is an illegal society, therefore cannot be incorporated, therefore cannot sue before civil courts, etc. All these objections have to be disposed of before the libel case can be taken up.—The Equal Rights Association, gotten up during the Orange Campaign last year by the Ultra-Protestants in Canada to oppose Jesuitism, is losing prestige even among its own followers.—The Rev. Dr. Hurlbert, the learned professor of whom abundant mention was made in past numbers of the LETTERS, has not yet given to the world the "proofs" so anxiously awaited that the Jesuits teach the end justifies the means.—A new French Canadian *Messenger* in connection with the Apostleship of Prayer appears monthly, under the direction of Fr. Nolin.—*E. J. D.*

Catholic Centenary.—The Society was represented at the Catholic Centenary of the American Hierarchy and at the Catholic Congress, held in Baltimore, in November, 1889, by Ours from all parts of the country. There were two provincials, three superiors of missions, twelve or fourteen rectors, and a large and distinguished gathering of our alumni.

Colorado, *Denver.*—The College of the Sacred Heart has 12 boys in the class of philosophy. They celebrated St. Catharine's Feast with a banquet and a literary entertainment. A new brick building "of handsome proportions" has recently been added to the college. One of the students, James Nichols, standing first amongst the contestants in the State annual contest in oratory, held in Denver on Jan. 18, 1890, was awarded the prize of $25.

Fr. Simon Fouche.—The January number of the *Revue des Questions Historiques* contains a curious article on "Marie-Antoinette à la Conciergerie." The writer endeavors to solve the old controversy as to whether the Queen received the consolations of our holy religion before her death. It is interesting to know that the principal documents which go to prove that Marie-Antoinette did receive holy Communion in prison a short time before her death, came from New York and were furnished by the late Fr. Fouché, who sent to the journal *Le Monde* a document written and signed by the Abbé Magnin, in which he declares that he heard the confession of Marie-Antoinette in the Conciergerie and gave her holy Communion during the Mass which he said in her cell. Fr. Fouché in his letter to *Le Monde* also relates that during the revolution he lived in Paris with his two maiden aunts, that he remembers the Abbé Magnin very well, who lived in disguise with his aunts. One of these was a woman of extraordinary piety and energetic charity. She conceived the bold design of penetrating to the Queen and assist her. Having been successful, she further undertook to bring a priest into her prison, who might give her the sacraments. This also she accomplished.—All these facts Fr. Fouché remembered very well, having often heard his aunt relate all the circumstances. We may add that Father Thiry, Father Du Ranquet, and others often heard Father Fouché relate these curious and edifying facts.

France, *Champagne.—Death of Father Xavier Barbelin.* Fr. Barbelin, founder and director of the apostolic school of Amiens died very piously in the Lord on the feast of St. Alphonsus Rodriguez, 1889. His life was that of a saint and an apostle, as was that of his brother, Fr. Felix Barbelin, the memory of whose heroic doings is still fresh among the Catholics of Philadelphia. Our provinces and missions in America are greatly indebted to the venerable deceased; for some of our fathers and scholastics were formed under his loving and paternal direction.

Father Fernhaes, S. J., has been appointed Superior of the Apostolic College. Father Fernhaes for several years has been the Spiritual Director of the college, and his intimate knowledge of the spirit of its founder will enable him to carry on the work with undoubted success.

Paris.—Twenty-six students were admitted to the Polytechnic School. Four of them won the 2nd, the 3rd, the 6th, the 7th places in the examination. All our colleges opened very well. At Vaugirard over 80 new students; at Rue des Postes, we have more applications than we can accept.—FF. de Bonniot and Bouix died recently.

Frederick, Md.—The juniors have a new study hall. The "aula," as it is called, on the lower floor has been abandoned. The dormitory has been divided into two parts; the larger part will continue to be used as a dormitory, the smaller as a new "aula." This will give the juniors a room with plenty of light and free from dampness.

Georgetown College.—Archbishop Satolli and Mgr. O'Connell paid a short visit to the college in November. As the Archbishop drove up the college ground the imposing proportions of the edifice broke upon him as a revelation and filled him with wonderment and surprise. On being shown through the building he gave utterance to repeated expressions of admiration and delight. The limited time at his disposal not permitting a formal reception, the students were drawn up in double rows in one of the corridors to meet him. Monsignor Satolli gazed with lively interest upon the bright faces as he walked through the lines. Then turning to Mgr. O'Connell he requested him to address the boys. The Archbishop's good-bye to the students was given in the form of a two-days' holiday.—Dr. Thomas Antisell has presented to the Coleman Museum about 2000 specimens of valuable minerals.—The college was represented in the Catholic Congress by a large delegation of her alumni who have attained prominence in commercial and professional circles. —A Shakespeare Club, whose object is to read and interpret the plays of Shakespeare, has been organized by Fr. Daugherty.—The retreat for the students, which ended on Dec. 7, 1889, was conducted by Fr. Harmar C. Denny, of St. Francis Xavier's College.—At the reception to the members of the American International Conference, which was given in Gaston Hall on Dec. 21, 1889, Rev. Fr. Rector delivered an appropriate address of welcome, which was gracefully responded to by His Excellency F. Cipriano C. Zegarra, Minister of Peru, first vice-president of the Conference, and a graduate of the college in 1864.—The senior students now occupy Gaston Hall for their studies, and the juniors the old study hall.—The St. Vincent de Paul Conference of Georgetown College, by reason of the hearty coöperation of all the students in liberal contributions of money and wearing apparel, has been enabled to relieve many poor families in the neighborhood of the college.

India, *Calcutta.*—(Belgian Mission.) Fr. Motet writes, June 3rd, 1889, from Ranchi that our fathers there are extraordinarily blessed in their work. Hundreds and thousands of people, travelling sixty, eighty, and one hundred miles, hasten on to Ours at Ranchi. The caravansary, built for the purpose, has sheltered in one week more than a thousand of these eager souls. Never had they seen a priest, but they know that we protect our Christians. Old men, trembling with age, are practising for hours the Sign of the Cross. Others repeat from morning until night the Our Father and Hail Mary. At the beginning of the year, at Joreya, the pagan sacrificer said to Fr. de Smet: "I wish to be the first Christian of Joreya." He was baptized and it was not long before he had gained another soul to Christ. The pagan landlord in his rage persecuted these two neophytes, deprived them of their harvest, beat them with sticks, so that one fell senseless under the blows. But God rewarded them. Seventeen families of Joreya imitated their example; and two neighboring villages renounced their idols.—List of baptisms in four missions of Chota-Nagpore from July 1888 to May 1889: At Ranchi, 2102 baptisms in eleven months; at Dorma (Fr. Huyghe), 1090 baptisms in nine months; at Dighia (Fr. Haghenbeck), 426 baptisms in ten months; in Torpa (Fr. van Severen), 576 baptisms in eleven months. In all, 4196 baptisms in less than a year. The 900 catechumens, in 1885, ran up to 3000 in 1886, to 15,000 in 1887, and at the end of 1888 they numbered 50,000. Last year (1888) Fr. Huyghe baptized with his own hand 2500 converts, and Fr. Haghenbeck saw the number of his neophytes go up to 5000 in less than a year. Ranchi is the centre of operation, where Ours have a school, a chapel, and a novitiate. One of the means which Almighty God uses towards the conversion of these poor people, is the fear of the evil one. Our great hope lies in the children; hence, we sacrifice everything to put up suitable schools. Large reinforcements of Belgian fathers and brothers started for Calcutta in October and November last.—*Fr. Pfister.*

The Holy See has appointed the Fr. Theodore Dalhoff, Vicar-General of Bombay, to be Administrator of the archdiocese, pending the nomination of a successor to the late Archbishop Porter.

Infallible Novena.—This novena to St. Francis Xavier, from March 4th to March 12th, was first made in Naples in 1633. Father Marcellus Mastrilli, S. J., who afterwards died a martyr in Japan, had been struck on the head by a heavy hammer falling accidentally from the high walls of a new church that was then building. His case was declared fatal, and his death was expected as certain. Then he obtained permission from his superiors to make the vow of devoting himself to the Indian missions in case he should recover. The night when all expected him to die St. Francis Xavier appeared to him and said, that he had accepted his vow and that help would be given. Then he added the promise "*all those who make a novena in my honor from March* 4th *to March* 12th, *confess on one of those days and receive communion and invoke my intercession with God, shall obtain the grace they ask, provided it be according to the will of God.*" Finally he told the Father: "You are cured." The Father rose instantly and was cured.

This was made known in the whole of Italy and elsewhere, and the novena began to spread everywhere. But it was especially promoted by the miraculous cure of Alexander Philippuni, S. J., in 1658, who had been grievously ill for 15 months and was restored to health instantly after making the novena. The novena was now spread throughout the whole of Italy and France, in

Spain and Portugal, and it was always faithfully made at the imperial court of Vienna. At present it exists in all the houses of the Society of Jesus; but it is kept with a special solemnity at the Cathedral of Strassburg. A daily sermon and solemn benediction of the Blessed Sacrament constitute in the last named place some of the external solemnities. On June 8, 1737, Pope Clement XII., granted a plenary indulgence to all who should make this novena; but this only for seven years. Pope Benedict XIV., however, extended the said plenary indulgence to all times. In the bull of canonization, published Aug., 6, 1623, after the death of Pope Gregory XV., we read, that St. Francis Xavier had advised a blind man to make this novena, and that the blind man had recovered his sight perfectly after making it.—*Theol. Quartalschrift*, I. 1888, p. 141.

Ireland.—The new scholasticate of the Irish Province at Milltown Park was opened on the Feast of St. Francis Borgia with 17 theologians in the long course and 8 in the short course. Fr. Peter Finlay is professor of morning dogma; Fr. Patrick Kane, of evening dogma; Fr. Denis Murphy, of moral theology and canon law; Fr. William Kelly, of Scripture; Fr. Robert Kane takes the short dogma, and Fr. McKenna the class of philosophy. The house, standing in the midst of a large and handsome domain, is situated about a mile from Dublin, within easy reach of sea and mountainous scenery, thus affording agreeable walks and ready facilities throughout the summer months for enjoying sea bathing and sea air. Its position on the outskirts of the capital renders it peculiarly well suited for following the courses of physics, chemistry, and mathematics at the Royal University, or at the Royal College of Science. There is a fine ball alley; cricket and tennis grounds, for which there is ample space, will soon be laid out.—*Lettres de Mold.*

Italy, *Naples.*—In the College of the Sacred Heart, of which our old professor of physics, Fr. J. M. Degni, is rector, there are 8 priests, 8 scholastics, 9 lay brothers, and 15 lay teachers.

Rome.—The Gregorian University has this year more students than at any time since its establishment, 73 more than last year, and 70 more than the Roman College had at the time of the seizure of Rome by the Italian Government in 1870. The catalogue just published has 781 students: 447 in theology, 28 in canon law, and 306 in philosophy. Of these, 49 are Englishmen, 1 Armenian, 41 Austrians, 12 from North America, 71 from South America, 26 Belgians, 139 Frenchmen, 89 Germans, 29 Swiss, 8 Irishmen, 11 Spaniards, 11 Hungarians, 237 Italians, 2 Portuguese, 4 Hollanders, 29 Poles, 22 Scotchmen.

Manresa Island.—After some repairs and improvements this new residence has been opened as a "*House of Retreats under the direction of the Jesuit Fathers for Clergymen and Laymen.*" Fr. Loyzance is superior, Fr. Allan McDonnell, minister. Fr. Perron was director of retreats until his death. His place has not yet been supplied. The missionary fathers under the charge of Fr. McCarthy made the island their headquarters, and are put down in the catalogue as living there. The island is two miles distant from South Norwalk, Ct., which is forty miles from New York, on the New York & New Haven R. R. It may also be reached by steamboat during the summer months. The situation is very beautiful, and it is one of the most healthy parts of the State. It contains twenty-three acres of good land, well laid out in the form of a heart and sur-

rounded by a strong sea-wall. This wall, not rising above the surface of the ground, does not obstruct the view, but serves only to protect the ground from the action of the waves. An excellent road, which cost the original owner some $5000 to build, connects it with the mainland. There is a fine orchard of 250 fruit trees, and, besides the twenty-three acres of island, there are about twenty-seven acres of salt meadows, making fifty acres in all. The principal building is a fine residence which is well heated; the two others are suitable for summer use.

Maryland, *Whitemarsh.*—On Nov. 24, 1889, Fr. Provincial blessed a new 1000-pound bell for our Church of the Sacred Heart. The rough iron-stone exterior of the church has been hidden under a coat of cement; a new metal roof with cornice projections has been put on, and a steeple erected, the gilded cross of which can be seen for miles around. The interior of the church has also been thoroughly renovated.—The corner-stone of the new church at Woodmore, one of Fr. Jeremiah Coleman's missions, was laid on Sunday, Feb. 9, 1890, by Fr. Francis Ryan, of Loyola College, who had been delegated by Cardinal Gibbons to perform this ceremony.

Missouri Province.—In all the colleges of this province there will be for the future on every Friday Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, with the reading of the Act of Reparation to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.—At a mission in Memphis, Tenn., given by FF. Coghlan, Ward and Schlechter, there were 3500 communicants, and twenty-one conversions to our holy religion.

Chicago.—The members of the faculty of St. Ignatius College have prepared the following Sodality Lecture Course for 1889–90: Nov. 25, "A Morning in Rome," Fr. E. A. Higgins; Dec. 2, "Our Pilgrim Fathers-Catholic and Puritan," Mr. W. H. Fanning; Dec. 9, "A Geological Panorama," Mr. M. D. Sullivan; Dec. 16, "The World of Shakespeare," Mr. C. B. Moulinier; Dec. 23, "The Genius of Parnell," Fr. P. A. Murphy; Jan. 13, "Mental Growth," Fr. A. Bosche; Jan. 20, "The Spirit of Irish Song," Fr. P. Mulconry; Jan. 27, "Oxygen-An Active Spirit Seeking Rest," Mr. M. D. Sullivan; Feb. 3, "Our National Shrines," Mr. W. H. Fanning; Feb. 10, "Hero Worship," Mr. J. C. McKeogh.—Fr. Andrew O'Neill's twenty-fifth anniversary as director of Holy Family parish schools was celebrated on Dec. 5, 1889, by the pupils with songs and addresses, which expressed their loving gratitude for and appreciation of the "Children's Friend." The small school which Fr. O'Neill first took charge of in 1864 has grown into six large schools, with over 6000 pupils enrolled.

Cincinnati.—The St. Xavier College Course of Lectures is as follows; Jan. 22, "Logic *vs.* Mr. Ingersoll," Fr. M. Harts; Jan. 29, "Chemical Analysis" (practice), Mr. C. J. Borgmeyer; Feb. 12, "Observations on the Sun" (stereopticon), Fr. C. M. Charroppin; Feb. 26, "The Inquisition," Fr. H. Calmer; March 5, "The Kingdom of Italy," Fr. W. F. Poland.—The college will celebrate its Golden Jubilee at the close of the school year. The programme for the celebration will be something like this: On Monday, June 16th, the alumni will hold appropriate exercises in the Grand Opera House; on Tuesday, June 17th, there will be solemn services in our church, and Archbishop Ryan, it is said, will be the orator; in the evening the alumni banquet will be spread; and on Wednesday, June 18th, the college will have its commencement in the Grand Opera House, and its religious celebration in the church on the Sunday following.

St. Louis.—The University has 425 students. The painting and frescoing

of the parlors, corridors, museum, library, and guest rooms have recently been completed.—FF. A. Burrows, M. Shallo, and J. D. Walsh will do mission work in the churches of the city during Lent.—Fr. Ignatius Panken for a number of years in charge of the negroes has been sent to the Indian Mission in Wyoming Territory. Fr. M. I. Boarman will replace him in St. Louis during Lent.—The new Sodality Hall is the admiration of all. The Young Men's Sodality Lecture Course is as follows: Jan. 8, "Cardinal Newman as a Poet," by Fr. Henry M. Calmer; Jan. 21, "The City of the Popes" (illustrated), Fr. Wm. F. Poland; Feb. 4, "News from the Sun" (illustrated), Fr. Charles Charroppin; Feb. 18, "The Young Man in Catholic Life," Condé B. Pallen, A. M., Ph. D; March 4, "The Tower of London" (illustrated), Fr. James J. Conway.

Milwaukee.—"The Star of Bethlehem," a Christmas play written by Mr. Francis J. Finn, was performed by the students of Marquette College on Dec. 23, 1889.

New Orleans Mission.—The College of the Immaculate Conception has 425 students.—Fr. Joseph Winkelreid is building a new church at Macon, Ga., which will be 150 feet long, and cost $100,000.—Fr. John A. Downey is building a fine club house for the use of the young men of St. Joseph's parish, Mobile.—Fr. Thomas O'Connor was ordained priest at Spring Hill College on Dec. 21, 1889, by Bishop O'Sullivan, of Mobile.

New York, *St. Francis Xavier's.*—On Wednesday, December 4th, at a class exhibition given by the students of rhetoric and belles-lettres in this college, the *parode* of the *Œdipus Tyrannus* was brought out before a Catholic audience in this city for the first time. Though the presentation was but an experiment in collegiate entertainment, yet no small labor was expended to satisfy the utmost exactions of archæological scholarship. The students appeared in Greek costume and performed the intricate but beautiful movements that always accompanied the singing of the chorus in a Greek tragedy. The music of the piece, which had been kindly placed at the disposal of the performers by Professor Payne, of Harvard University, was under the direction of one of the members of the class of rhetoric. Some discrimination was exercised in the distribution of tickets, and the production was, in consequence, viewed by an intelligent audience of over twelve hundred persons, including a few gentlemen from the faculties of Columbia College and the College of the City of New York. The success of that trial, and the words spoken in its praise, by those most qualified to judge, suggested the expediency of a fuller and more elaborate performance in a similar field of classic art. It was therefore proposed for the honor of Catholic scholarship, and in the interests of Catholic higher education, to produce an entire comedy of Plautus in the language and with the full stage environment of the original. The great difficulty was the expense. The production of the Greek chorus cost nearly two hundred dollars, the Latin play would cost three times that amount. Mr. Clifford determined to follow the plan adopted at Harvard on a similiar occasion, and so he appealed to our wealthy and educated Catholics to become *patrons* of the work. He has met with great success; and among the patrons are His Grace, the Archbishop, Judge O'Brien, Judge Daly, Judge Richard O'Gorman, Eugene Kelly. Augustine Daly offered the use of his theatre, which was declined with thanks; he then offered to put his stage carpenter and scene painter at our service, and this has been gratefully ac-

cepted. The play which will be presented is *The Captives* of Plautus. It is the one comedy which the poet himself took pride in as the noblest and tenderest of his works, and which the great Lessing pronounced to be "the best piece ever put upon the stage." The presentation of the work will be under the direction of the Professor of Rhetoric, who will publish a suitable *libretto* —with notes and a translation to aid in the production. This translation of the libretto will be the work of two philosophers and three rhetoricians.— *Guy Mannering* was brought out at Christmas time under the direction of Mr. McCarthy.—The Preparatory Course had a Competitive Drill on January the 22nd. The presentation of the flag was made by Gen. Newton in a very complimentary speech.—The night school has about 50 students, and the college considerably over 400.—The young men's club under Fr. Van Rensselaer is attracting attention all through the city. Its present membership is 400.— The twenty-fifth anniversary of the ordination of Fr. David Merrick was commemorated on Dec. 3rd., 1889, by special services in the church and by appropriate exercises in the college.

Fordham.—St. John's College has 238 boarders and 54 day scholars.—The new Second Division building is well under way. It is of the same length and width, 140 by 60, as the First Division building, but being on higher ground it will overtop the latter. The basement will be nearly 9 feet high, clear and lightsome. The first floor, with ceiling higher than the First Division play-room, will contain the gymnasium, play-room, billiard, reading, and toilet rooms. The second floor is intended for a study hall and on occasions for theatrical exhibitions. Its floor will slant toward a stage which is to be 25 feet in depth. On this floor will also be the vice-president's office, which will give it a more central location than the present. The third floor will have 8 large class rooms, each capable of comfortably seating 50 boys. The fourth floor will be the dormitory, which, by means of folding doors, can at any time be divided into two rooms. The fifth floor is to be the wardrobe. The building stone, which is the same as that used in the First Division building, will have the rock or ashlar face that adds so much to the external appearance of Science Hall.—The dead of Ours temporarily deposited in the vault of St. Raymond's Cemetery and those buried in the old college cemetery were removed on Jan. 28, 1890, and interred in the new community burying ground which has been laid out in a section of the college garden.

Brooklyn.—The *Catholic Review* in speaking of the mission given by FF. Ryan, McDonald, and Lynch in the Church of the Assumption during the last weeks of November, says: "Judging from the continuously crowded attendance, the number of confessions, of converts to the faith, and of adults confirmed, this has been one of the most satisfactory and successful missions ever given in Brooklyn."

Orientalists.—The Congress of Orientalists opened at Stockholm on Sept. 2nd, was transferred on the 7th to Christiania, where it closed on the 12th; 407 members were present, among whom were two of Ours, FF. Strassmaier and De Cara. King Oscar received our Fr. De Cara, the representative of the Propaganda, with great respect and courtesy. His Majesty was full of praise for the missionaries, and charged Fr. De Cara to express to the Holy See the gratitude of all the orientalists. Fr. Strassmaier gave an account of the result of his work on the inscriptions of the time of Cyrus, which had never before been deciphered. The collection of these inscriptions will appear very soon in book-form. To Fr. Strassmaier the world of science is indebted for the first Assyrian dictionary, and to his publication

last year of the astronomical calculations, dating back 1000 years B. C., and based on the system to which Ptolemy has given his name.

Philadelphia, *St. Joseph's Church.*—Fr. E. A. McGurk gave his picture lecture, "In the Days of the Martyrs," on Feb. 11, 1889, for the benefit of the poor of this parish.

The Messenger's Silver Jubilee.—With the January issue the Messenger of the Sacred Heart of Jesus began its twenty-fifth year as the American organ of the League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. From the leading article of that number, we extract the following: "Very few have any idea of what the MESSENGER is doing. Besides its own regular monthly appearance, five other postal-registered publications are issued: *The Pilgrim*, or *Little Messenger, Rosary Tickets* for the 480,000 Associates practising the 2d Degree, and the *Monthly Calendar*, every month; the Holy Childhood *Annals*, every two months; the *Sacred Heart Library*, every quarter; and the *Sacred Heart Almanac*, yearly. The signing and sending out of diplomas for new Centres, and for the Promoters, the preparation of all the official papers and supplies of the League, *Certificates of Admission, Badges, Handbooks, Conversations on the Apostleship, Explanation of the Holy Hour*, are some of the duties of daily routine. The procuring of diplomas of affiliation for Sodalities of the Blessed Virgin, Associations of the *Bona Mors*, and the Archconfraternity of the Sacred Heart, with the work of correspondence without end and the preparation of preliminary documents for episcopal approbation and their transmission to Europe—all this is done by the MESSENGER. The Agency of the Holy Childhood, formerly at New York, was transferred during the past year to the MESSENGER office, and is undertaken as a pure work of charity. This is not pastime, and yet it seems often to be taken as such. It is not even remunerated work. The cases are rare when even the postage is paid for the transmission of documents to and from Europe. The necessary articles of the League are given out at barely cost price. The *Pilgrim*, taken in numbers of 50, is only 30 cents a year, and does well when it pays for itself."

The *Sacred Heart Almanac* for 1890 gives an accurate list of indulgences for the various pious societies of the Church. It has, too, entertaining reading matter, Father Metcalf's popular *League Hymn*, and several full-page illustrations. The following interesting statistics are from its pages:—"800,000 American Associates have been enrolled in the League, since the year 1886.—There are 480,000 American Associates of the League who practise the Second Degree, that is, say a daily decade of the Rosary: 4,800,000 Hail Maries every day!—793 Local Centres of the Holy League have been aggregated, since 1886. This means that the American Head Director has signed and sent to various parishes and communities this number of diplomas of aggregation, with an equal number of Local Directors' diplomas.—6000 American Promoters have been confirmed in their privileges by the reception of the Indulgenced Cross and the official Diploma signed by the American Head Director.—The *Handbook* of the League of the Sacred Heart has passed through its seventh edition, and reached its 39th thousand.—At present 44,151 parishes and communities are regularly aggregated to the League, with a membership of nearly 20,000,000. Surely, it is something to have a daily share in the prayers of 20,000,000 Associates!—During the past three years 350 Diplomas of Affiliation to the Roman *Prima Primaria* Sodality of the Blessed Virgin have been procured by the *Messenger* from the Father General of the Society of Jesus for various churches, colleges, academies, convents, and schools.—The *Messenger* has been the intermediary in obtaining during the past year twenty Diplomas

of Affiliation from the Father General of the Society of Jesus to the *Bona Mors* Association.—7,000,000 Negroes are in the whole United States. 3,000,000 communicants and members all told, are claimed by the various Protestant sects. 100,000 hardly, are Catholics. 3,000,000 and more, consequently, have no professed religion."

Philippine Islands, *Manilla.*—Fr. Sanchez writes: "Our fathers of Tagoloan are at present engaged in civilizing the Monteses, who seem to be ripe for conversion. Fr. Barrado has within two months baptized 1500 persons and blessed 309 marriages. Our mission of Mindanao is very prosperous, but the cholera is raging in many places, and many of our Fathers have been called back to Manilla. In an audience with the Colonial Minister, Fr. Faura obtained substantial aid for his observatory."

The Island of Mindanao and adjacent islands contain 32 parishes or missions, 164 reductions with 167,990 Catholics, and 126 religious, of whom 47 are at Manilla and 79 at Mindanao. During 1888–1889 there were 2277 adults, and 9907 children baptized; 2251 marriages and 3773 deaths. R. Fr. Pastello is superior general; Fr. M. Rosés, rector of the Atheneo in Manilla; Fr. M. Saderra, director of the observatory.

Poland.—*Province of Galicia.* This province has at present 38 scholastic novices and 19 lay-brothers. Theology is studied at Cracow, philosophy at Tarnopol. The novices and juniors are at Starawies, where our church possesses a very famous statue of our Lady. There is a college for students at Chyrów where a new edifice is now building. It is expected that when the new college is finished there will be about 600 pupils in Chyrów; at present there are about 360. The boys come from Austrian Poland, Prussian Poland, and a few from Russian Poland. There are eight classes in the college, and the studies are arranged according to the system adopted by the Bureau of Public Education in Austria. Gautsch, the Minister of Worship and Education, visited the college for the first time last year and expressed a desire to examine the students in history, as this is the only subject taught in the German language. The Rector conducted him to the class rooms, and the boys were closely questioned on the historical periods taught in the various classes. The answers were so satisfactory that Herr Gautsch publicly expressed his pleasure at finding the boys so well posted on the leading facts of the world's history. A grand reception was on that occasion given His Excellency. Three carriages brought him and his suite from the station to the college, where he was welcomed by the professors and the students, while the college band played several national airs. The visitors spent the night in the college, and were present at the students' Mass the next morning, where Gautsch was much impressed by the excellent singing of the boys and by the devout behavior of all present. As a practical proof of his appreciation of the college, he granted the first class the privileges of a public gymnasium, and promised to do the same for the other classes as soon as the professors had passed the State examination. Three of the teachers have already received diplomas of qualification and eight more scholastics are studying at the University of Cracow for the same purpose.

The Polish bishops are very friendly to us and give in many ways proof of their esteem. The Bishop of Tarnów has given Fr. Provincial power to grant faculties for the reserved cases in the diocese of Tarnów to whom he pleases and whenever he pleases.

A band of writers has been appointed for books and magazine articles. The writers live in the college at Cracow and have their own Superior. They are

at present under the charge of Fr. Morawski, professor of moral theology in the public University of Craeow. Three magazines are published by these fathers: the *Przeglad Powszechny*, which is edited according to the methods of the *Civilità Cattolica*, and appears once a month: the *Missiy Katoliczki* or *Catholic Missions*, and the *Intecye* or *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*. These fathers are also republishing the famous works of Fr. Laneicius.—Fr. Zaleski, superior at Cracow, is engaged in writing a history of the Society and its labors in White Russia. The part already published has been translated into French and Italian.

The Messenger of the Sacred Heart has proved of the greatest possible help in keeping up a thorough Catholic spirit throughout Austrian Poland. More than a hundred thousand copies are published monthly, and all are sold. It costs very little, only two kreuzers, but that brings it within the means of the poorest laborer.—Our fathers during missions and retreats devote all their energies to spread the devotion to the Sacred Heart. By degrees a small library of books treating of the devotion has been written, and as the books are adapted to the various classes of society, they form valuable helpers to the sermons and conferences. There are more than a million members of the Apostleship of Prayer, and over a thousand parishes are enrolled.

Mission work is one of the principal occupations of the Society here. Six fathers are constantly engaged in this labor, and they are reinforced by others whenever necessary, which is very frequently the case. Last year the new Bishop of Gnesen and Posen met with great opposition in carrying on the affairs of his diocese, because he was a German, while the people wished to have a Polish Bishop, a request which had been refused by the Prussian government. In fact, matters went to such extremes that not only was the Bishop treated with disrespect but his orders were positively disobeyed. In his distress the Bishop had recourse to Fr. Provincial and begged him to have a little mission before each episcopal visitation. The Minister of the college at Cracow, Fr. Michael Andrzejczak, who is a native of this diocese and well acquainted with many prominent persons, was sent to prepare the way for the Bishop and to quiet the excited members of the clergy. It is scarcely possible to realize what wonderful blessings attended the labors of this father; suffice it to say, that when the Bishop visited the various churches he found an affectionate people and a loyal clergy. Even those who had at first shown the severest opposition to him, are now completely reconciled to the appointment.—Ours have also charge of the Episcopal Seminary at Jassy in Moldavia, and are trying to build up a zealous priesthood in that difficult region.

One of the most remarkable works entrusted by Leo XIII. to us in Poland is the training of the Basilian Monks. To accomplish this end, two fathers and one scholastic are engaged in educating the Basilian novices in Dobromil; one father is in the Leopold monastery; one in Lawrów, and two in Krystynopol. Those who are engaged in this work live with the monks and accommodate themselves to their manner of living and to their customs, except attending choir. The novices, juniors, and philosophers are educated in the old monasteries, but the theologians are educated with Ours at Cracow. A deep bond of union exists among all, and, except for the different habit, you would not distinguish them from Jesuits. The present Superior of the Basilians is our Fr. Szczepkowski, who is so much loved by the monks that, when two years ago he was appointed to another position by Very Rev. Fr. General, it was found necessary to recall the appointment on account of the earnest entreaties of the Basilians that he might remain their superior for some years longer.

The persecution in Russia still continues, and there are many facts known at Rome which are not published, owing to the desire of the Holy See to effect a reconciliation with the Czar. The Polish Scholastics have often with their own eyes seen Russian soldiers strictly searching Polish peasants to find out whether they had any crucifixes or beads about them. Whatever was discovered was always taken from the tearful, protesting peasant and, if possible, destroyed before his eyes. The United Greeks, however, are the object of the most intense persecution, because they are a continual reminder to the Russians of their national apostasy. These poor Ruthenians have been deprived of both clergy and churches and have been ordered to submit to the schismatics or else pay an exceedingly heavy fine. Those who are unable to pay this fine are condemned to prison and to the most cruel slavery. Our fathers frequently venture among these unhappy people to comfort them and to make them firm in the faith. These visits are beset with many dangers, for the Jesuits are forbidden under pain of imprisonment to enter the dominions of the Czar. The fathers are usually disguised as professors of music or as travelling merchants, and, after giving notice of their coming to trustworthy persons, they proceed to some distant and secluded forest, where the Holy Sacrifice is offered up and the sacraments conferred upon the faithful members of Christ's flock. Once in a while the character of the trader has been discovered, and a long imprisonment has been the reward of the father's apostolic labors. Thus, for example, Father Jackowski suffered incredible hardships for more than eighteen months in a Russian dungeon and was only released after the generous Emperor of Austria had earnestly interceded for him. One of the most remarkable adventures in this regard was that of Fr. Szaflarski. This devoted missionary entered Russia as a professor of languages and took up his residence in Lublin in the house of a well-known and esteemed Catholic gentleman. It was his intention to make this his home and to visit at night the outlying districts, where he would be able to administer the sacraments without danger of disturbance. For three days his missions were successful beyond expectation, and at the end of the third day he returned to Lublin to take a much needed rest. Unfortunately, however, he had already been betrayed, and orders for his arrest had been issued by the city authorities. While he was sleeping a band of soldiers entered his room and, after making him perfectly helpless, led him to the city prison. Here he was thrown into a dungeon full of reeking filth and vermin, where he remained for three months, enduring the greatest possible privation. The wretched food given was in such small quantities that it was barely sufficient to keep body and soul together; the filth was horrible beyond expression, and the company, loose abandoned criminals, whose whole time was spent in wild orgies of sinful dissipation. After three months, Fr. Szaflarski was brought to Warsaw and confined in the fortress there. Here he was put in a clean cell, better food was given him, but he was in solitary confinement, and the strictest watch was kept over him. Even when he was allowed to walk in the corridor of the prison, he was always preceded and followed by soldiers. His cell was so arranged that not a glimpse of the sky could be had from it. Light was admitted through a few holes pierced in the wall. At first no books were allowed him, but after earnest entreaties he was permitted to have Gury-Ballerini and a few other books, the contents of which he committed to memory. After nearly three years of constant persecution he was allowed the blessed privilege of saying Mass, a consolation which made his prison walls seem almost like home. At the end of his third year, he was summoned one day from the prison and conducted in a closed carriage to the photographer.

Here two photographs were taken of him, one with his clothes on, and for the other he was stripped of every particle of clothing that he might be better known should he venture to enter the Russian dominions again. Copies of the photographs were then sent to all the police stations on the borders. He was finally taken by two gendarmes to the frontiers and handed over to the Austrian authorities, by whom he was set at liberty. A pious lay-brother who had accompanied Fr. Szaflarski was taken prisoner before his return to Lublin and exiled to the White Sea, whence after dreadful hardships he managed to escape. He returned to Austria about 20 days before Fr. Szaflarski. Both of the exiles were in a frightful condition—their clothing all rags; their bodies looked like skeletons, and for many weeks they were scarcely able to walk. That our Lord may aid the poor Russian Catholics in this their hour of trial, is the earnest prayer of the Polish Province.—*Kindly communicated by Fr. M. Gattin.*

Portugal.—Two fathers and one brother sailed from Lisbon in October for Macao to found there the first mission of the Portuguese Province.

Rocky Mountain Mission. *A General's Visit to St. Ignatius' Mission.*—Gen. Henry B. Carrington, U. S. A., now on official duty at the Flathead agency, Montana, thus writes to the *Pilot:* "I want to tell you about my trip to St. Ignatius' Mission. I have not time even to speak of the faithful laborers at the mission in detail at present. Father D'Aste, the Superior, is one of the successors of FF. Ravelli and De Smet, whose work is beyond human appreciation, for its wisdom, self-sacrifice, and devotion. To know him is to love as well as honor him. His chief assistant is Father Paquin, who combines dignity, genial manners, and business tact, in the practical management of the farm, the shops, and the school. He is the major-domo, or general prefect, and seems to lack nothing required for so great a trust.

"But to some incidents of my visit: At evening prayers, just after my arrival, a choir of sixteen Indian girls sang with rich melody and distinct articulation worthy of imitation in Boston. When I entered the music room at seven o'clock nearly a hundred boys, with bright and happy faces, arose and saluted, and the brass band of twenty-four pieces played 'The Star Spangled Banner,' 'Red, White and Blue,' etc. A short talk to them was received with enthusiasm. On Thursday I visited every class of both the boys' and girls' departments, heard reading even up to the Sixth Reader, put out words from the lessons for spelling, and not a word was missed. The writing books, sixty in number, which I examined, were models, without a single blot or erasure. There is not a grammar school at Hyde Park, my present home, which can show as handsome results for pupils of the same age. I gave to the drawing class a blackboard lesson in perspective, which brought handclapping, as an interior was developed and the law of receding lines simplified. Upon entering the girls' school the pupils, a full hundred, arose, until I occupied the chair assigned me by the Lady Superior, Sister Mary; then, at the rear of the room, accompanied by a cabinet organ, twenty Indian girls sang very sweetly and distinctly the song, 'You are welcome! Come, come again.' All the classes read, spelled, and recited, one solving on the blackboard, 'What is the interest of $36.84 at five per cent., for two years and six months?' and another, only eight years old, giving in addition, correctly, the profits of a man on his farm from data furnished of successive years. 'How many bushels in forty-eight sacks of wheat, each weighing 165 pounds?' was

promptly answered by another girl. A few words of recognition seemed to give them as much pleasure as it did myself.

"Dormitories, bakeries, kitchens, chapel, laundry, washhouse, tin shop, saddler's shop, shoe shop, blacksmith shop, saw mill, grist mill, stables, etc., were visited, and the playgrounds as well, at recess. As a climax before leaving, one of our ponies while being harnessed bolted the stable and took for the prairies and mountains, being out of sight almost at once. Two mounted herders were soon on his track. Meanwhile I visited the steam pump just put in position. Father Paquin said I might sound the alarm if I wished. Steam was low. Pine was put under the boiler, and I stood watch in hand when the signal was given. In two minutes the fire brigade of ten Indian boys had rushed from their classes and had the reel out, and in four minutes a stream was on the steeple of the mission church.

"I bade good-bye with reluctance, but with a heart full of gratitude for the wonders accomplished by this band of faithful teachers. My letter is too long already. New buildings are being erected sufficient for the children of the three tribes who belong to this Reservation. Neither is this the place for official recommendation in behalf of this holy work, for such it is, without a possibility of speculative or selfish return to the 'Community' in charge. Only English is spoken or taught, except that they also learn their prayers in the Indian language for their effect at home on return from school.

"Their printing-room I omitted to mention. What a change from 1865-1870. God bless all workers to save, Christianize, and bless the Red Men."

Scientific Notes.—In the September number of the *Monthly Weather Review* Fr. Benito Viñes, director of the Magnetic and Meteorological Observatory of the Royal College of Belen, Havana, gives a lengthy description of the storms that appeared over the West Indies, the Caribbean Sea, and the Gulf of Mexico.

Madagascar.—Fr. Camboné writes from Madagascar that the government of Her Majesty Ranavalona has granted to Ours a suitable location on the top of the mountain Ambohidampona, about two miles from Tananarive, where Fr. Colin and Br. Souche at once began the erection of an observatory. Its legal title is the Royal Observatory of Tananarive. The government desires that a certain number of natives be admitted and trained in the astronomical, meteorological, and magnetic studies. The observatory is the highest in the world, having 1400 m., while that of Mt. Hamilton, Cal., has only 1300 m. Fr. Colin intends to add to it a museum of natural history.—*Fr. Pfister.*

Death of Father Perry.—The sad news comes as a severe blow to the Society and the scientific world at large of Fr. Perry's sudden death far from home while in charge of the Eclipse Expedition. His commission was to take observations of the solar eclipse at the station of the Salut Islands, belonging to French Guiana. We know that he had suffered from an attack of fever a fortnight before his death, after which he seemed to regain his strength. It is also known that the observations were perfectly successful. He found also an opportunity in Cayenne of preaching to the convicts in French. Weakened by the long sea-sickness, to which he was a martyr, by the mental strain of a great responsibility, and by superadded missionary labors, it is not surprising that he should have succumbed to a severe attack of dysentery. On December 27th he died, and the ship that brought to Demerara the record of the observations taken, brought also the dead body of the observer. The fact that he has been a member of more astronomical expeditions than any man now living, and thus acquired an

experience second to no other, his success in the branch of *solar spectroscopy*, his rare ability as a calculator, the prestige of his name, the confidence reposed in him by successive governments of the most opposite religious and political connections, his influence and popularity in the highest scientific society, and his enthusiastic devotedness to his work, make his loss to science irreparable. As a religious, one who knew him for forty years bears witness to his singular purity and innocence of mind, to his edifying life and unpretending virtue. He has reason to believe that Fr. Perry, when not busy with his observations, never shortened a meditation nor omitted his mid-day and evening examen. An old friend asked Fr. Perry a few years ago whether his studies had the effect of drying up his piety. The answer was: "Oh, not astronomy." And it was evident from the joy manifested in his countenance that the Father was speaking truly from his heart. He was in his 56th year, having been born in London in 1833. He entered the Society in 1853. In 1860 he was appointed professor and director of the observatory at Stonyhurst, and except the four years of his theology at St. Beuno's, he was never absent for any length of time, except to take part in his scientific expeditions. Among these were the magnetic survey of France in 1868–69, the transits of Venus in 1874 and 1882, and the eclipses of 1886–87–89. He was elected Fellow of the Royal Society in 1874, and he belonged to many other learned societies.—R. I. P.—*Abridged from the London Tablet.*

The Georgetown Observatory.—The latest improvements in the observatory are two underground cables from the switchboard of the clockroom to the two stone piers on the outside of the building. Each cable consists of four wires insulated by rubber and protected by lead and enclosed in iron tubes with both ends open, the one terminating in the cellar, the other in an iron box attached to the pier. Each of the boxes, which, at first sight, look like electric alarm boxes, contains two pairs of binding posts, the one for an incandescent light, the other for the chronograph. The flexible chords with electric lamp and key are screwed on when used, and removed after every night's work. The plan was prompted and liberally executed by the Rector of the college, and, as the piers are occupied every clear night by portable instruments, proves so convenient that we could now hardly do without it.—A report of our work here in the line of variable stars has been published in the *Astronomical Journal*, No. 207 and in *Nature*, Vol. 41, No. 10.—*Letter from Fr. Hagen.*

Sicily.—The province of Sicily, which has been one of the worst sufferers from the persecution waged against the Society in Italy, has sent its theologians to other scholasticates. The juniors, philosophers, and novices are living at Naxari in Malta. A few fathers are quietly working in Sicily; and of these some are in the residence at Palermo, others at Messina, others in the new college of Pennisi in Acireále, and a few are teaching in the seminaries of Noto and Catania. The College at Constantinople is in a very flourishing condition, and the foundations of a new building are being laid. Strange to say, Malta contains the greater number of the members of this province.

Syria. *Beyrout.*—Leon ibn Abi Suleiman, in a paper which he read before the Johns Hopkins University Philological Association, Nov. 15, 1889, classes the University of the Jesuits amongst the three best schools of Beyrout.

Washington, *Gonzaga College.*—A suite of rooms in the college building has been fitted up for the Young Men's Catholic Club, recently organized by Mr. Wm. P. O'Connor.—Fr. Nicholas Russo, of Georgetown College, delivered

a course of sermons during the Sunday evenings of Advent in St. Aloysius' Church.—The League of the Sacred Heart now registers 3500 members.—The Colored Sodality, though only a few months old, numbers 400, and has a choir whose singing attracts a large congregation at the Sunday evening meetings.—Fr. Edward A. McGurk lectured recently in aid of St. Augustine's Rectory (projected) on "Some Pages of Maryland History" and on the "Story of Fabiola" (illustrated). He also delivered an illustrated lecture entitled "In the Days of the Martyrs" on Sunday evening, Jan. 26, 1890, in Harris' Bijou Theatre. The proceeds were given to the St. Vincent de Paul Conference of St. Aloysius' Church for the benefit of the poor.—Fr. John F. Lehy, who has been transferred to Providence, R. I., has been succeeded by Fr. W. R. Cowardin.

Wyoming Territory.—St. Stephen's parish in Wyoming Territory, in charge of the Rev. F. X. Kuppens, S. J., is perhaps the largest parish in the world. It embraces an area of 26,000 square miles. Father Kuppens is the only priest in that district.—*Catholic Telegraph.*

Zambesi.—Fr. Weld has been succeeded in the Prefecture Apostolic by Fr. Alphonse Daignault, an old student of Woodstock. There are 24 priests, 35 scholastics, and 26 lay-brothers belonging to this mission. They have 10 primary schools, 2 boarding schools, 2 orphanages, and several agricultural schools. The nuns of St. Peter Claver have charge of the negro girls.

Henry F. Downing, a negro, who for nine years was U. S. Consul in Africa, delivered a lecture on "The Dark Continent," Dec. 28, 1889, in the Bridge Street Methodist Church, of Brooklyn, N.Y., and surprised his hearers by contrasting Catholic and Protestant missionary work in Africa, greatly to the advantage of the former, and particularly commending the Jesuit missions.

Ours have established a mission station for the Kaffirs near King Williamstown, South Africa. There are 250 native converts attached to the missions, for whom Fr. Keenig intends building a church.

Home News.—*Autumn Disputations.*—Nov. 15 and 16, 1889 (See p. 3).

Ex Tractatu de Gratia Christi.—Fr. de la Motte, *Defender;* Fr. De Potter and Mr. Wm. Clark, *Objectors.*

Ex Tractatu de Sacramentis in Genere.—Mr. P. Casey, *Defender;* Fr. Sherman and Mr. Wynne, *Objectors.*

Ex Sacra Scriptura.—"De Divisione Quarti Evangelii." Dissertation by Fr. F. P. Powers.

Ex Ethica.—Mr. D. Buel, *Defender;* Messrs. J. Burke and J. B. Smith, *Objectors.*

Ex Psychologia.—Mr. McMenamy, *Defender;* Messrs. Gilbert and Moskopp, *Objectors.*

Ex Cosmologia.—Mr. T. Brown, *Defender;* Messrs. Marnane and O'Gorman, *Objectors.*

Mechanics.—"The Cantilever Bridge" was the subject of Mr. Daniel O'Sullivan's lecture, which was illustrated by stereopticon views and original experiments. Mr. O'Sullivan was assisted by Messrs. P. M. Collins and T. E. Scott.

The Winter Disputations, Feb. 14 and 15, are in progress as we go to press.

Ex Tractatu de Gratia Christi.—Mr. Boyle, *Defender;* Fr. Stadelman and Mr. de Laak, *Objectors.*

Ex Tractatu de Eucharistia.—Mr. Wm. Clark, *Defender;* Messrs. Gannon and Faget, *Objectors.*

Ex Sacra Scriptura.—"De Authentia Quarti Evangelii–Argumentum Intrinsecum."—Fr. T. E. Sherman.

Ex Psychologia.—Mr. Taelman, *Defender;* Messrs. Buel and Brounts, *Objectors.*

Ex Cosmologia.—Mr. Goller, *Defender;* Messrs. O'Malley and Wenger, *Objectors.*

Ex Logica Majori.—Mr. Waters, *Defender;* Messrs. Dane and L. McLaughlin, *Objectors.*

Physics.—A lecture on the "Use of Oil during Storms at Sea."—Mr. T. Connell, *Lecturer;* Messrs. Kister and Navarro, *Experimenters.*

Ordinations.—We inadvertently omitted to note in our last number that Fr. Thomas E. Sherman, of the Missouri Province, was ordained priest on July 7, 1889, in the Philadelphia Cathedral by Most Rev. Archbishop Ryan. —FF. Emmanuel de la Morinière and Ambrose M. Fontan, of the N. O. Mission, were ordained priests on Dec. 21, 1889, in the Baltimore Cathedral by Cardinal Gibbons.

Faculty Notes.—Fr. John Conway began his lectures to the class of evening dogma on Dec. 18, 1889. Fr. Benedict Guldner resumed on that date his dogma class of the short course.—Mr. Gerald I. Bergan has been appointed procurator in place of Fr. F. X. McGovern, who has been sent to Ward's Island, N. Y., to replace Fr. Thomas G. Wallace.—FF. Brett, Conway, O'Brien, and Gardiner took their last vows on Feb. 3, 1890. The decorations in the refectory, the inter-prandial songs, poems, and addresses conveyed the felicitations of the community. At the reception given to these chosen fathers in the evening in the Theologians' Hall, Rev. Fr. Rector in a short address expressed his warm congratulations. Fr. Conway, responding on behalf of his companions, thanked Fr. Rector, the theologians, philosophers, and Fr. Hedrick, the acting Minister, for the joy their efforts had added to the occasion.—Fr. Sabetti has a *casus moralis* in the January number of the *American Ecclesiastical Review.*—The December number of that magazine contained a paper by Fr. Maas on "The Disciplinary Canons of the Roman Church." Fr. Maas also contributed to the *American Catholic Quarterly Review* for January, 1890, the leading article, "True Reform in the Teaching of the Old Testament."—Mr. D. T. O'Sullivan in his "Scientific Chronicle" in the same number of the *Review,* has an interesting description of the great cantilever bridge recently completed across the Frith of Forth, near Edinburgh.

Library. — We have received through the kindness of Father Peter Finlay the two volumes of Palmer on "The Church of Christ," a work that is now quite rare.—Fr. Wm. Pardow has sent us a "Brief Reply to a Short Answer to a True Exposition of the Catholic Doctrine Touching the Sacrament of Penance" for the *Incunab. Cath. Amer.* The book was printed in New York in 1815.—The "Litteræ Annuæ Provinciæ Franciæ" from October, 1877, to September, 1886, forms a most interesting collection of details concerning the labors and struggles of the dispersed Province of France.—Rev. Fr. Rathgeb, Provincial of Germany, has sent us the 6th and 7th volumes of the works of Fr. G. M. Dreves. Volume vi. contains the works of Udalricus Wessofontanus: Ulrich Stöcklins von Rottach, Abts zu Wessobrun, 1438–1443, Reimgebete und Leselieder mit Anschluss der Psalterien. Volume vii. is the Prosarium Lemovicense: Die Prosen der Abtei St. Martial zu Limoges aus Troparien des 10, 11, 12 Jahrhunderts.—Fr. M. Bouix has sent us "La Congregation," 1801–1830, par M. G. de Grandmaison. This book is a history as well as an apology of the Congregation of the Blessed Virgin, refuting the calumnies brought against it as doing the work of a secret society.

Our thanks are due to Fr. David B. Walker who has presented the class of physics with a fine phonograph.—Fr. Sabetti's new road now passes through a tunnel excavated under the main drive between the cemetery and the east gate.

Parish.—The Young Men's Catholic Lyceum, organized by Fr. Brandi in December, meets every Sunday and Thursday in their new hall. The Lyceum, which now numbers 37 members, is a social, beneficial, and literary association. A library, Catholic newspapers, and a Knabe piano are a few of its attractions.

Office of the Letters.—We have received the continuation of Fr. Razzini's Memoirs and an interesting article from Fr. Zanetti, Rector of St. Joseph's Episcopal Seminary, Mangalore, India, which will appear in our next number. The story of the founding of the N. O. Mission and the sketch of Fr. Bapst will be continued in a future issue. We thank those of Ours who have kindly sent us contributions to the "Biographical Supplement."

CONSPECTUS

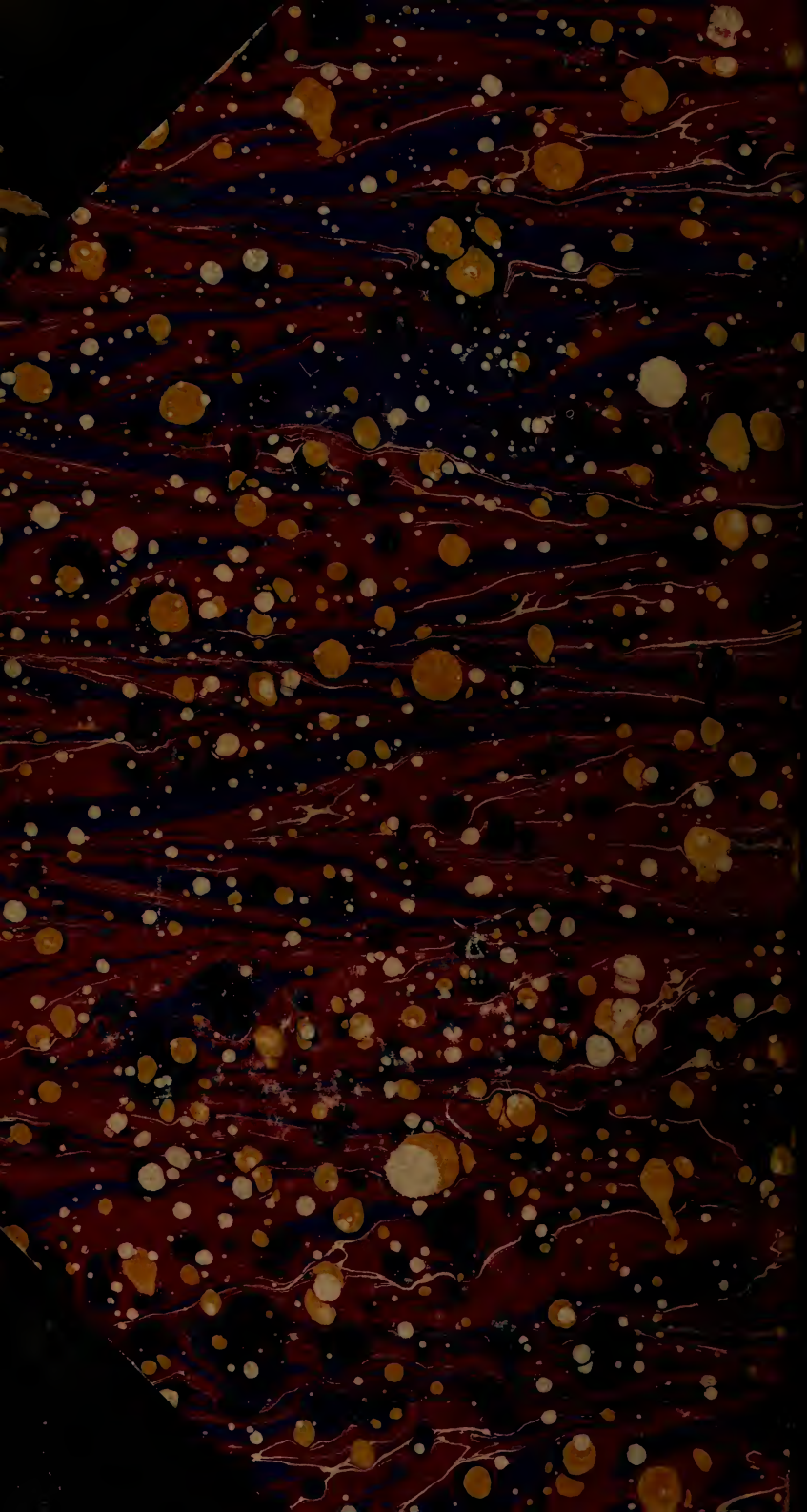
Missionum Societatis Jesu

INEUNTE ANNO MDCCCLXXXIX.

MISSIONES	PROVINCIÆ	SACERD.	SCHOL.	COADJ.		UNIV.
I. In Europa						
Missio Scotica	Angliæ	22	2	3	27	
Helvetica	Germaniæ	13	.....	.....	13	83
Illirico Dalmatica	Veneta	4	.....	1	5	
Constantinop., Syrensis, et Tenensis	Sicula	20	4	14	38	
II. In Africa						
Algeriensis, Ægyptiaca	Lugdunensis	41	7	28	76	
Zambesensis	Miss. Zambes.	25	43	26	94	256
Madagascar, Bourbon	Tolosana	61	2	23	86	
III. In Asia						
Armeniæ et Syriæ	Lugdunensis	93	10	48	151	
Indiæ Orientalis, Bombayensis	Germaniæ	68	.....	20	88	
" " Mangalorensis	Veneta	25	16	7	48	
" " Bengalensis Occ.	Belgica	60	34	19	113	728
" " Madurensis	Tolosana	80	30	8	118	
Sinensis, Nankinensis	Franciæ	117	17	24	158	
" Tcheli merid. Orient	Campaniæ	43	1	8	52	
IV. In Oceani Insulis						
Insul. Philippinarum	Aragoniæ	71	7	54	132	
" Flores, Java, Sumatra	Neerlandiæ	39	.....	11	50	
Australiæ Meridion. et Septentrion.	Austriaco-Hung.	23	.....	21	44	289
Australiæ Orient	Hiberniæ	40	17	4	61	
Neo-Zelandiæ	Hiberniæ	2	.....	.....	2	
V. In America Septentr. et Centr.						
Canadensis	Missio Canad.	84	82	68	234	
Stat. Foederat. N. Y. Ohio	Germaniæ	70	31	63	164	
" " Neo-Aurélianensis	Miss. Neo-Aurel.	72	80	64	216	
" " Neo-Mexicana, Col., Texas	Neapolitana	37	14	21	72	
" " Californiæ	Taurinensis	47	36	37	120	1661
" " ad Montes Saxosos	Taurinensis	42	9	26	77	
Brit. Honduras	Angliæ	9	.....	2	11	
Centro-Amer., Insul. Antill.	Castellana	65	47	45	157	
Jamaicensis	Angliæ	9	.....	1	10	
VI. In America Meridionali						
Guianensis Britan.	Angliæ	15	.....	.....	15	
Brasiliensis Septentr. et Centr.	Romanæ	37	7	19	63	
" Merid.	Germaniæ	48	14	40	102	560
Equatorialis, Peruviana	Toletana	53	59	39	151	
Chili-Paraguariensis	Aragoniæ	106	39	84	229	
	Numerantur	1541	608	828		2977

Ministeria Spiritualia Prov. Marylandiæ Neo-Eboracensis, a die 1ª Julii 1888 ad diem 1ᵃᵐ Julii 1889

DOMICILIA	*Baptizati*	*Haeret. convers.*	*Confess. partic.*	*Confess. gen.*	*Commun. extra T.*	*Commun. in T.*	*Matrim. benedic.*	*Matrim. revalid.*	*Extremæ Unctiones*	*Catecheses*	*Parati ad 1 Comm.*	*Parati ad Confirm.*	*Exhortationes*	*Conciones*	*Exerc. Spir. sacerd.*	*Exerc. Spir. relig.*	*Exerc. Spir. stud.*	*Exerc. Spir. priv.*	*Mission. (per hebd.)*	*Novenæ*	*Tridua*	*Visit. hospit.*	*Visit. carcer.*	*Visit. infirm.*	*Sodalitates*	*Sodales*	*Pueri in schol. paroch.*	*Puellæ in schol. paroch.*	*Schol. Domin.*
ALEXANDRIA	60	4	10006	16	740	9624	17	2	30	90	25	.....	.....	102	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	1	1	.....	.....	120	3	190	89	140	225
BALTIMORE	62	57	43181	3395	1967	35890	34	16	52	326	294	500	155	261	2	9	1	1	11	.....	9	279	223	222	7	3461	.....	.....	421
BOHEMIA	21	1	870	12	292	469	4	4	4	117	8	1	118	52	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	3	1	.....	.....	22	2	183	.....	.....	40
BOSTON COLLEGE	7	24	94420	824	9220	80000	4	.....	376	125	355	317	58	196	8	5	3	.....	1	5	2	1250	.....	476	7	1159	.....	.....	1400
" St. Mary's	314	19	102738	1476	9113	90000	200	.....	448	227	255	207	309	300	.....	4	.....	.....	3	3	.....	402	443	436	5	4010	700	650	200
" Holy Trinity	282	4	21882	341	132	19000	53	1	63	705	63	.....	54	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	5	.....	685	5	2474	222	250	.....
CONEWAGO	109	8	28171	130	1652	21476	26	.....	68	179	42	103	49	220	.....	1	.....	.....	1	2	.....	.....	.....	292	4	1101	208	284	430
FORDHAM	100	.....	21438	204	6056	14250	15	.....	62	96	80	86	191	136	.....	10	.....	.....	.....	.....	2	30	.....	125	4	195	120	80	300
FREDERICK	87	42	12677	60	294	19424	23	4	48	419	48	142	.....	226	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	1	1	.....	53	654	5	244	58	45	496
GEORGETOWN COLLEGE	3	.....	7620	40	2200	5406	2	.....	4	40	15	25	18	73	1	2	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	24	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
" Holy Trinity	158	18	18000	76	190	20000	33	2	43	183	94	.....	266	84	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	6	.....	.....	.....	1028	3	685	270	360	630
JERSEY CITY	295	22	59047	2620	890	42849	88	18	195	617	521	518	99	136	1	3	.....	.....	.....	1	1	44	10	695	7	690	457	458	1100
LEONARDTOWN	352	15	17151	102	773	13900	51	3	90	158	172	.....	109	215	.....	.....	.....	.....	2	.....	.....	2	18	352	7	461	.....	.....	520
MISSIONARIES	14	119	114314	11200	1107	.....	41	66	41	673	886	2016	1036	1317	2	6	5	2	87	2	15	133	84	75	.....	.....	450	475	900
NEW YORK, St. Francis Xavier's	266	54	130441	1257	16508	124800	142	5	349	529	524	493	339	260	5	23	10	.....	11	2	6	179	6	1149	10	17968	193	232	450
" St. Lawrence's	272	43	85246	824	75498	61200	70	2	377	267	146	.....	345	68	2	4	1	.....	.....	2	4	73	15	687	9	710	325	325	1200
" Islands	877	235	39466	1508	7212	24833	5	7	1486	396	217	254	415	353	.....	1	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	3091	1294	243	1	400	.....	.....	400
PHILADELPHIA, Gesù	163	37	102846	839	15285	100308	50	2	189	923	782	297	20	136	.....	.....	.....	1	.....	.....	5	377	325	376	6	1042	193	285	730
" St. Joseph's	75	47	74125	186	215	44105	37	23	142	139	168	211	102	74	.....	5	1	.....	1	5	5	24	3	227	5	4481	150	230	800
PROVIDENCE	196	1	30960	48	407	22300	71	1	140	61	109	115	161	37	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	1	23	2	1070	5	857	164	382	610
ST. INIGO'S	158	15	7000	21	212	5588	21	.....	320	106	70	.....	66	66	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	2	220	.....	.....	42	48	500
ST. THOMAS'	147	13	6680	50	440	6500	9	.....	48	150	80	.....	100	97	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	1	6	2	300	2	452	.....	.....	250
TROY	258	18	54956	551	10000	50763	40	1	220	54	175	1	117	183	.....	3	.....	.....	1	.....	3	58	.....	1172	5	1945	657	730	1425
WASHINGTON	250	24	36023	294	3367	8500	47	.....	169	100	.....	413	.....	269	.....	9	.....	.....	.....	3	3	.....	15	1471	5	2800	160	430	900
WHITEMARSH	74	19	5160	163	9	3600	6	3	12	370	118	.....	.....	72	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	110	2	200	.....	.....	92
WOODSTOCK	31	9	8626	237	3005	5050	4	.....	7	225	40	41	47	147	3	18	7	.....	1	.....	5	.....	.....	8	4	64	.....	.....	171
WORCESTER	14	.....	14025	482	1892	6460	2	.....	3	71	3	5	18	125	.....	9	.....	.....	.....	.....	2	2	.....	1	2	136	.....	.....	.....
SUMMA	4645	818	1147039	26956	168676	836095	1095	169	4986	7346	5290	5775	4192	5205	24	112	28	4	119	42	61	5978	2495	12220	115	45908	4458	5404	13884

Fructus Ministerii Patrum Prov. Missourianæ, a die 1 Jul. 1888, ad diem 1 Jul. 1889

DOMICILIA, etc.	*Bapt. Infant.*	*Bapt. Adult.*	*Confess. Part.*	*Confess. Generat.*	*Commun. in T.*	*Commun. extra T.*	*Matrimon. Bened.*	*Matrimon. Revalid.*	*Ultim. Sacram.*	*Paral. ad 1 Comm.*	*Parat. ad Confirm.*	*Catech.*	*Concion. et Exhort.*	*Exercit. Presbyt.*	*Exercit. Religios.*	*Exercit. Studios.*	*Exercit. Privat.*	*Mission.*	*Novem. et Trid.*	*Visit. Hospit.*	*Visit. Carcer.*	*Visit. Infirm.*	*Sodalitat.*	*Num. Sodal.*	*Pueri in Sch. Paroch.*	*Puell. in Sch. Paroch.*
UNIVERSIT. STI. LUDOVICI	158	192	123592	10095	54600	76556	49	37	57	489	167	571	2079	1	13	1	...	56	16	15	6	347	11	2117	.....	.....
RESID. STI. JOSEPHI	279	18	50206	814	38257	2100	61	2	142	180	222	714	272	...	5	1	2	1	7	41	.....	445	6	1613	417	443
DOM. PROB. STI. STANISLAI	3	14	16523	1921	1025	17000	.....	3	23	80	.....	729	465	1	8	4	2	18	16	.....	.....	240	1	40	.....	.....
Resid. (ECCL. STI. FERD.	44	8	5380	30	9790	25	8	3	9	31	33	140	20	...	...	...	...	.....	.....	.....	.....	40	3	140	53	52
S. Ferd. (ECCL. SS. CORDIS	25	1	4498	23	4688	5	15	.....	12	18	21	232	58	...	...	...	...	.....	3	.....	.....	35	3	254	85	71
RESID. STI. CAROLI	36	7	9960	.....	6470	8815	6	.....	16	31	.....	101	109	...	2	...	...	.....	.....	6	.....	45	3	155	40	30
RESID. WASHINGTONIENSIS	122	4	11230	705	10245	983	19	.....	34	103	.....	442	227	...	1	...	...	.....	7	.....	.....	63	8	528	190	215
RESID. KANSANOPOLIT	31	6	9380	100	7280	.....	6	1	25	15	31	50	192	...	...	...	...	.....	9	3	.....	120	4	164	70	72
COLLEG. STI. IGNATII	1289	73	212597	3456	184848	27880	264	13	1373	831	526	1113	990	...	10	3	4	9	.....	27	10	8747	9	5327	1946	2354
RESID. CHICAGIENSIS	243	12	50050	386	43344	1500	55	2	186	195	180	155	475	1	4	1	2	.....	3	3	.....	1296	6	1450	455	560
COLLEG. STÆ. MARIÆ	72	6	15733	284	8085	10750	9	1	19	74	18	634	327	...	8	2	2	.....	9	.....	2	49	8	573	98	114
INSTITUT. OSAGIANI	47	14	11370	113	13152	60	11	1	20	10	.....	250	430	...	4	2	...	.....	3	.....	.....	400	7	600	195	160
COLLEG. DETROITENSIS	128	39	54708	1121	62846	10000	38	3	62	92	146	289	502	...	16	...	2	2	3	62	23	735	5	993	212	230
COLLEG. CREIGHTONENSIS	.....	88	19004	485	5783	6025	.....	23	37	77	23	50	329	...	5	6	...	11	10	2	12	125	2	130	.....	.....
RESID. OMAHENSIS	188	21	14318	.....	12500	.....	31	4	45	97	116	170	148	...	...	...	...	.....	3	15	.....	200	4	475	165	290
RESID. OLEANENSIS	175	1	2010	15	2900	.....	19	5	22	66	2	154	195	...	...	...	...	8	5	.....	.....	107	3	144	72	60
RESID. POSNANIENSIS	142	3	2865	331	1930	500	29	1	44	89	72	160	386	...	...	1	...	5	5	.....	.....	66	5	202	75	80
COLLEG. STI. F. XAVERII	572	131	138677	993	104400	71969	111	12	875	566	547	567	421	3	13	5	1	.....	8	412	109	2785	11	2639	720	670
COLLEG. MARQUETTENSIS	128	18	34117	425	27550	17848	46	11	102	95	113	272	515	...	9	2	...	1	5	103	6	429	4	590	182	181
RESID. MILWAUKIENSIS	115	18	31040	384	30800	187	40	3	88	108	102	174	250	1	1	...	...	.....	5	19	1	460	6	698	209	200
Summa Totalis	3797	674	817258	21682	630493	252203	817	125	3191	3247	2319	6967	8390	7	99	28	15	111	127	708	169	17134	109	18832	5184	5782